



THE

RĀMĀYAN OF VĀLMĪKI

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

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PRINCIPAL OF THE BENARES COLL.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM MUIR, K C S I, LL D,

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE NORTH WESTERN

PROVINCES OF INDIA

—

THIS TRANSLATION

OF

THE GREAT EPIC POEM OF THE HINDUS

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED





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## NOTES

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a	is pronounced like	u	in	fun
ɪ		like	a	in father
e		like	ɜ	in fate
ɪ		like	ɪ	in till
i		like	ee	in feel
n		like	u	in full
u		like	u	in flute
ʌ		like	ɪ	in fire
ʊ		like	ou	in foul
ʒ	is a consonant only			
ʃ	is pronounced nearly as sh			

# CORRIGENDA

<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read</i>
5	5	Ikshvaku	Ikshváku.
28	21	Ravan	Rávan
41	28	Vahlí	Váhlí
	Note 3	Vahlíka	Váhlíka
71	6	Suráshtia	Suráshtia
44	9	Ait̥hasádak	Ait̥hasádhak
159,170	4,2,13	Śona	Śona
188	12	being	bing
217,220,221	22,3,9,18	Satánanda	Śatánanda
287	15	Jáválí	Jáváli
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# INTRODUCTION

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The subject of the *Rāmāyaṇ* the great national epic of the Hindus their one common and everlasting possession is as the name implies ' the life and adventures of Rāma. These adventures are briefly summarized in the introductory cantos of the poem and do not require to be dwelt upon here. The great exploit and main subject of the epic is the war which Rāma waged with the giant Rāvan the fierce and mighty King of Lanka or Ceylon and the dread oppressor of Gods and nymphs and saints and men. The army to borrow the words of Goethe which Rāma led on this expedition was as appears from the poem gathered in great part from the region of the Vindhyan hills but the races which he assembled are represented in the poem as monkeys either out of contempt for their barbarism or because at that time they were little known to the Sanskrit speaking Hindus. The people against whom Rāma waged war are as the poem indicates in many places different in origin in civilization and in worship from the Sanskrit Indians, but the poet of the *Rāmāyaṇ* in this respect like Homer who assigns to Troy customs creeds and worship similar to those of Greece places in Ceylon the seat of this alien and hostile people names

<sup>1</sup> From *P* *ma* and *ayana* Rāma's Adventures. Schlegel Latinizes the Sanskrit title into *Rameis*. In conformity with Indian custom I write *Ramayan* with the dental or undotted 'n' and without the final 'a' as we speak of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* and not of the *Ilias* and *Æneis*.



habits, and worship similar to those of Sanskrit India. The poet calls the people whom Rāma attacked Rākshasas Rākshasas, according to the popular Indian belief, are malignant beings, demons of many shapes, terrible and cruel, who disturb the sacrifices and the religious rites of the Brāhmans. It appears indubitable that the poet of the Rāmāyan applied the hated name of Rākshasas to an abhorred and hostile people, and that this denomination is here rather an expression of hatred and horror than a real historical name.

Such, reduced to its bare simplicity, is the fundamental idea of the Rāmāyan, a war of two hostile races differing in origin, civilization, and worship. But, as is the case in all primitive epopeas, around this idea as a nucleus have gathered elements of every kind drawn from the very vitals of Indian tradition, and worked up by the ancient poet to embody his lofty epic conception. The epopea received and incorporated the traditions, the ideas, the beliefs, the myths, the symbols of that civilization in the midst of which it arose, and by the weaving in and arranging of all these vast elements it became the complete and faithful expression of a whole ancient period, and in fact the epopea is nothing but a system which represents poetically those ideas of a people which the philosophical systems expound theoretically.<sup>1</sup>

Other scholars will not concede even this historical basis to the exploits celebrated in the poem. 'Professor Weber is of opinion (Hist. of Ind. Lit. p. 181) that the

<sup>1</sup> GORRESIO, *Ramayan* Vol. II Preface.

principal characters who figure in the Ramayan are not historical personages at all but more personifications of certain events and circumstances. Sita (the furrow) the remembrance of which occurs both in the Rigveda [R V IV 576] and in the Gṛhyasūtra as an object of worship and represents the Aryan agriculture while he regards Rama as the ploughman personified. The Ramayan has only a historical character in so far as it refers to an actual occurrence the diffusion of Aryan civilization towards the south of the peninsula.<sup>1</sup> To attempt to ascertain the date of the events real or imaginary related in the Ramayan would be a mere waste of time. I will only mention that Sir William Jones places Rama in the year 2029 B.C. fixed in 1100 and Bentley in 950. Goriensis would place him about the thirteenth century before the Christian era.

The introductory Canto of the Ramayan and general tradition ascribe the authorship of the poem to the inspired Saint Valmiki one of the holy company of those whose eye could pierce the present and the past and the to come who attained the science of secret things by

<sup>1</sup> Muniśankar Text V 1 II 1 438

For the first time the central figure as the apparition of Valmiki (B.C. 57) fifty six hundred years ago. By his noble and brilliant reputation in the field of literature and the arts at the thirteenth century before the Christian era. But the present day must not attribute more weight than that of a fable to the story.

‘Dreadful abstinence

And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,

Deep contemplation, and unweaned study,

In years outstretched beyond the date of man’’

The same authority makes Válmíki contemporary with Ráma, and assigns the composition of the poem to the age which saw the accomplishment of the great enterprise which forms its subject ‘Critical inquiry,’ says Lassen, ‘will not allow the actual authorship of Válmíki and the handing down of the poem unchanged from the beginning to pass current,’<sup>2</sup> while Gossio maintains that ‘the popular tradition which makes Válmíki contemporary with Ráma and relates all the particulars of the first propagation of the Rámáyan appears as probable and as worthy of credit as any other ancient fact historically related’ The internal evidence offered by the poem is sufficiently strong confirmation of its remote antiquity, although it is impossible to fix even approximately the date of its composition<sup>3</sup> Portions of this

<sup>1</sup> Shelley’s *Hellas*

<sup>2</sup> *Indische Alterthumskunde*, I 484

<sup>3</sup> ‘The Greeks did not acquire any intimate knowledge of India They applied themselves chiefly to describe the regions, situations, the climate, the natural productions of the Indian soil, the dress, the arms, and the customs of the inhabitants No aid, then, can be hoped for from the Greeks to discover the age of the Rámáyan, as nothing can be concluded against its antiquity from our finding no mention of it in the works of those writers Nor can precise data be obtained even from Indian writers, data impressed with a certain stamp of historical truth, sufficient by themselves to establish the indubitable age of the poem Indian minds were always more inclined to meditate than to narrate, to launch themselves boldly into the regions of the ideal and the infinite rather than to consign to memory in their reality events circumscribed within narrow limits in one word, history was checked by contemplation and poetry’ GORRESIO

and other evidence I will now lay before the reader gathered chiefly from Gorresio's Introduction to his magnificent edition of the Rāmāyaṇ.

What I have just observes Gorresio with regard to the antiquity of Rāmāyaṇ may be applied to Valmiki the author of the Rāmāyaṇ whose synchronism with Rāma is indicated as I have pointed out in the introduction to the poem and confirmed by two passages of the poem itself. In such a case the question would be ended and the antiquity of the poem proved although without determining its age with absolute precision a difficult question not in the case of the Rāmāyaṇ only but in the poems of Homer themselves. But because there will be found some people to whom the testimony of the introduction to the poem will appear suspicious and the authority of the two passages (not found in the Bengāl recension) doubtful I will here condense the indications and arguments which appear to me to confirm the antiquity of the Rāmāyaṇ. Passing over the Pūrāṇa period I come to the era of Vālmikī (57 B. C). Here I find a poem which celebrates in a compendious form the exploits sung in the Rāmāyaṇ. I mean the Raghuvamśa of Kālidāsa.<sup>1</sup> The poet himself in his introduction gives direct testimony that preceding poets have opened the way for him in this same subject. It is hardly necessary to say that amongst these poets Valmiki certainly comprised the copious and original source of all the poems which celebrate the deeds of Rāma. As I proceed beyond the age

<sup>1</sup> Valmiki is the author of the Rāmāyaṇ.

of Káldása these appears before me a great epic monument to which Indian tradition ascribes a most remote antiquity so far as to make Vyasa the compiler of the Vedas its author. This monument is the Mahábhárata. I bow before this colossal epic but without wishing to detract from its antiquity, I do not hesitate to declare it less ancient than the Rámáyan. And here I must observe that when we speak of the antiquity of a literary monument, especially an epic one, we must distinguish the elements of which it is composed from the arranging hand which collected and put them together. These elements may be most ancient; and so are in fact the elements of the Mahábhárata the work of arranging and uniting them may be more or less ancient. And it is precisely this work of union and arrangement in the Mahábhárata which I affirm to be later than that in the Rámáyan. If this posteriority were not declared in the Mahábhárata itself which says that the exploits of Ráma had already been sung by Válmíki inspired by Náada, it would be sufficiently proved by the fact that there is embodied in the Mahábhárata a summary of the Rámáyan of Válmíki in the same order and very often in the same words. Besides, the life and worship of Kṛishna celebrated in the Mahábhárata indicate an age later than the Rámáyan in which there is no mention of Kṛishna or Kṛishnatam .... The invention of the *śloka* attributed to Válmíki in the introduction to the Rámáyan appears to confirm the antiquity of the poem. .... It should be observed that the *śloka* is not only mentioned in the

Rig veda but the very metre is used. How can these apparent contradictions be reconciled? Tradition says that Válmiki was the inventor of the *śloka* and that he first made use of it in the Rámáyan but in the Rámáyan the Vedas are very frequently spoken of in which the *śloka* is both mentioned and employed. It may be that the hymns referred to are later than the Rámáyan, but at present we must be content to leave the difficulty unsolved.

The Ramáyan is mentioned in the Rájatarangini (Rájatarangini Histoire des Rois du Kachmir par M. A. Troyer, LIB I SL 166). Dámodara second of that name among the kings of Káshmir was cursed by certain Bráhmans and the malediction was to cease on the day on which he should hear the entire Rámáyan recited. Now Dámodara the Second in the series of the kings of Káshmir precedes by five kings Gonarda the Third who according to the computation of M. Troyer the sagacious and learned translator and commentator of the History of Káshmir is to be placed in the year 1182 before Christ (Rájatarangini Tom II p 376). Reckoning backward from this point to Dámodara the Second through an interval of five reigns the average duration of each of which is about twenty four years we arrive at the beginning of the fourteenth century before the Christian era. I am far from wishing to attribute any great precision to these chronological computations nor do I pretend to determine exactly the age of the Rámáyan but I maintain that from the passage of the Rájatarangini cited the remote antiquity

of the poem may with all confidence be inferred. This antiquity is confirmed by the various popular traditions diffused through the whole of India upon the epopee of Válmíki, upon the exploits which are celebrated in it, upon the principal actors in that great epic drama, since traditions and popular legends gather round ancient monuments as ivy and parasitical plants cling only to the trunks of aged oaks. The whole of India is full of such legends originated by the celebrity of the epic of Válmíki. The fame of Ráma and of Hanumán his mighty ally, accompanied with popular legends, has penetrated into the most remote parts of the southern regions of India and even into Tibet. A proof of the antiquity of the Rámáyan is the fact that many poets both dramatic and epic have had recourse to the great fountain of his poem as the Grecian poets have drawn their materials from the epics of Homer. The antiquity of the Rámáyan is proved by the numerous various readings which are found in it and which can have arisen only from its antiquity and its diffusion by many mouths through distant regions. And as an epic poem is the faithful image of the creeds, the cult, the customs of the age in which it arose, so finding no mention of a creed, a cult, a custom, or a region in an epic is a very probable indication that it did not exist when the poem was composed. It is worthy of being remarked that in the Rámáyan no trace is found of that mystic devotion which absorbs all the faculties of man, of that passionate, ardent worship called *bhakti* which is not of the greatest antiquity but still must have sprung up before

our era, it is mentioned in the Mahabharata. There are indeed in the Ramayan examples of prodigious austerities but these have nothing to do with the religion called *bhikkhu* and spring from another even a principle more profound. They appear to have been originated by an inner feeling, deep and of great antiquity in India that is to say that expression was to resist or fall in human nature. Nor is there found in the Ramayan any mention of Buddha or Buddhism, although other historical facts are spoken of. Nor the island of Ceylon against which the expedition of Rama was directed called Tapobhumi or Pinnaparni or Palamundu or Palsimanta names anterior by some centuries to the Christian era. Nor is it even called by the name of Sinhala (Sent of Indians) which name is connected with the occupation of the island by Vijaya several centuries before our era. The name which Ceylon bears in the Ramayan is always the primitive the most ancient Lanka. I could add here many other conjectural proofs of the antiquity of the Ramayan such for instance as the nature of the style and its qualifying as Homeric does with such epithets as venerable begetter divine the night the day the world the mountain and the rivers.

Colonel Sykes in his dissertation inserted in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society (Vol. VII pp. 248 ff.) finding that the celebrated Chinese Buddhist Fa Hien who visited India at the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century after Christ makes no mention when in Ayodhya the capital of Kuntal kingdom either



of Ráma or the Rámáyan, thinks it may be doubted whether the poem existed at that time. If there is no more reason than this to doubt the antiquity of the Rámáyan we need not be alarmed. In fact what did the Chinese Buddhist see in his long journey through India, what has he observed or described, except Buddhist monasteries, Buddhist temples, Buddhist priests, Buddhist traditions, Buddhist doctrines, Buddhist heterodoxies? Everything that had no connection with Buddhism either of agreement or opposition was neglected by him as out of the line of his object.

One apparent difficulty seems to result from the mention of the Yavanas which is found in the first Book of the Rámáyan. The name of Yavanas, used in India to indicate the Greeks after the time of Alexander, may in this place appear subject to suspicion. With regard to this see the excellent remarks of von Schlegel (Rámáyan, Vol I Part II p 168). The name of Yavanas may have been anciently used by the Indians to denote the nations situated to the west of India, more recently, that is after the time of Alexander, it was applied principally to the Greeks.<sup>1</sup>

It is not to be expected that every one will admit the cogency of all the arguments in favour of the great antiquity of the Rámáyan adduced by the ingenious and enthusiastic scholar from whom I have quoted. but few who have read the poem will refuse to concur at least in the sober judgment of the writer of an excellent article on the Rámáyan in Vol L of the West-

<sup>1</sup> GORRESIO, *Rámáyan*, Vol. I *Introduction*

munster Review 'We are ignorant of the date of the poem or rather of the era to which its older parts belong. Probably Válmiki and Homer were contemporaries, perhaps the Hindu was the earlier of the two and sang his song while that Ilion was a reality which to Homer rose in the back ground of two or three generations. Our limits forbid us to enter into any detailed proof nor indeed could any be quite satisfactory, the best arguments for its age are found in the poem itself and the habits and manners which it describes. Thus the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands which the Greeks describe as an old custom when Alexander invaded India B C 327 is utterly unknown in the Rámáyana and one fact like this speaks volumes. In such poems as the Rámáyana and the Iliad we instinctively feel that they belong to the earlier world we enter them as we enter a house in Pompeii—the colours may still seem fresh and no mark of decay remind us of their age but we feel that they belong not to us or ours and a gulf of ages lies between us and our objects.

The Rámayan is divided into seven Books but the action of the poem ends with the sixth and there is every reason to believe that the seventh Book is a later addition. This last Book or Uttara Kanda contains various stories legends and traditions which still have some connection of affinity with the principal poem. The mythical origin of the Rákshasas is there related with the banishment of Sitá and her giving birth in the hermitage of Válmiki to twin sons Kuśa

and Lava, who were the first rhapsodists or 'singer' of the Rāmāyan, and other traditions and legends only distantly connected with the Rāmāyan properly so called'.<sup>1</sup> The whole contains about 24,000 verses, chiefly slokes or heroic d'stichs of thirty-two syllables each, with verses of a different metre occasionally introduced or interpolated, especially at the end of a canto.

'The poem has evidently undergone considerable alteration since the time of its first composition, but still underneath all the subsequent additions the original elements are preserved, and careful criticism might perhaps separate the interpolations and present the more genuine parts as a whole by themselves. The task however, would be difficult, and perhaps as impracticable as it has proved in the Homeric poems. For many ages it is certain that the work existed only by oral tradition, and each rhapsodist added or altered at his pleasure, or to suit the taste or vanity of the princely families whom he served. The measure of the poem, moreover, is of a somewhat fatal facility, and many rhapsodists would naturally be ambitious of mingling their own songs with those of their bards, and the habit of repetition would at once supply them with a vocabulary of epic phrases to suit their purpose. Whole chapters thus betray their origin by their barrenness of thought and labourous mimicry of the epic spirit, which in the case of the old poets had spontaneously burst out of the heart's fulness like the free song of a child. But when the Indian Pisistratus arose who collected these separate

<sup>1</sup> GORRESIO.

songs and reduced them to their present shape the genuine and spurious were alike included and no Hindu critic ever appears to have attempted to discriminate between them. With regard to the Ramayana it appears to have undergone two distinct revisions one in Benares and the other in Bengal and as the two were accomplished without any reference or relation to each other they naturally present many varieties in their texts. The same thoughts and events are generally preserved in both but the words and order of the verses continually differ as would naturally be the case when the revisions were made from the oral traditions of two different schools of rhapsodists from each of which the poem had been undergoing a long series of alterations such as those we have suggested above.

Notwithstanding Gori's able and enthusiastic advocacy of what he considered the superior claims of the Bengal recension of the Ramayana it is generally allowed by European scholars that the Benares or North West recension is the more genuine. Of the former there is a magnificent edition by Gorresio published at the expense of Charles Albert late king of Sardinia. The text is printed in a style that cannot be surpassed in any country and an Italian prose translation of the whole accompanies it which may be equaled but not surpassed in any other of the languages of Europe. In his translation he has carefully preserved a Dantesque idiom and form of expression free from all local patois his rendering is most faithful and his

language elegant and spirited'' The Benares recension has been less fortunate In the years 1805-1810 Carey and Marshman, the venerable Missionaries of Serampore, published the text and English translation of two Books and a half or about one third of the entire poem,<sup>2</sup> but these volumes have long been out of print and unprocureable, and they 'are very inferior as productions of literary art, though no blame attaches to the excellent men who published them work in the very dawn of oriental studies''<sup>3</sup> In the year 1846 the great William von Schlegel published the text of the first two Books with a Latin translation of the first and part of the second This edition is to some extent an eclectic one, it is founded on the North-West recension but sometimes admits passages from the Bengal recension when they are recommended by any special excellence This work, as Gorgesio justly says, 'bears the impress of that critical acumen, of that profound judgment, of that artistic sense, for which he is so renowned' An admirable edition of the North-West recension with a

<sup>1</sup> *Calcutta Review*, Vol XXIII *The Ramayana*

<sup>2</sup> 'The gentlemen who compose the Committee (of the Asiatic Society of Bengal) have made choice of the *Ramāyan* of Valmiki to be the first in the series of translations from the Sanskrit The reverence in which it is held, the extent of country through which it is circulated, and the interesting view which it exhibits of the religion, the doctrines, the mythology, the current ideas, and the manners and customs of the Hindus, combine to justify their election' *Advertisement to Carey and Marshman's edition of the Rāmāyan*

<sup>3</sup> Gorgesio says 'With regard to the merits of this work I will add nothing to the severe but just judgment passed upon it by the illustrious William von Schlegel who found it a work without skill or critical discernment, abounding in faults and worthless in every part'

commentary has lately been lithographed at Bombay and a rather inferior printed edition has been published in Calcutta. The late M. Hippolyte Fauche the most intrepid and indefatigable of translators from the Sanskrit has given to the world a French version of Goresios edition<sup>1</sup>. Thus the Bengal recension has been translated into Italian and French, but there is no English version of either recension and only a small portion of the North West recension has been translated into any European tongue. This fact alone will I trust be regarded as a sufficient reason or excuse for the present attempt to reproduce the Ramayan in an English dress. The poem can hardly be denied a high place among the great epics of the world and it is surely desirable that Englishmen—especially those who are more immediately connected with India—should at least be enabled if they choose to become acquainted with it<sup>2</sup>.

My first object has been to reproduce the original poem as faithfully as circumstances permit me to do. For this purpose I have preferred verse to prose. The translations of the Iliad by Chapman and Worsley—and even by translators of far inferior poetical powers—are I think much more Homeric than any literal prose rendering can possibly be. In the latter we may find the *disjecta membra poetæ* but all the form and the life are gone for the interpenetration of matter and manner constitute the very soul of poetry. I have but seldom

<sup>1</sup> One Canto in the four versions will be found in Appendix B.

<sup>2</sup> The Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata unlike the Iliad and the Odyssey are closely connected with the present religious faith of millions.

allowed myself to amplify or to condense, or omit apparently needless repetitions, but have attempted rather to give the poet as he is than to represent him as European taste might prefer him to be. Comparisons, therefore, which to English readers will appear vulgar or ridiculous have been left unaltered, and long passages of unutterable tediousness re-appear in my version with, probably, then tediousness enhanced. I may observe, with all respect for Válmíki, that the Rámáyan, even in the sonorous and dignified Sanskrit, will hardly bear reading through, and I am sure that the translation will not. Válmíki's work is not much read even in India, although the Hindí *infocimento* by the poet Tulsidás is more popular and more honoured by the people of the North-Western Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England. The poem, it should be remembered, was in ancient times recited and not read,

and these millions, be it remembered, acknowledge British sway, and have a right to expect the British public to take an interest in works which are the time honoured repository of their legendary history and mythology, of their ancient customs and observances, as well as of their most cherished gems of poetry. It needs no argument to show that some knowledge of the two great Indian Epics ought to be required of all who hold office in India, whether in the Civil Service, or in any other capacity. Nor is it right, or even possible, for Englishmen generally to remain any longer wholly ignorant of the nature and contents of these poems. British India is now brought so close to us by steam and electricity, and the present condition of the Hindu community, social, political, and religious, forces itself so peremptorily on our attention, that the duty of studying the past history of our Eastern empire, so far as it can be collected from ancient Sanskrit literature, can no longer be evaded by educated men. Hitherto the Indian Epics, which, in the absence of all real history, are the only guides to the early condition of our Hindu fellow subjects, have been sealed books to the majority of Englishmen.

*Indian Epic Poetry* By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A., *Preface, III, IV.*

the audience that gathered round the rhapsodist might be continually changing and each hearer would probably listen to a few consecutive cantos only. It is true that one unfortunate king mentioned in the *Pāyatarāṅginī* was condemned to remain under the malediction of the Brāhmins until he should have heard the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* recited at one sitting.<sup>1</sup> But it may be doubted which alternative he preferred and this is quite an exceptional case.

The metre I have adopted has been chosen after long consideration and many experiments. It is not I know the exact equivalent of Vālmiki's *śloka* or heroic distich with which it cannot compare in gravity or grandeur. I would generally prefer other metres for free translations of short extracts or scenes from the poem but for a translation of the entire work I am inclined to think that the octosyllabic metre fairly represents the original and at the same time I find that it suits me best. The *śloka* as I have already said consists of two lines of sixteen syllables or rather four lines of eight syllables each only four of which are fixed in quantity the others being optionally long or short.<sup>2</sup> It corresponds then roughly

<sup>1</sup> This reminds one of Macaulay's story of the Italian criminal who was suffered to choose between Gallies Road and the galley. He chose the latter. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the bar.

This verse is a stanza or *Śloka* which with some exceptions consists of two lines or hemistichs each of these is again subdivided into two parts so that the entire stanza is for the most part a tetrastich composed of four Pādas or Charanas literally feet or in our understanding of the term lines or semihemistichs the interval between the first and second and third and fourth of which are not always so distinctly marked as the two first and third.



to four lines of the octosyllabic metre which will generally be found to reproduce it without, as a rule, either condensation or amplification. Blank verse, even if the translator could write it, would never represent the *śloka*, a verse generally commensurate with the sentence, and a Sanskrit distich must either be condensed into one heroic couplet or expanded to fill two.

For the first two Books I translate from Schlegel's edition, and from the Bombay edition for the remaining portion of the poem.

The notes, necessarily brief and simple, I owe chiefly to Schlegel and Gouiesio. I have also borrowed freely from Wilson, Lassen, Murr, Max Muller, Goldstucker,

This is by far the most frequent and useful form of Sanskrit verse. It is that in which the great body of metrical composition, whether narrative or didactic, exists. All works of considerable extent are written in it, relieved by the occasional introduction of other metres. It is the prevailing form of metre in the laws of Manu, the Mahābhārata, the Rāmāyana, and the Puranas.

Another rule given for the formation of the Anushtup verse is, that the fifth syllable of each line shall be short, the sixth long and the seventh alternately long and short, whilst the first four syllables and the eighth are arbitrary. This will be found to be usually the form adopted, with occasional exceptions. The following are examples —

— — — | — — — | — — — || — — — | — — — | — — — ||  
 āsīdīdam tamobhūtamaprájñātamalakṣhaṇam  
 — — — | — — — | — — — || — — — | — — — | — — — ||  
 apītaikyamavijñeyam prasuptamīyasavvatah

‘This universe had become darkness, undiscerned, uncharacterised, indescribable, incomprehensible, as if everywhere in a deep sleep’  
 Manu

— — — | — — — | — — — || — — — | — — — | — — — ||  
 mā nishāda pratishtāham twamagamah śāsvatī samāh  
 — — — | — — — | — — — || — — — | — — — | — — — ||  
 yat kraunchamithunādekamabadhīh kāmamohitam

‘Never, barbarian, mayest thou acquire fame for endless years, since thou hast slain one of these birds, heedless through passion’ Rāmāyana. Tradition affirms of this that it is the first Śloka or anushtup verse ever composed.

and Professor Monier Williams English readers will—I trust remember that I write partly for Indians and Indians that the notes which they may think superfluous are necessary to enable Europeans to understand the poem

There are many archaisms in the original and I have not entirely excluded them from my translation My verses I know are frequently rough prosaic and dull but I believe that any elaborate polish or the studied use of more modern poetical phraseology would only impair still further their likeness to the simple distichs of Valmiki

Judged by a European standard there is but little true poetry in the first Book of the Rāmāyan and much of the aroma of that little has probably evaporated in the process of translation Still though fully aware of its many shortcomings and only trusting that longer study greater practice and the lessons of intelligent criticism may make each succeeding volume less imperfect I submit this first volume to the public with some confidence as I am fully persuaded that the work when completed will supply a want which has long been felt in India if not in England

I beg to offer my sincere thanks to the Governments of Bengal the Punjab Bombay Mysore the Central Provinces and Oudh for the liberal aid which at the recommendation of the several Directors of Public Instruction they have given to my undertaking and more especially am I bound to render my best thanks to the

very distinguished oriental scholar at the head of the Government of the North-Western Provinces those Provinces in which Váhník composed his immortal poem, and in which this first metrical translation of it has been begun and will, I hope, be completed

# THE RÁMÁYAN

## INVOCATION

Praise to Válmiki bird of charming song<sup>1</sup>

Who mounts on Poesy's sublimest spray  
And sweetly sings with accent clear and strong  
Puma nje Ráma in his deathless lay

<sup>1</sup> The MSS vary very considerably in these stanzas of invocation many lines are generally prefixed in which not only the poet but those who play the chief parts in the poem are panegyricized. It is self apparent that they are not by the author of the Rámáyan himself

<sup>2</sup> Válmiki was the son of Váruna the regent of the waters one of whose names is Praeclatus According to the *Adhyatma Ramayana* the sage although a Brahman by birth associated with freeters and robbers Attacked on one occasion the seven Rishis they expostulated with him successfully and taught him the *mantra* of Ráma reversal or *Mara Mara* in the inaudible repetition of which he remained immovable for thousand of years so that when the sages returned to the same spot they found him still there converted into a *ram* i.e. a fant-hill by the nests of the termites whence his name of Válmiki

WILSON *Specimens of the Hindu Theatre* vol I p 313

Válmiki is said to have lived a solitary life in the woods he is called *blatama* i.e. a *blat* i.e. a *blat* The former word properly signifies an anchorite or hermit the latter has reference chiefly to wisdom The two words are frequently used promiscuously and may both be rendered by the Latin *rates* in its earliest meaning of *seer* Válmiki was both poet and seer as he is said to have sung the exploits of Ráma by the aid of divining insight rather than of knowledge naturally acquired

SCHLEGEL

<sup>3</sup> It really *Kokila* the Indian Cuckoo Schlegel translates *hinnam*

Where breathes the man can listen to the strain  
 That flows in music from Vālmīki's tongue,  
 Nor feel his feet the path of bliss attain  
 When Rāma's glory by the saint is sung?

The stream Rāmāyan leaves its sacred fount  
 The whole wide world from sin and stain to free;<sup>1</sup>  
 The Prince of Hermits is the parent mount,  
 The lordly Rāma is the darling sea

Glory to him whose fame is ever bright!  
 Glory to him, Prachetas'<sup>2</sup> holy son!  
 Whose pure lips quaff with ever new delight  
 The nectar-sea of deeds by Rāma done

Hail, arch-ascetic, pious, good, and kind!  
 Hail, Saint Vālmīki, lord of every lore!  
 Hail, holy Hermit, calm and pure of mind!  
 Hail, First of Bards, Vālmīki, hail once more!

<sup>1</sup> Comparison with the Ganges is implied, that river being called the purifier of the world

<sup>2</sup> 'This name may have been given to the father of Vālmīki allegorically. If we look at the derivation of the word (*pra*, before, and *ch'at'*, mind) it is as if the poet were called the son of Prometheus, the Fore-thinker.' SCHLEGEL

# BOOK I<sup>1</sup>

## CANTO I

### NARAD

#### OM<sup>2</sup>

To sainted Narad prince of those  
Whose lore in words of wisdom flows  
Whose constant care and chief delight  
Were Scripture and ascetic rite  
The good Valmiki first and best  
Of hermit saints these words addressed<sup>4</sup>

In all this world I pray thee who  
Is virtuous heroic true?  
Firm in his vows of grateful mind  
To every creature good and kind?  
Bounteous and holy just and wise  
Alone most fair to all men's eyes?

<sup>1</sup> Called in Sanskrit also *Bala Kanda* and in Hindi *Bal Kand* i. e. the Book describing Rama's childhood *Bala* meaning a boy up to his sixteenth year

<sup>2</sup> A divine saint son of Brahma or Kasyapa. He is the eloquent messenger of the Gods a musician of exquisite skill and the inventor of the veena or Indian lute. He bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury.

<sup>3</sup> The mystic syllable *Om* to typify the supreme Deity the Gods collectively the *Ved* the three spheres of the world the three holy fires the three steps of Vishnu etc. prefixes the prayers and most venerated writings of the Hindus.

<sup>4</sup> This colloquy is supposed to have taken place about sixteen years after Rama's return from his wanderings and occupation of his ancestral throne.

Devoid of envy, firm, and sage,  
 Whose tranquil soul ne'er yields to rage,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whom, when his warrior wrath is high,  
 Do Gods embattled fear and fly?  
 Whose noble might and gentle skill  
 The triple world can guard from ill?  
 Who is the best of princes, he  
 Who loves his people's good to see?<sup>2</sup>  
 The store of bliss, the living mine  
 Where brightest joys and virtues shine?  
 Queen Fortune's<sup>3</sup> best and dearest friend,  
 Whose steps her choicest gifts attend?  
 Who may with Sun and Moon compare,  
 With India,<sup>4</sup> Vishnu<sup>5</sup> Fine, and Au<sup>6</sup>?  
 Grant, Saint divine,<sup>4</sup> the boon I ask,  
 For thee, I ween, an easy task,  
 To whom the power is given to know  
 If such a man breathe here below.

Then Nárad, clear before whose eye  
 The present, past, and future lie,

<sup>1</sup> Called also *Srî* and *Lalshunî*, the consort of Vishnu the Queen of Beauty as well as the Dear Fortune. Her birth 'from the navel of the world' is described in Canto XLV of this Book.

<sup>2</sup> One of the most prominent objects of worship in the Pagan India was superseded in later times by the more popular deity Vishnu and *Śiva*. He is the God of the firmament, and in astronomical respects to the Jupiter Phœbus of the Romans. See *Additional Notes*.

<sup>3</sup> The second God of the Trimūrti or Indian Trinity. Derived from the root *vis* to penetrate, the meaning of the name appears to be *he who penetrates or persuades all things*. An embodiment of the preserving power of nature, he is worshipped as a Saviour who has many times been incarnate for the good of the world and will descend on earth once more. See *Additional Notes* and *Minor Sanskrit Texts* passim.

<sup>4</sup> In Sanskrit *devārshi*. *Rishi* is the general appellation of sages and another word is frequently prefixed to distinguish the degree. A *Brahmarshi* is a theologian or Brahminical sage, a *Rigushi* is a royal sage or sainted king, a *Devārshi* is a divine or deified sage or saint.

<sup>5</sup> *Trikālayāna*. Literally *Innower of the three times*. Both Schlegel

Made ready answer Hermit where  
 Are graces found so high and rare?  
 Yet listen and my tongue shall tell  
 In whom alone the virtues dwell  
 From old Ilshavlins' line he came  
 Known to the world by Rama's name  
 With soul subdued a chief of might  
 In Scripture versed in glory bright  
 His steps in virtues paths are bent  
 Obedient pure and eloquent  
 In each empire he wins success  
 And dimes for his power confer  
 Tall and broad shouldered strong of limb  
 Fortune has set her mark on him  
 Craced with a conch shells triple line  
 His throat displays the auspicious sign?

and Gorre io qu te H mer s

Οε γνη τα τ εοι-α τα τ εσσομεν α τρο τ εντα

That sacred ser wh so c mprehen view

The p t the p event an th f ture knew

The Bombay edition reads *trish j a who knows the three worlds* (earth air and heaven). It is by *tar s* (a t r ferre r) that this f  
 sul lied il ib ting on r ois frute n l ur obt in a vision of th  
 three v o lds with all things movin and stationary. M 80 X1 936

<sup>1</sup> Son of Manu the first King of India and founder of the solar  
 dynasty or family of the Children of the Sun the God of that luminary  
 being the father of Manu

<sup>2</sup> The Indians paid great attention to the art of physiognomy  
 and believed that character and fortune could be foretold not from  
 the face only but from the ring in the neck and hands. Three lines  
 under the chin like those at the mouth of a conch (*śrī Mā*) were re-  
 garded as a celestial sign indicating as did also the mark  
 of Vibhishadikus on the hand one born to be a charioteer or  
 warrior. In the palmistry of Europe the line of fortune as  
 well as the line of life is in the hand. C. rdans ya that m rk on th  
 n ths and te th al o show what is to happen to us. Sint et in  
 nobis ve tigia q ūdum futurorum eventuum in unguibu atque etiam



High destiny is clear impressed  
 On massive jaw and ample chest.  
 His mighty shafts he truly aims,  
 And foemen in the battle tames  
 Deep in the muscle, scarcely shown,  
 Embedded lies his collar-bone  
 His lordly steps are firm and free,  
 His strong arms reach below his knee,<sup>3</sup>  
 All fairest graces join to deck  
 His head, his brow, his stately neck,  
 And limbs in fair proportion set  
 The manliest form e'er fashioned yet  
 Graced with each high imperial mark,  
 His skin is soft and lustrous dark  
 Large are his eyes that sweetly shine  
 With majesty almost divine  
 His plighted word he ne'er forgets,  
 On every sense a watch he sets  
 By nature wise, his teacher's skill  
 Has trained him to subdue his will  
 Good, resolute and pure, and strong,  
 He guards mankind from scathe and wrong,  
 And lends his aid, and ne'er in vain,  
 The cause of justice to maintain  
 Well has he studied o'er and o'er  
 The Vedas<sup>4</sup> and then kindled lore

---

in dentibus' Though the palmy days of Indian chivalry have passed away, the art is still to some extent studied and believed in

<sup>3</sup> Long arms were regarded as a sign of heroic strength

<sup>4</sup> 'Veda means originally knowing or knowledge, and this name is given by the Brahmins not to one work, but to the whole body of their most ancient sacred literature Veda is the same word which appears in the Greek *oída*, I know, and in the English wise, wisdom, to wit The name of Veda is commonly given to four collections of hymns, which are respectively known by the names of Rig veda, Yajur-veda, Sāma veda, and Atharva veda.'

Well skilled is he the bow to draw<sup>1</sup>  
 Well trained in arts and versed in law  
 High souled and meet for happy fate  
 Most tender and compassionate  
 The noblest of all lordly givers  
 Whom good men follow as the rivers  
 Follow the King of Floods the sea  
 So liberal so just is he  
 The joy of Queen Kausaly's heart  
 In every virtue he has part  
 Firm as Himálaya's<sup>2</sup> snowy steep  
 Unfathomed like the mighty deep  
 The peer of Vishnu's power and might  
 And lovely as the Lord of Night  
 Patient as Earth but roused to ire

As the language of the Veda the Sanskrit is the most ancient type of the English of the present day (Sanskrit and English are but varieties of one and the same language) so its thoughts and feelings contain in reality the first roots and germs of that eternal growth which by an unbroken chain connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan race — with those very people who at the rising and setting of the sun listened with trembling hearts to the songs of the Vedas that told them of bright powers above and of a life to come after the sun of the present lives had set in the cloud of the evening. These men are the true ancestors of our race and the Veda is the oldest book we have in which to study the first beginnings of our language and of all that is embodied in language. We are by nature Aryan Indo-European not Semitic — our spiritual birth and kinship to be found in India Persia Greece Italy Germany not in Mesopotamia Egypt or Palestine.

*Chips from a German Workshop* Vol. I pp. 84

<sup>1</sup> As with the ancient Persians and Scythians Indian princes were carefully instructed in archery which stands for military science in general of which among Hindu heroes it was the most important branch.

<sup>2</sup> Chief of the three queens of Dasaratha and mother of Rama.

<sup>3</sup> Firm like snow (Greek *ὑειμα* Latin *hiems*) and *alaya* abode the Mansion of Snow.

<sup>4</sup> The moon (*Soma* *Indra* *Chandra* etc.) is masculine with the Indians as with the Germans.

Fierce as the world-destroying fire,  
In bounty like the Lord of Gold,<sup>1</sup>  
And Justice' self in human mould

With him, his best and eldest son,  
By all his princely virtues won  
King Daśaratha<sup>2</sup> willed to share  
His kingdom as the Regent Hen  
But when Kaikeyí, youngest queen,  
With eyes of envious hate had seen  
The solemn pomp and regal state  
Prepared the prince to consecrate,  
She bade the hapless king bestow  
Two gifts he promised long ago,  
That Ráma to the woods should flee,  
And that her child the hen should be

By chains of duty firmly tied,  
The wretched king perforce complied  
Ráma, to please Kaikeyí went  
Obedient forth to banishment  
Then Lakshman's truth was nobly shown,  
Then were his love and courage known,  
When for his brother's sake he dared  
All perils, and his exile shared  
And Sítá, Ráma's darling wife,  
Loved even as he loved his life,  
Whom happy marks combined to bless,  
A miracle of loveliness,  
Of Janak's royal lineage sprung,  
Most excellent of women, clung

<sup>1</sup> Kúvera, the Indian Plutus, or God of Wealth

<sup>2</sup> The events here briefly mentioned will be related fully in the course of the poem. The first four cantos are introductory, and are evidently the work of a later hand than Valmiki's

To her dear lord the Rohini  
 Pejoicing with the Moon to be<sup>1</sup>  
 The king and people sad of mood  
 The heroes car awhile pursued  
 But when Prince Rāma lighted down  
 At Srīngavera's pleasant town  
 Where Ganga's holy waters flow  
 He bade his driver turn and go  
 Guha Nishadas king he met  
 And on the farther bank was set  
 Then on from wood to wood they strayed  
 O'er many a stream through constant shade  
 As Bharadvāja bade them till  
 They came to Chitrakūṭa's hill  
 And Rāma there with Lāshmaṇa's aid  
 A pleasant little cottage made  
 And spent his days with Sītā dressed

<sup>1</sup> Chandra o the Moon is fabled to have been married to the twenty-seven daughters of the patriarch Dakṣa the Ṛṣi and the rest who are in fact personifications of the Luna Deities. His favourite amongst them was Iṣṭā to whom he so wholly devoted himself as to neglect the rest. They complained to their father and Dakṣa repeatedly interposed till finding his emotion unavailing he denounced a curse upon him on which in consequence of which he remained childless and became afflicted by consumption. The wife of Chandra having interceded in his behalf with the father Dakṣa imposed a curse in imprecation which he could not recall and pronounced that the day should be peculiar only not permanent and that it should alternate with periods of recovery. Hence the successive waxing and waning of the Moon. *Pañcā Pāraṇa Sūrya Khanda* See II. *Poṇn* in Astronomy is the fourth lunar mansion containing five stars the principal of which is Aldebaran.

WILSON, *Specimens of the Hindu Theatre* Vol. I p. 1

The Benal recension has a different reading

Shone with her husband like the light  
 Attendant on the Lord of Night

In coat of bark and deerskin vest<sup>1</sup>  
 And Chitrakūṭa grew to be  
 As bright with those illustrious three  
 As Meru's<sup>2</sup> sacred peaks that shine  
 With glory, when the Gods recline  
 Beneath them Śiva's<sup>3</sup> self between  
 The Lord of Gold and Beauty's Queen

The aged king for Rāma pined,  
 And for the skies the earth resigned  
 Bharat, his son, refused to reign,  
 Though urged by all the twice-born<sup>4</sup> train  
 Forth to the woods he fared to meet  
 His brother, fell before his feet,  
 And cried, 'Thy claim all men allow  
 O come, our lord and king be thou'  
 But Rāma nobly chose to be  
 Observant of his sire's decree  
 He placed his sandals<sup>5</sup> in his hand,  
 A pledge that he would rule the land

<sup>1</sup> The garb prescribed for ascetics by Manu

<sup>2</sup> 'Mount Meru, situated like Kailāsa in the lofty regions to the north of the Himālayas, is celebrated in the traditions and myths of India. Meru and Kailāsa are the two Indian Olympi. Perhaps they were held in such veneration because the Sanskrit-speaking Indians remembered the ancient home where they dwelt with the other primitive peoples of their family before they descended to occupy the vast plains which extend between the Indus and the Ganges.' GOULD 1510

<sup>3</sup> The third God of the Indian Triad, the God of destruction and reproduction. See *Additional Notes*

<sup>4</sup> The epithet *dwija*, or *twice born*, is usually appropriated to Brahmans, but is applicable to the three higher castes. Investiture with the sacred thread and initiation of the neophyte into certain religious mysteries are regarded as his regeneration or second birth.

<sup>5</sup> His shoes, to be a memorial of the absent heir and to maintain his right. Kālidāsa (*Raghuvamśa*, XII 17) says that they were to be *adjudicate* or guardian duties of the kingdom.

And bade his brother turn again  
Then Bharat finding prayer was vain  
The sandals took and went away,  
Nor in Ayodhya would he stay  
But turned to Nandigram where  
He ruled the realm with watchful care  
Still longing eagerly to learn  
Tidings of Rama's safe return

Then lest the people should repeat  
Their visit to his calm retreat  
Away from Chitrakuta's hill  
Fared Rama ever onward till  
Beneath the shady trees he stood  
Of Dandak's primeval wood  
Viradha giant fiend he slew  
And then Agastya's friendship knew  
Counselled by him he gained the sword  
And how of Indra heavenly lord  
A pur of quivers too that bore  
Of arrows an exhaustless store  
While there he dwelt in greenwood shade  
The trembling hermits sought his aid  
And bade him with his sword and bow  
Destroy the fiends who wrolded them woe  
To come like Indra strong and brave  
A guardian God to help and save  
And Rama's falchion left its trace  
Deep cut on Surpanakha's face  
A hideous giantess who came  
Burning for him with lawless flame  
Their sister's cries the grunts heard  
And vengeance in each bosom stirred  
The monster of the triple head  
And Dushan to the contest sped

But they and myriads fiends beside  
Beneath the might of Ráma died

When Rávan, dreading warrior, knew  
The slaughter of his giant crew  
Rávan, the king, whose name of fear  
Earth, hell, and heaven all shook to hear  
He bade the fiend Máicha and  
The vengeful plot his fury laid  
In vain the wise Máicha tried  
To turn him from his course aside  
Not Rávan's self, he said, might hope  
With Ráma and his strength to cope  
Impelled by fate and blind with rage  
He came to Ráma's hermitage  
There, by Máicha's magic art,  
He wiled the princely youths apart,  
The vulture<sup>1</sup> slew, and bore away  
The wife of Ráma as his prey  
The son of Raghu<sup>2</sup> came and found  
Jatáyu slain upon the ground  
He rushed within his leafy cot,  
He sought his wife, but found her not  
Then, then the hero's senses failed,  
In mad despair he wept and wailed  
Upon the pile that bird he laid,  
And still in quest of Sítá strayed  
A hideous giant then he saw,  
Kabandha named, a shape of awe

<sup>1</sup> Jatáyu, a semi divine bird, the friend of Ráma, who fought in defence of Sítá

<sup>2</sup> Raghu was one of the most celebrated ancestors of Ráma whose commonest appellation is, therefore, Raghuva or descendant of Raghu. Kálidasa in the *Raghuvansha* makes him the son of Dilipa and great-grandfather of Ráma. See *Idylls from the Sanskrit*, 'Aja' and Dilipa'

The monstrous fiend he smote and slew  
 And in the flame the body threw,  
 When straight from out the funeral flame  
 In lovely form Kabandha came  
 And bade him seek in his distress  
 A wise and holy hermit's  
 By counsel of this saintly dame  
 To Pampa's pleasant flood he came  
 And there the steadfast friendship won  
 Of Hanuman the Wind God's son  
 Counsell'd by him he told his grief  
 To great Sugriva Vana chief  
 Who knowing all the tale before  
 The sacred flame alliance swore  
 Sugriva to his now found friend  
 Told his own story to the end  
 His hate of Bala for the wrong  
 And insult he had borne so long  
 And Rama lent a willing ear  
 And promised to allay his fear  
 Sugriva warned him of the might  
 Of Bala matchless in the fight  
 And credence for his tale to gain  
 Showed the huge fiend by Bala slain  
 The prostrate corse of mountain size  
 Seemed nothing in the hero's eyes  
 He lightly kicked it as it lay  
 And cast it twenty leagues away  
 To prove his might his arrows through  
 Seven palm in line unjarr'd flew  
 He clift a mountain hill apart

<sup>1</sup> D edh h

Li cūf-śay a      Tē s i a s a r      4 r      5 t i n  
 5 a i c l y m h      1 a e q m t o r r i e f      1      2 L



And down to hell he hurled his dart  
 Then high Sugríva's spirit rose,  
 Assumed of conquest o'er his foes  
 With his new champion by his side  
 To vast Kishkindhá's cave he hied  
 Then, summoned by his awful shout,  
 King Báli came in fury out,  
 First comforted his trembling wife,  
 Then sought Sugríva in the strife  
 One shaft from Ráma's deadly bow  
 The monarch in the dust laid low.  
 Then Ráma bade Sugríva reign  
 In place of royal Báli slain  
 Then speedy envoys hurried forth  
 Eastward and westward, south and north,  
 Commanded by the grateful king  
 Tidings of Ráma's spouse to bring.

Then by Sampáti's counsel led,  
 Brave Hanumán, who mocked at dread,  
 Sprang at one wild tremendous leap  
 Two hundred leagues across the deep  
 To Lanká's<sup>1</sup> town he urged his way,  
 Where Rávan held his royal sway  
 There pensive 'neath Áśoka<sup>2</sup> boughs  
 He found poor Sítá, Ráma's spouse  
 He gave the hapless girl a ring,  
 A token from her lord and king  
 A pledge from her fair hand he bore,  
 Then battered down the garden door  
 Five captains of the host he slew,  
 Seven sons of councillors o'erthrew,

<sup>1</sup> Ceylon

<sup>2</sup> The *Jonesia Áśoka* is a most beautiful tree bearing a profusion of red blossoms

Crushed youthful Akshya on the field  
 Then to his captors chose to yield  
 Soon from their bonds his limbs were free  
 But honouring the high decree  
 Which Brahma<sup>1</sup> had pronounced of yore  
 He calmly all their insults bore  
 The town he burnt with hostile flame  
 And spoke again with Rāma's dame  
 Then swiftly back to Rāma flew  
 With tidings of the interview

Then with Sugriva for his guide  
 Came Rama to the ocean side  
 He smote the sea with shafts as bright  
 As sunbeams in their summer height  
 And quick appeared the Rivers King  
 Obedient to the summoning  
 A bridge was thrown by Nāla over  
 The narrow sea from shore to shore<sup>2</sup>  
 They crossed to Lanka's golden town  
 Where Rama's hand smote Rāvan down  
 Vibhishan there was left to reign  
 Over his brother's wide domain  
 To meet her husband Sita came  
 But Rāma stung with ire and shame  
 With bitter words his wife addressed  
 Before the crowd that round her pressed

<sup>1</sup> Brahma: the Creator: usually regarded as the first God of the Indian Trinity although as I find it says

Of Brahma Vishnu Śiva each may be  
 First second third and the blessed Three

Brahma had guaranteed Ravana's life against all enemies except man  
 Ocean personified

The rocks lying between Ceylon and the mainland are still called  
 Rama's Bridge by the Hindus

But Sítá, touched with noble ire,  
 Gave her fan body to the fire  
 Then straight the God of Wind appeared,  
 And words from heaven her honour cleared  
 And Ráma clasped his wife again,  
 Uninjured, pure from spot and stain,  
 Obedient to the Lord of Fate  
 And the high mandate of his state  
 Led by the Lord who rules the day,  
 The Gods and heavenly saints drew nigh  
 And honoured him with worthy meet,  
 Rejoicing in each glorious deed  
 His task achieved, his foe removed,  
 He triumphed, by the Gods approved  
 By grace of Heaven he raised to him  
 The chieftains slain in mortal strife,  
 Then in the magic chariot through  
 The clouds to Níndigáma flew  
 Met by his faithful brothers there,  
 He loosed his votive coil of hair,  
 Thence fan Ayodhyá's town he gained,  
 And o'er his father's kingdom reigned  
 Disease or famine ne'er oppressed  
 His happy people, richly blest  
 With all the joys of ample wealth,  
 Of sweet content and perfect health  
 No widow mourned her well-loved mate,  
 No sue his son's untimely fate  
 They feared not storm or robber's hand  
 No fire or flood laid waste the land  
 The Golden Age<sup>1</sup> seemed come again  
 To bless the days of Ráma's reign

<sup>1</sup> 'The Brahmans, with a system rather cosmogonical than chronological, divide the present mundane period into four ages or *yugas* as they

From him the great and glorious King  
 Shall many a princely scion spring  
 And he shall rule beloved by men  
 Ten thousand years and hundreds ten<sup>1</sup>  
 And when his life on earth is past  
 To Brahmins world shall go at last

Whoe'er this noble poem reads  
 That tells the tale of Rāma's deeds  
 Good as the Scriptures he shall be  
 From every sin and blemish free  
 Whoever reads the saving strain  
 With all his life in the heavens shall gain  
 Brahmins who read shall gather hence  
 The highest praise for eloquence  
 The warrior o'er the land shall reign  
 The merchant luck in trade obtain  
 And Sudras listening<sup>2</sup> no'er shall fail  
 To reap advantage from the tale<sup>3</sup>

call them the *Iti*, the *Treta*, the *Dwāpara* and the *Iti*. The *Krita* called also the *Devayuga* or that of the Gods is the age of truth the perfect age the *Treta* is the age of the three sacred fire domestic and sacrificial the *Dwāpara* is the age of doubt the *Kali* the present age is the age of evil. GONNERSIO

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Kings of India enjoyed lives of more than patriarchal length as will appear in the course of the poem

<sup>2</sup> *Sudras* men of the fourth and lowest pure caste were not allowed to read the poem but might hear it recited

<sup>3</sup> The three *stoks* or distichs which the e twelve lines represent are evidently a still later and very awkward addition to the introduction

## CANTO II.

*BRAHMÁ'S VISIT*

Válmíki, graceful speaker, heard,  
 To highest admiration stirred  
 To him whose fame the tale rehearsed  
 He paid his mental worship first,  
 Then with his pupil humbly bent  
 Before the saint most eloquent  
 Thus honoured and dismissed the seer  
 Departed to his heavenly sphere  
 Then from his cot Válmíki hied  
 To Tamasá's<sup>1</sup> sequestered side,  
 Not far remote from Gangá's tide  
 He stood and saw the ripples roll  
 Pellucid o'er a pebbly shoal  
 To Bhairadvája<sup>2</sup> by his side  
 He turned in ecstasy, and cried  
 'See, pupil dear, this lovely sight,  
 The smooth-floored shallow, pure and bright,  
 With not a speck or shade to mar,  
 And clear as good men's bosoms are  
 Here on the brink thy pitcher lay,  
 And bring my zone of bark, I pray

<sup>1</sup> There are several rivers in India of this name, now corrupted into *Tonse*. The river here spoken of is that which falls into the Ganges a little below Allahabad.

<sup>2</sup> 'In Book II, Canto LIV, we meet with a saint of this name presiding over a convent of disciples in his hermitage at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. Thence the later author of these introductory cantos has borrowed the name and person, inconsistently indeed, but with the intention of enhancing the dignity of the poet by ascribing to him so celebrated a disciple.' SCHLEGEL

Here will I bathe the rill has not  
To lave the limbs a fairer spot  
Do quickly as I bid, nor waste  
The precious time, away and haste

Obedient to his master's hest  
Quick from the cot he brought the vest  
The hermit took it from his hand  
And tightened round his waist the band  
Then duly dipped and bathed him there  
And muttered low his secret prayer  
To spirits and to Gods he made  
Libation of the stream and strayed  
Viewing the forest deep and wide  
That spread its shade on every side  
Close by the bank he saw a pair  
Of curlews sporting fearless there  
But suddenly with evil mind  
An outcast fowler stole behind  
And with an aim too sure and true  
The male bird near the hermit slew  
The wretched hen in wild despair  
With fluttering pinions beat the air  
And shrieked a long and bitter cry  
When low on earth she saw him lie  
Her loved companion quivering dead  
His dear wings with his lifeblood red  
And for her golden crested mate  
She mourned and was disconsolate

The hermit saw the slaughtered bird  
And all his heart with ruth was stirred  
The fowler's impious deed distressed  
His gentle sympathetic breast  
And while the curlews sad cries rang  
Within his ears the hermit sang

'No fame be thine for endless time,  
 Because, base outcast, of thy crime,  
 Whose cruel hand was fain to slay  
 One of this gentle pan at play'  
 E'en as he spoke his bosom wrought  
 And laboured with the wondering thought  
 What was the speech his ready tongue  
 Had uttered when his heart was wiling  
 He pondered long upon the speech,  
 Recalled the words and measured each,  
 And thus exclaimed the saintly guide  
 To Bharadvāja by his side  
 'With equal lines of even feet,  
 With rhythm and time and tone complete,  
 The measured form of words I spoke  
 In shock of grief be termed a śloka<sup>1</sup>'  
 And Bharadvāja, nothing slow  
 His faithful love and zeal to show,  
 Answered those words of wisdom, 'Be  
 The name, my lord, as pleases thee'

As rules prescribe the hermit took  
 Some lustial water from the brook  
 But still on this his constant thought  
 Kept brooding, as his home he sought,  
 While Bharadvāja paced behind,  
 A pupil sage of lowly mind,  
 And in his hand a pitcher bore  
 With pure fresh water brimming o'er  
 Soon as they reached their calm retreat  
 The holy hermit took his seat,

<sup>1</sup> The poet plays upon the similarity in sound of the two words  
*śoka* means grief, *śloka*, the heroic measure in which the poem is com-  
 posed. It need scarcely be said that the derivation is fanciful

His mind from worldly cares recalled  
And mused in deepest thought enthralled

Then glorious Brahmā,<sup>1</sup> Lord Most High,  
Creator of the earth and sky  
The four faced God to meet the sage  
Came to Vālmīki's hermitage  
Soon as the mighty God he saw  
Up sprang the saint in wondering awe  
Mute with clasped hands his head he bent  
And stood before him reverent  
His honoured guest he greeted well  
Who bade him of his welfare tell  
Gave water for his blessed feet  
Brought offerings<sup>2</sup> and prepared a seat  
In honoured place the God Most High  
Sate down and bade the saint sit nigh  
There sate before Vālmīki's eyes  
The Father of the earth and skies  
But still the hermit's thoughts were bent  
On one thing only all intent  
On that poor curlew's mournful fate  
Lamenting for her slaughtered mate,

<sup>1</sup> Brahmā the Creator is usually regarded as the first person of the divine triad of India. The four heads with which he is represented are supposed to have allusion to the four corners of the earth which he is sometimes considered to personify. As an object of adoration Brahmā has been entirely superseded by Śiva and Viṣṇu. In the whole of India there is I believe but one temple dedicated to his worship. In this point the first of the Indian triad curiously resembles the last of the divine fraternity of Greece. Aides the brother of Zeus and Poseidon. In all Greece says Pausanias there is no single temple of Aides except at a single spot in Elis. See Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> The *argha* or *arghya* was a libation or offering to a deity a Brahmin or other venerable personage. According to one authority it consisted of water milk the points of Kṛṣṇa grass curds clarified butter rice barley and white mustard according to another of saffron heli umboken grain flowers curds durba grass kusa-grass and sesamum.



And still his lips, in absent mood,  
The verse that told his grief, renewed :  
' Woe to the fowler's impious hand  
That did the deed that folly planned ;  
That could to needless death devote  
The curlew of the tuneful throat '¹

The heavenly Father smiled in glee,  
And said, ' O best of hermits, see,  
A verse, unconscious, thou hast made ;  
No longer be the task delayed  
Seek not to trace, with labour vain,  
The unpremeditated strain  
The tuneful lines thy lips rehearsed  
Spontaneous from thy bosom burst  
Then come, O best of seers, relate  
The life of Ráma good and great  
The tale that saintly Nárad told,  
In all its glorious length unfold  
Of all the deeds his arm has done  
Upon this earth, omit not one,  
And thus the noble life record  
Of that wise, brave, and virtuous lord.  
His every act to day displayed,  
His secret life to none betrayed  
How Lakshman, how the giants fought ;  
With high emprise and hidden thought :  
And all that Janak's child¹ befell  
Where all could see, where none could tell  
The whole of this shall truly be  
Made known, O best of saints, to thee  
In all thy poem, through my grace,  
No word of falsehood shall have place.  
Begin the story, and rehearse

¹ Sitá, daughter of Janak king of Mithila.

The tale divine in charming verse  
 As long as in this firm set land  
 The streams shall flow the mountains stand  
 So long throughout the world be sure  
 The great Rámáyan shall endure <sup>1</sup>  
 While the Rámáyan's ancient strain  
 Shall glorious in the earth remain  
 To higher spheres shalt thou arise  
 And dwell with me above the skies

He spoke and vanished into air  
 And left Valmíki wondering there  
 The pupils of the holy man  
 Moved by their love of him began  
 To chant that verse and ever more  
 They marvelled as they sang it o'er  
 Behold the four lined balanced rhyme  
 Repeated over many a tune  
 In words that from the hermit broke  
 In shock of grief becomes a Sloke  
 This measure now Válmíki chose  
 Wherein his story to compose  
 In hundreds of such verses sweet  
 With equal lines and even feet  
 The saintly poet lofty souled  
 The glorious deeds of Rama told

<sup>1</sup> I congratulate myself says Schlegel in the preface to his alas  
 unimpaired edition of the Rámáyan that by the favour of the Supreme  
 Deity I have been allowed to begin so great a work I glory and make  
 my boast that I too after so many ages have helped to confirm that  
 ancient oracle declared to Valmíki by the Father of Gods and men

*Dum stabunt montes campis et flumina current  
 Usque tuum toto carmen celebrabitur orbe*

## CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The hermit thus with watchful heed  
 Received the poem's pregnant seed,  
 And looked with eager thought around  
 If fuller knowledge might be found  
 His lips with water first bedewed,<sup>1</sup>  
 He sate in reverent attitude  
 On holy grass,<sup>2</sup> the points all bent  
 Together toward the orient,<sup>3</sup>  
 And thus in meditation he  
 Entered the path of poesy  
 Then clearly, through his virtue's might,  
 All lay discovered to his sight,  
 Whate'er befell, through all their life,  
 Ráma, his brother, and his wife  
 And Daśaratha and each queen  
 At every time, in every scene  
 His people too, of every sort,  
 The nobles of his princely court  
 Whate'er was said, whate'er decreed,  
 Each time they sate, each plan and deed  
 For holy thought and fervent rite

<sup>1</sup> 'The sipping of water is a requisite introduction of all rites without it, says the *Sám̐ba Purāṇ*, all acts of religion are vain'

COTTEBROOKE

<sup>2</sup> The *darbha* or *luśa* (*Poa cynosuroides*), a kind of grass used in sacrifice by the Hindus as *velutina* was by the Romans

<sup>3</sup> The direction in which the grass should be placed upon the ground as a seat for the Gods, on occasion of offerings made to them

Had so refined his leener sight  
That by his sanctity his view  
The present past and future knew  
And he with mental eye could grasp  
Like fruit within his fingers clasp  
The life of Ráma great and good  
Roaming with Sitá in the wood  
He told with secret piercing eyes  
The tale of Rama's high emprise  
Each listening ear that shall entice  
A sea of pearls of highest price  
Thus good Válmíki sage divine  
Rehearsed the tale of Raghu's line  
As Narad heavenly saint before  
Had traced the story's outline o'er  
He sang of Rama's princely birth  
His kindness and heroic worth  
His love for all his patient youth  
His gentleness and constant truth  
And many a tale and legend old  
By holy Visvámitra told  
How Janak's child he wooed and won  
And broke the bow that bent to none  
How he with every virtue fraught  
His namesake Páma<sup>1</sup> met and fought  
The choice of Rama for the throne  
The malice by Kaikeyi shown  
Whose evil counsel marred the plan  
And drove him forth a banished man  
How the king grieved and groaned and cried  
And swooned away and pining died  
The subjects' woe when thus bereft  
And how the following crowds he left

<sup>1</sup> Parasurama or Rama with the Axe    See Canto LXXIV

With Guha talked, and firmly stern  
 Ordered his driver to return  
 How Gangá's farther shore he gained ,  
 By Bharadvāja entertained,  
 By whose advice he journeyed still  
 And came to Chitiakúta's hill  
 How there he dwelt and built a cot ;  
 How Bharat journeyed to the spot ,  
 His earnest supplication made ,  
 Drink-offerings to then father paid ,  
 The sandals given by Rāma's hand,  
 As emblems of his right, to stand  
 How from his presence Bharat went  
 And years in Nandigrāma spent  
 How Rāma entered Dandak wood  
 And in Sútíkshna's presence stood  
 The favour Anasúyá showed,  
 The wondrous balsam she bestowed.  
 How Śarabhangá's dwelling-place  
 They sought , saw Indra face to face ,  
 The meeting with Agastya gained ,  
 The heavenly bow from him obtained.  
 How Rāma with Virádha met ,  
 Then home in Panchavata set  
 How Śúpanakhá underwent  
 The mockery and disfigurement  
 Of Trisírā's and Khara's fall,  
 Of Rávan roused at vengeance' call  
 Márícha doomed, without escape ,  
 The fair Videhan <sup>1</sup> lady's rape  
 How Rāma wept and raved in vain,  
 And how the Vulture-king was slain.

<sup>1</sup> Sita Videha was the country of which Mithilá was the capital

How Ráma fierce Kibandha slow ,  
Then to the side of Pampa drew  
Met Hanumán and her whose vows  
Were kept beneath the greenwood boughs  
How Raghu's son the lofty souled  
On Pampa's bank wept uncontrolled  
Then journeyed Rishyamuk to reach  
And of Sugriva then had speech  
The friendship made which both had sought ,  
How Bala and Sugriva fought  
How Bala in the strife was slain  
And how Sugriva came to reign  
The treaty Tara's wild lament  
The rainy nights in watching spent  
The wrath of Raghu's lion son ,  
The gathering of the hosts in one  
The sending of the spies about  
And all the regions pointed out  
The ring by Rama's hand bestowed  
The cave wherein the bear rhode  
The fast proposed their lives to end  
Sampati gained to be their friend  
The scaling of the hill the leap  
Of Hanumán across the deep  
Ocean's command that bade them seek  
Munika of the lofty peak  
The death of Sinhika the sight  
Of Lanka with her palace bright  
How Hanumán stole in at eve  
His plan the giants to deceive  
How through the square he made his way  
To chambers where the women lay  
Within the Asoka garden came  
And there found Ráma's captive dame

HIS colloquy with her he sought,  
And giving of the ring he brought  
How Sītā gave a gem o'erjoyed,  
How Hanumān the grove destroyed  
How giantesses trembling fled,  
And servant fiends were smitten dead  
How Hanumān was seized, then he  
When Lankā blazed with hostile fire.  
His leap across the sea once more,  
The eating of the honey store  
How Rāma he consoled, and how  
He showed the gem from Sītā's brow.  
With Ocean, Rāma's interview,  
The bridge that Nala o'er it threw  
The crossing, and the sitting down  
At night round Lankā's royal town  
The treaty with Vibhīshan made,  
The plan for Rāvan's slaughter laid.  
How Kumbhakarna in his pride  
And Meghanāda fought and died  
How Ravan in the fight was slain,  
And captive Sītā brought again  
Vibhīshan set upon the throne,  
The flying chariot Pushpak shown  
How Brahmadā and the Gods appeared,  
And Sītā's doubted honour cleared  
How in the flying car they rode  
To Bharadvāja's calm abode  
The Wind-God's son sent on afar,  
How Bharat met the flying car  
How Rāma then was king ordained,  
The legions then discharge obtained  
How Rāma cast his queen away,  
How grew the people's love each day.

Thus did the saint Vālmīkī tell  
Whate'er in Rāma's life befell  
And in the closing verses all  
That yet to come will once befell



## CANTO IV.

*THE RHAPSODISTS*

When to the end the tale was brought,  
 Rose in the sage's mind the thought  
 'Now who throughout this earth will go,  
 And tell it forth that all may know ?'  
 As thus he mused with anxious breast,  
 Behold, in hermit's raiment dressed,  
 Kuśa and Lava<sup>1</sup> came to greet  
 Then master and embrace his feet  
 The twins he saw, that princely pair  
 Sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him there  
 None for the task could be more fit,  
 For skilled were they in Holy Writ,  
 And so the great Rāmāyan, fraught  
 With lore divine, to these he taught  
 The lay whose verses sweet and clear  
 Take with delight the listening ear,  
 That tell of Sītā's noble life  
 And Rāvan's fall in battle strife  
 Great joy to all who hear they bring,  
 Sweet to recite and sweet to sing  
 For music's sevenfold notes are there,  
 And triple measure,<sup>2</sup> wrought with care,

<sup>1</sup> The twin sons of Rāma and Sītā, born after Rāma had repudiated Sītā, and brought up in the hermitage of Vālmiki. As they were the first rhapsodists the combined name Kusilava signifies a reciter of poems, or an improvisatore, even to the present day

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the bass, tenor, and treble, or quick, slow, and middle time. We know but little of the ancient music of the Hindus

With melody and tone and time  
 And flavours<sup>1</sup> that enhance the rhyme  
 Heroic might has ample place  
 And loathing of the false and base  
 With angel mirth and terror blent  
 With tenderness surprise content  
 When half the hermit's grace to gain  
 And half because they loved the strain  
 The youths within their hearts had stored  
 The poem that his lips outpoured  
 Válmíki kissed them on the head  
 As at his feet they bowed and said  
 'Recite ye this heroic song  
 In tranquil shades where sages throng  
 Recite it where the good resort  
 In lowly home and royal court

The hermit ceased    The tuneful pair  
 Like heavenly minstrels sweet and fair  
 In music's art divinely skilled  
 Their saintly master's word fulfilled  
 Like Ráma's self from whom they came  
 They showed their sire in face and frame  
 As though from some fair sculptured stone  
 'Two selfsame images had grown  
 Sometimes the pair rose up to sing  
 Surrounded by a holy ring  
 Where seated on the grass had met  
 Full many a musing anchoret  
 Then tears bedimmed those gentle eyes

<sup>1</sup> Eight flavours or sentiments are usually enumerated love mirth  
 tenderness anger heroism terror disgust despair tranquillity or  
 content, or paternal tenderness, is sometimes considered as the ninth  
 WILSON. See the *Sáhtya Darpana* or *Mirror of Composition* translated  
 by Dr. Ballantyne and Bábú Pramadádas Mitra in the *Bibliotheca*  
*Indica*

As transport took them and surprise,  
And as they listened every one  
Cried in delight, Well done ! Well done !  
Those sages veiled in holy lore  
Praised the sweet minstrels more and more  
And wondered at the singers' skill,  
And the bard's verses sweeter still,  
Which laid so clear before the eye  
The glorious deeds of days gone by  
Thus by the virtuous hermits praised,  
Inspired their voice they raised  
Pleased with the song this holy man  
Would give the youths a water-can ,  
One gave a fan ascetic dress,  
On sweet fruit from the wilderness  
One saint a black-deer's hide would bring,  
And one a sacrificial string  
One, a clay pitcher from his hoard,  
And one, a twisted munja cord <sup>1</sup>  
One in his joy an axe would find,  
One, braid, then plaited locks to bind  
One gave a sacrificial cup,  
One rope to tie their fagots up ,  
While fuel at their feet was laid,  
On hermit's stool of fig-tree made  
All gave, or if they gave not, none  
Forgot at least a benison  
Some saints, delighted with their lays,  
Would promise health and length of days  
Others with surest words would add  
Some boon to make their spirit glad

<sup>1</sup> Saccharum Munja is a plant from whose fibres is twisted the sacred string which a Brahman wears over one shoulder after he has been initiated by a rite which in some respects answers to confirmation

In such degree of honour then  
That song was held by holy men  
That living song which life can give  
By which shall many a minstrel live  
In seat of kings in crowded hall  
They sang the poem praised of all  
And Rāma chanced to hear their lay  
While he the votive steed\* would slay  
And sent fit messengers to bring  
The minstrel pair before the king  
They came and found the monarch high  
Enthroned in gold his brothers nigh  
While many a minister below  
And noble ate in lengthened row  
The youthful pair awhile he viewed  
Graceful in modest attitude  
And then in words like these addressed  
His brother Lal shman and the rest  
Come listen to the wondrous strain  
Recited by these godlike twain  
Sweet singers of a story fraught  
With melody and lofty thought

The pair with voices sweet and strong  
Rolled the full tide of noble song  
With tone and accent deftly blent  
To suit the changing argument  
Mid that assembly loud and clear  
Rang forth that lay so sweet to hear  
That universal rapture stole  
Through each man's frame and heart and soul  
The minstrels blest with every sign  
That marks a high and princely line

\* A description of an *Asvamedha* or Horse Sacrifice is given in Canto XIII of this Book

In holy shades who dwell,  
Enshrined in Saint Válmíki's lay,  
A monument to live for aye,  
My deeds in song shall tell'  
Thus Ráma spoke their breasts were fired,  
And the great tale, as if inspired,  
The youths began to sing,  
While every heart with transport swelled,  
And mute and rapt attention held  
The concourse and the king.

•

## CANTO V

## AYODHYA

Ikshvaku's sons from days of old  
 Were ever brave and mighty souled  
 The land their arms had made their own  
 Was bounded by the sea alone  
 Their holy works have won them praise  
 Through countless years from Manu's days  
 Their ancient sire was Sagar he  
 Whose high command dug out the sea<sup>1</sup>  
 With sixty thousand sons to throng  
 Around him as he marched along  
 From them this glorious tale proceeds  
 The great Rámáyan tells their deeds  
 This noble song whose lines contain  
 Lessons of duty love and gain  
 We two will now at length recite  
 While good men listen with delight

On Sarju's<sup>2</sup> bank of ample size  
 The happy realm of Kosál lies  
 With fertile length of fair champaign  
 And flocks and herd and wealth of grain  
 There famous in her old renown  
 Ayodhyá<sup>3</sup> stands the royal town

<sup>1</sup> This exploit is related in Canto XL

<sup>2</sup> The Sarju or Ghaghr, anciently called Sarayu, rises in the Himályas and after flowing through the province of Oudh falls into the Ganges

<sup>3</sup> The ruins of the ancient capital of Rama and the Children of the Sun may still be traced in the present Ajudhya near Fyzabad. Ajudhya is the Jerusalem or Mecca of the Hindus

In bygone ages built and planned  
 By sainted Manu's<sup>1</sup> princely hand  
 Imperial seat<sup>1</sup> her walls extend  
 Twelve measured leagues from end to end,  
 And three in width from side to side,  
 With square and palace beautified.  
 Her gates at even distance stand,  
 Her ample roads are wisely planned  
 Right glorious is her royal street  
 Where streams allay the dust and heat.  
 On level ground in even row  
 Her houses rise in goodly show  
 Terrace and palace, arch and gate  
 The queenly city decorate  
 High are her ramparts, strong and vast,  
 By ways at even distance passed,  
 With circling moat, both deep and wide,  
 And store of weapons fortified

King Daśaratha, lofty-souled,  
 That city guarded and controlled,  
 With towering Śāl trees belted round,<sup>2</sup>  
 And many a grove and pleasure ground,  
 As royal India, throned on high,  
 Rules his fair city in the sky<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A legislator and saint, the son of Brahmā or a personification of Brahmā himself, the creator of the world, and progenitor of mankind. Derived from the root *man* to think, the word means originally *man*, the thinker, and is found in this sense in the Rīg veda.

Manu as a legislator is identified with the Cretan Minos, as progenitor of mankind with the German Mannus. 'Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriae et annuum genus est, Tuisconem deum terra editum, et filium Mannum, originem gentis conditoresque' TACITUS, *Germania*, Cap. II.

<sup>2</sup> The Śāl (*Shorea Robusta*) is a valuable timber tree of considerable height.

<sup>3</sup> The city of Indra is called Amara-vatī or Home of the Immortals.

She seems a painted city fair  
With chess board line and even square<sup>1</sup>  
And cool boughs shade the lovely lake  
Where weary men their thirst may slake  
There gilded chariots gleam and shine  
And stately piles the Gods enshrine  
There gay sleek people ever throng  
To festival and dance and song  
A mine is she of gems and shewn  
The darling home of Fortune's Queen  
With noblest sort of drink and meat  
The fairest rice and golden wheat  
And fragrant with the chaplet's scent  
With holy oil and incense blent  
With many an elephant and steed  
And wains for draught and cars for speed  
With envoys sent by distant kings  
And merchants with their precious things  
With banners o'er her roofs that play  
And weapons that a hundred slay<sup>2</sup>  
All warlike engines framed by man  
And every class of artisan  
A city rich beyond compare  
With bards and minstrels gathered there  
And men and damsels who entrance  
The soul with play and song and dance  
In every street is heard the lute  
The drum the tabret and the flute

<sup>1</sup> Schlegel thinks that this refers to the marble of different colours with which the houses were adorned. It seems more natural to understand it as implying the regularity of the streets and houses.

<sup>2</sup> The *Sataghni* is a centicide or slayer of a hundred is generally supposed to be a sort of fire arms, or the ancient Indian rocket but it is also described as a stone set round with iron spikes.



The Veda chanted soft and low,  
 The ringing of the archer's bow ,  
 With bands of godlike heroes skilled  
 In every warlike weapon, filled,  
 And kept by warriors from the foe.  
 As Nágas guard their home below <sup>1</sup>  
 Their wisest Bráhmans evermore  
     The flame of worship feed,  
 And versed in all the Vedas' lore,  
     Their lives of virtue lead  
 Truthful and pure, they freely give ,  
     They keep each sense controlled,  
 And in their holy favour live  
     Like the great saints of old

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<sup>1</sup> The Nágas (serpents) are demigods with a human face and serpent body. They inhabit Patala or the regions under the earth. Bhogavati is the name of their capital city. Serpents are still worshipped in India. See Fergusson's *Tice and Serpent Worship*.

## CANTO VI

*THE KING*

There reigned a king of name revered  
 To country and to town endeared  
 Great Daśaratha good and sage  
 Well read in Scripture's holy page  
 Upon his kingdom's weal intent  
 Mighty and brave and provident,  
 The pride of old Ikshvāku's seed  
 For lofty thought and righteous deed  
 Peer of the saints for virtues famed  
 For foes subdued and passions tamed  
 A rival in his wealth untold  
 Of Indra and the Lord of Gold  
 Like Manu first of kings he reigned  
 And worthily his state maintained  
 For firm and just and ever true  
 Love duty gain he kept in view  
 And ruled his city rich and free  
 Like Indra's Amarāvati  
 And worthy of so fair a place  
 There dwelt a just and happy race  
     With troops of children blest  
 Each man contented sought no more  
 Nor longed with envy for the store  
     By richer friends possessed  
 For poverty was there unknown

And each man counted as his own  
Kine, steeds, and gold, and grain  
All dressed in raiment bright and clean,  
And every townsman might be seen  
With earrings, wreath, or chain  
None deigned to feed on broken fare,  
And none was false or stingy there  
A piece of gold, the smallest pay,  
Was earned by labour for a day  
On every arm were bracelets worn,  
And none was faithless or forsworn,  
A braggart or unkind  
None lived upon another's wealth,  
None pined with dread or broken health,  
Or dark disease of mind  
High-souled were all The slanderous word,  
The boastful lie, were never heard  
Each man was constant to his vows,  
And lived devoted to his spouse  
No other love his fancy knew,  
And she was tender, kind, and true  
Her dames were fair of form and face,  
With charm of wit and gentle grace,  
With modest raiment simply neat,  
And winning manners soft and sweet  
The twice-born sages, whose delight  
Was Scripture's page and holy rite,  
Their calm and settled course pursued,  
Nor sought the menial multitude  
In many a Scripture each was versed,  
And each the flame of worship nursed,  
And gave with lavish hand  
Each paid to Heaven the offerings due,  
And none was godless or untrue

In all that holy land  
 To Brāhmanas the laws ordain  
 The Warrior caste were ever fun  
 The reverence due to pay,  
 And these the Vaiśyas peaceeful crowd  
 Who trade and toil for gain were proud  
 To honour and obey  
 And all were by the Sudras<sup>1</sup> served  
 Who never from their duty swerved  
 Their proper worship all addressed  
 To Brāhman spirits God and guest  
 Pure and unmixed their rites remained  
 Their race's honour ne'er was stained<sup>2</sup>  
 Cheered by his grandsons sons and wife  
 Each passed a long and happy life  
 Thus was that famous city held  
 By one who all his race excelled  
 Blest in his gentle reign  
 As the whole land oforetime swayed  
 By Manu prince of men obeyed  
 Her king from main to main  
 And heroes kept her strong and brave  
 As lions guard their mountain cave  
 Fiercer as devouring flame they burned  
 And fought till death but never turned  
 Horses had she of noblest breed  
 Like Indras for their form and speed  
 From Vahlī's<sup>3</sup> hills and Sindhu's<sup>4</sup> sand

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<sup>1</sup> The fourth and lowest pure caste whose duty was to serve the three first classes

<sup>2</sup> By forbidden marriages between persons of different castes

<sup>3</sup> Vahlī or Vahlīka is Bactriana its name is preserved in the modern Rīkh

The Sanskrit word Sindhu is in the singular the name of the river

Vanáyu<sup>1</sup> and Kámboja's land<sup>2</sup>  
 Her noble elephants had strayed  
 Through Vindhyan and Himálayan shade,  
 Gigantic in their bulk and height,  
 Yet gentle in their matchless might  
 They rivalled well the world-spread fame  
 Of the great stock from which they came,  
 Of Váman, vast of size,  
 Of Mahápadma's glorious line,  
 Thine, Anjan, and, Anávat, thine,<sup>3</sup>  
 Upholders of the skies  
 With those, enrolled in fourfold class,  
 Who all their mighty kin surpass,  
 Whom men Matangas name,  
 And Mrigas spotted black and white,  
 And Bhadras of unwearied might,  
 And Mandias hard to tame<sup>4</sup>

Indus, in the plural of the people and territories on its banks The name appears as *Hidhu* in the cuneiform inscription of Darius son of Hystaspes, in which the nations tributary to that king are enumerated.

The Hebrew form is *Hoddu* (Esther, I 1) In Zend it appears as *Hendu* in a somewhat wider sense With the Persians later the signification of *Hand* seems to have co extended with their increasing acquaintance with the country The weak Ionic dialect omitted the Persian *h*, and we find in Hecataeus and Herodotus *Ἰνδος* and *ἡ Ἰνδική* In this form the Romans received the names and transmitted them to us The Arabian geographers in their ignorance that Hind and Sind are two forms of the same word have made of them two brothers and traced their descent from Noah See Lassen's *Indische Alterthums-kunde*, Vol I pp 2, 3

<sup>1</sup> The situation of Vanayu is not exactly determined, it seems to have lain to the north west of India

<sup>2</sup> Kámboja was probably still further to the north-west Lassen thinks that the name is etymologically connected with *Gambyses* which in the cuneiform inscription of Behistun is written *Ka(m)buja*

<sup>3</sup> The elephants of Indra and other deities who preside over the four points of the compass

<sup>4</sup> 'There are four kinds of elephants 1 *Bhadda* It is well propor-

Thus worthy of the name she bore <sup>1</sup>  
 Ayodhya for a league or more  
 Cast a bright glory round  
 Where Daśaratha wise and great  
 Governed his fair ancestral state  
 With every virtue crowned  
 Like Indra in the skies he reigned  
 In that good town whose wall contained  
 High domes and turrets proud  
 With gates and arcs of triumph decked  
 And sturdy barriers to protect  
 Her gay and countless crowd

tioned has an erect head a broad chest large ears a long tail and is  
 bold and can bear fatigue 2 *Mand* It is black has yellow eyes a  
 uniformly sized body and is wild and ungovernable 3 *Mrg* It has  
 a whitish skin with black spots 4 *Mṛ* It has a small head and  
 obeys readily It is frightened when it thunders 4in: *Akbār*  
 Translated by H Blochmann Aiu 41 *The Imperial Elephant Stables*

<sup>1</sup> Ayodhyā means not to be fought against

## CANTO VII.

*THE MINISTERS*

Two sages, holy saints, had he,  
 His ministers and priests to be  
 Vāsishtha, faithful to advise,  
 And Vāmadeva, Scripture-wise  
 Eight other lords around him stood,  
 All skilled to counsel, wise and good  
 Jayanta, Vijay, Dhīṣṭi bold  
 In fight, affairs of war controlled  
 Siddhāṁṭha and Atthasādak true  
 Watched o'er expense and revenue,  
 And Dharmapāl and wise Aśok  
 Of right and law and justice spoke  
 With these the sage Sumantia, skilled  
 To urge the car, high station filled  
 All these in knowledge duly trained  
 Each passion and each sense restrained.  
 With modest manners, nobly bred,  
 Each plan and nod and look they read,  
 Upon their neighbours' good intent,  
 Most active and benevolent  
 As sit the Vasus<sup>1</sup> round their king,  
 They sat around him counselling  
 They ne'er in virtue's loftier pride  
 Another's lowly gifts decried  
 In fair and seemly garb arrayed,  
 No weak uncertain plans they made

<sup>1</sup> Attendants of Indra, eight Gods whose names signify fire, light and its phenomena

Well skilled in business fair and just  
They gained the people's love and trust  
And thus without oppression stored  
The swelling treasury of their lord  
Bound in sweet friendship each to each  
They spoke kind thoughts in gentle speech  
They looked alike with equal eye  
On every caste on low and high  
Devoted to their king they sought  
Ere his tongue spoke to learn his thought  
And knew as each occasion rose  
To hide their counsel or disclose  
In foreign lands or in their own  
Whatever passed to them was known  
By secret spies they timely knew  
What men were doing or would do  
Skilled in the grounds of war and peace  
They saw the monarch's state increase  
Watching his weal with conquering eye  
That never let occasion by  
While nature lent her aid to bless  
Their labours with unbought success  
Never for anger lust or gain  
Would they their lips with falsehood stain  
Inclined to mercy they could scan  
The weakness and the strength of man  
They fairly judged both high and low  
And ne'er would wrong a guiltless foe,  
Yet if a fault were proved each one  
Would punish even his own dear son  
But there and in the kingdom's bound  
No thief or man impure was found  
None of loose life or evil fame  
No tempter of another's dame



Contented with their lot each caste  
Calm days in blissful quiet passed,  
And, all in fitting tasks employed,  
Country and town deep rest enjoyed  
With these wise lords around his throne

The monarch justly reigned,  
And making every heart his own

The love of all men gained  
With trusty agents, as beseems,  
Each distant realm he scanned,  
As the sun visits with his beams

Each corner of the land  
Ne'er would he on a mightier foe  
With hostile troops advance,  
Nor at an equal strike a blow

In war's delusive chance  
These lords in council bore their part  
With ready brain and faithful heart,  
With skill and knowledge, sense and tact,  
Good to advise and bold to act  
And high and endless fame he won

With these to guide his schemes,  
As, risen in his might, the sun  
Wins glory with his beams

## CANTO VIII

*SUMANTRA'S SPEECH*

But splendid just and great of mind  
 The childless king for offspring pined  
 No son had he his name to grace  
 Transmitter of his royal race  
 Long had his anxious bosom wrought  
 And as he pondered rose the thought  
 A votive steed twere good to slay  
 So might a son the gift repay  
 Before his lords his plan he laid  
 And bade them with their wisdom aid  
 Then with these words Sumantra best  
 Of royal counsellors addressed  
 Hither Vasiṣṭha at their head  
 Let all my priestly guides be led

To him Sumantra made reply  
 Hear Sire a tale of days gone by  
 To many a sage in time of old  
 Sanatkumar the sunt foretold  
 How from thine ancient line O King  
 A son when years came round should spring  
 Here dwells twas thus the seer began  
 Of Kaśyapa's<sup>1</sup> race a holy man  
 Vibhāndaḥ named to him shall spring  
 A son the famous Rishyaśring  
 Bred with the deer that round him roam

<sup>1</sup> Kaśyapa was a grandson of the God Brahma. He is supposed to have given his name to the lake = Kasyapa-mīra Kasyapa's Lake

The wood shall be that hermit's home  
 To him no mortal shall be known  
 Except his holy one alone  
 Still by those laws shall he abide  
 Which lives of youthful Bráhmans guide,  
 Obedient to the strictest rule  
 That forms the young ascetic's school  
 And all the wondering world shall hear  
 Of his stern life and penance dear,  
 His care to nurse the holy fire  
 And do the bidding of his sire  
 Then, seated on the Angas' <sup>1</sup> throne,  
 Shall Lomapád to fame be known  
 But folly wrought by that great king  
 A plague upon the land shall bring,  
 No rain for many a year shall fall  
 And grievous drought shall ruin all  
 The troubled king with many a prayer  
 Shall bid the priests some cure declare  
 'The lore of Heaven 'tis yours to know,  
 Nor are ye blind to things below  
 Declare, O holy men, the way  
 This plague to expiate and stay'  
 Those best of Bráhmans shall reply.  
 'By every art, O Monarch, try  
 Hither to bring Vibhándak's child,  
 Persuaded, captured, or beguiled  
 And when the boy is hither led  
 To him thy daughter duly wed'

But how to bring that wondrous boy

<sup>1</sup> The people of Anga 'Anga is said in the lexicons to be Bengal, but here certainly another region is intended situated at the confluence of the Sarjú with the Ganges, and not far distant from Daśaratha's dominions' GORRESIO It comprised part of Behar and Bhagulpoore

His troubled thoughts will long employ  
And hopeless to achieve the task  
He counsel of his lords will ask  
And bid his priests and servants bring  
With honour saintly Rishyaśring  
But when they hear the monarch's speech  
All these their master will beseech  
With trembling hearts and looks of woe  
To spare them for they fear to go  
And many a plan will they declare  
    And crafty plots will frame  
And promise fair to show him there  
    Unforced with none to blame  
On every word his lords shall say  
    The king will meditate  
And on the third returning day  
    Recall them to debate  
Then this shall be the plan agreed  
    That damsels shall be sent  
Attired in holy hermits' weed  
    And skilled in blandishment  
That they the hermit may beguile  
With every art and amorous wile  
    Whose use they know so well  
And by their witcheries seduce  
The unsuspecting young recluse  
    To leave his father's cell  
Then when the boy with willing feet  
Shall wander from his calm retreat  
    And in that city stand  
The troubles of the king shall end  
And streams of blessed rain descend  
    Upon the thirsty land  
Thus shall the holy Rishyaśring

To Lomapád, the mighty king,

By wedlock be allied ,

For Śántá, fairest of the fair,

In mind and grace beyond compare.

Shall be his royal bride

He, at the Offering of the Steed,

The flames with holy oil shall feed,

And for King Daśaratha gain

Sons whom his prayers have begged in vain '

'I have repeated, Śrī, thus far,

The words of old Sanatkumān,

In order as he spoke them then

Amid the crowd of holy men '

Then Daśaratha cried with joy,

'Say how they brought the hermit boy

## CANTO IV

*PISHYASPING*

The wise Sumantra thus addressed  
 Unfolded at the king's behest  
 The plan the lords in council laid  
 To draw the hermit from the shade  
 The priest amid the lordly crowd  
 To Lomapada thus spoke aloud  
 Hear King the plot our thoughts have framed  
 A harmless trick by all unblamed  
 Far from the world that hermit's child  
 Lives lonely in the distant wild  
 A stranger to the joys of sense  
 His bliss is pain and abstinence  
 And all unknown are women yet  
 To him a holy anchorite  
 The gentle passions we will wake  
 That with resistless influence shake  
 The hearts of men and he  
 Drawn by enchantment strong and sweet  
 Shall follow from his lone retreat  
 And come and visit thee  
 Let ships be formed with utmost care  
 That artificial trees may bear  
 And sweet fruit deftly made  
 Let goodly raiment rich and rare  
 And flowers and many a bird be there  
 Beneath the leafy shade  
 Upon the ships thus decked a band  
 Of young and lovely girls shall stand

Rich in each charm that wakes desire,  
And eyes that burn with amorous fire,  
Well skilled to sing, and play, and dance,  
And ply their trade with smile and glance  
Let these, attired in hermits' dress,  
Betake them to the wilderness,  
And bring the boy of life austere  
A voluntary captive here'

He ended, and the king agreed,  
By the priest's counsel won,  
And all the ministers took heed  
To see his bidding done  
In ships with wondrous art prepared  
Away the lovely women fared,  
And soon beneath the shade they stood  
Of the wild, lonely, dreary wood  
And there the leafy cot they found  
Where dwelt the devotee,  
And looked with eager eyes around  
The hermit's son to see  
Still, of Vibhândak sore afraid,  
They hid behind the creepers' shade  
But when by careful watch they knew  
The elder saint was far from view,  
With bolder steps they ventured nigh  
To catch the youthful hermit's eye,  
Then all the damsels, blithe and gay,  
At various games began to play  
They tossed the flying ball about  
With dance and song and merry shout,  
And moved, then scented tresses bound  
With wreaths, in mazy motion round  
Some guls as if by love possessed,  
Sank to the earth in feigned unrest,

Up starting quickly to pursue  
Their intermitted game anew  
It was a lovely sight to see  
Those fair ones as they played  
While fragrant robes were floating free  
And bracelets clashing in their glee  
A pleasant tinkling made  
The anklet's chime the Kols' cry  
With music filled the place  
As twere some city in the sky  
Which heavenly minstrels grace  
With each voluptuous art they strove  
To win the tenant of the grove  
And with their graceful forms inspire  
His modest soul with soft desire  
With arch of brow with beck and smile  
With every passion waking wild  
Of glance and lotus hand  
With all enticements that excite  
The longing for unknown delight  
Which boys in vain withstand  
Forth came the hermit's son to view  
The wondrous sight to him so new,  
And gazed in rapt surprise  
For from his natal hour till then  
On woman or the sons of men  
He ne'er had cast his eyes  
He saw them with their waists so slim  
With fairest shape and faultless limb  
In variegated robes arrayed  
And sweetly singing as they played

<sup>1</sup> The Kol or *Lokula* (Cuculus In leus) as the harbinger of spring and love is a universal favourite with Indian poets. His voice when first heard in a glorious spring morning is not unpleasant but becomes in the hot season intolerably wearisome to European ears.



Near and more near the hermit drew,  
And watched them at their game,  
And stronger still the impulse grew  
To question whence they came  
They marked the young ascetic gaze  
With curious eye and wild amaze,  
And sweet the long-eyed damsels sang,  
And shrill then merry laughter rang.  
Then came they nearer to his side,  
And languishing with passion cried -  
' Whose son, O youth, and who art thou,  
Come suddenly to join us now?  
And why dost thou all lonely dwell  
In the wild wood? We pray thee, tell.  
We wish to know thee, gentle youth;  
Come, tell us, if thou wilt, the truth '

He gazed upon that sight he ne'er  
Had seen before, of girls so fair,  
And out of love a longing rose  
His sue and lineage to disclose -  
' My father,' thus he made reply,  
' Is Kaśyap's son, a saint most high,  
Vibhāndak styled, from him I came,  
And Rishyaśring he calls my name.  
Our hermit cot is near this place  
Come thither, O ye fair of face,  
There be it mine, with honour due,  
Ye gentle youths, to welcome you '

They heard his speech, and gave consent,  
And gladly to his cottage went  
Vibhāndak's son received them well  
Beneath the shelter of his cell  
With guest-gift, water for their feet,  
And woodland fruit and roots to eat

They smiled and spoke sweet words like these  
Delighted with his courtesies

We too have goodly fruit in store  
Grown on the trees that shade our door,  
Come if thou wilt kind Hermit haste  
The produce of our grove to taste,  
And let O good Ascetic first  
This holy water quench thy thirst  
They spoke and gave him comfits sweet  
Prepared ripe fruits to counterfeit  
And many a dainty cake beside  
And luscious mead their stores supplied  
The seeming fruits in taste and look  
The unsuspecting hermit took  
For strange to him their form beguiled  
The dweller in the lonely wild  
Then round his neck fair arms were flung,  
And there the laughing damsels clung  
And pressing nearer and more near  
With sweet lips whispered at his ear  
While rounded limb and swelling breast  
The youthful hermit softly pressed  
The pleasing charm of that strange bowl  
The touch of a tender limb  
Over his yielding spirit stole  
And sweetly vanquished him  
But vows they said must now be paid,  
They bade the boy farewell  
And of the aged saint afraid  
Prepared to leave the dell  
With ready guile they told him where  
Their hermit dwelling lay  
Then lest the sire should find them there  
Sped by wild paths away

They fled and left him there alone  
By longing love possessed ,  
And with a heart no more his own  
He roamed about distressed  
The aged saint came home, to find  
The hermit boy distraught,  
Revolving in his troubled mind  
One solitary thought  
' Why dost thou not, my son,' he cried,  
' Thy due obeisance pay ?  
Why do I see thee in the tide  
Of whelming thought to-day ?  
A devotee should never wear  
A mien so sad and strange  
Come, quickly, dearest child, declare  
The reason of the change '  
And Rishyaśing, when questioned thus,  
Made answer in this wise  
' O sire, there came to visit us  
Some men with lovely eyes  
About my neck soft arms they wound  
And kept me tightly held  
To tender breasts so soft and round,  
That strangely heaved and swelled  
They sing more sweetly as they dance  
Than e'er I heard till now,  
And play with many a sidelong glance  
And aching of the brow '  
' My son,' said he, ' thus giants roam  
Where holy hermits are,  
And wander round their peaceful home  
Their rites austere to mar  
I charge thee, thou must never lay  
Thy trust in them, dear boy -

They seek thee only to betray  
And woo but to destroy  
Thus having warned him of his foes  
That night at home he spent  
And when the morrow's sun arose  
Forth to the forest went

But Rishyasring with eager pace  
Sped forth and hurried to the place  
Where he those visitants had seen  
Of daintly waist and charming mien  
When from afar they saw the son  
Of Saint Vibhandak toward them run  
To meet the hermit boy they hied  
And hailed him with a smile and cried  
O come we pray dear lord behold  
Our lovely home of which we told  
Due honour there to thee we'll pay  
And speed thee on thy homeward way  
Pleased with the gracious words they said  
He followed where the damsels led  
As with his guides his steps he bent  
That Brahman high of worth  
A flood of rain from heaven was sent  
That gladdened all the earth

Vibhandak took his homeward road  
And wearied by the heavy load  
Of roots and woodland fruit he bore  
Entered at last his cottage door  
Fain for his son he looked around  
But desolate the cell he found  
He stayed not then to bathe his feet  
Though fainting with the toil and heat  
But hurried forth and roamed about  
Calling the boy with cry and shout

He searched the wood, but all in vain ;  
Not tidings of his son could gain

One day beyond the forest's bound  
The wandering saint a village found,  
And asked the swains and neatherds there  
Who owned the land so rich and fair,  
With all the hamlets of the plain,  
And herds of kine and fields of grain.  
They listened to the hermit's words,  
And all the guardians of the herds,  
With suppliant hands together pressed,  
This answer to the saint addressed  
'The Angas' lord who bears the name  
Of Lomapád, renowned by fame,  
Bestowed these hamlets with their kine  
And all their riches, as a sign  
Of grace, on Rishyaśring , and he  
Vibhándak's son is said to be'  
The hermit with exulting breast  
The mighty will of fate confessed,  
By meditation's eye discerned ,  
And cheerful to his home returned

A stately ship, at early morn,  
The hermit's son away had borne  
Loud roared the clouds, as on he sped,  
The sky grew blacker overhead ,  
Till, as he reached the royal town,  
A mighty flood of rain came down  
By the great rain the monarch's mind  
The coming of his guest divined  
To meet the honoured youth he went,  
And low to earth his head he bent  
With his own priest to lead the train,  
He gave the gift high guests obtain,



## CANTO X.

*RISHYÁŚRING INVITED.*

'Again, O best of kings, give ear  
 My saving words attentive hear,  
 And listen to the tale of old  
 By that illustrious Bráhmaṇ told  
 'Of famed Ikshváku's line shall spring  
 ('Twas thus he spoke) a pious king,  
 Named Daśaratha, good and great,  
 True to his word and fortunate  
 He with the Angas' mighty lord  
 Shall ever live in sweet accord,  
 And his a daughter fair shall be,  
 Śántá of happy destiny  
 But Lomapád, the Angas' chief,  
 Still pining in his childless grief,  
 To Daśaratha thus shall say  
 'Give me thy daughter, friend, I pray  
 Thy Śántá of the tranquil mind,  
 The noblest one of womankind'

The father, swift to feel for woe,  
 Shall on his friend his child bestow,  
 And he shall take her and depart  
 To his own town with joyous heart  
 The maiden home in triumph led,  
 To Rishyaśring the king shall wed  
 And he with loving joy and pride  
 Shall take her for his honoured bride  
 And Daśaratha to a rite  
 That best of Bráhmans shall invite





On through the crowded streets he came,  
And, radiant as the kindled flame,  
He saw within the monarch's house  
The hermit's son most glorious  
There Lomapád, with joyful breast,  
To him all honour paid,  
For friendship for his royal guest  
His faithful bosom swayed  
Thus entertained with utmost care  
Seven days, or eight, he tarried there,  
And then that best of men thus broke  
His purpose to the king, and spoke  
' O King of men, mine ancient friend,'  
( Thus Daśaratha prayed )  
Thy Śántá with her husband send  
My sacrifice to aid '  
Said he who ruled the Angas, Yea,  
And his consent was won  
And then at once he turned away  
To warn the hermit's son  
He told him of their ties beyond  
Their old affection's faithful bond  
' This king,' he said, ' from days of old  
A well beloved friend I hold  
To me this pearl of dames he gave  
From childless woe mine age to save,  
The daughter whom he loved so much,  
Moved by compassion's gentle touch  
In him thy Śántá's father see  
As I am even so is he  
For sons the childless monarch yearns  
To thee alone for help he turns  
Go thou, the sacred rite ordain  
To win the sons he prays to gain



And all he prayed for won  
And lords who saw that stranger dame  
So beautiful to view,  
Rejoiced within their hearts, and came  
And paid her honour too  
There Rishyaśing passed blissful days,  
Graced like the king with love and praise,  
And shone in glorious light with her,  
Sweet Śántá, for his minister,  
As Brahmá's son Vaśishtha, he  
Who wedded Saint Arundhatí <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One of the Pleiades and generally regarded as the model of wifely excellence

## CANTO XI

*THE SACRIFICE DEFERRED*

The Dewy Season<sup>1</sup> came and went ,  
 The spring returned again  
 Then would the king with mind intent  
 His sacrifice ordain  
 He came to Rishya ring and bowed  
 To him of look divine  
 And bade him and his offering vowed  
 For heirs to save his line  
 Nor would the youth his aid deny  
 He spake the monarch fair  
 And prayed him for that rite so high  
 All requisites prepare  
 The king to wise Sumantra cried  
 Who stood aye ready near  
 Go summon quick each holy guide  
 To counsel and to hear  
 Obedient to his lord's behest  
 Away Sumantra sped  
 And brought Vasiṣṭha and the rest  
 In Scripture deeply read  
 Suyyua Vamadeva came  
 Javali Kaśyapa's son  
 And old Vasiṣṭha dear to fame  
 Obedient every one  
 King Daśaratha met them there  
 And duly honoured each

<sup>1</sup> The Hindu year is divided into six seasons of two months each  
 spring summer rains autumn winter and dewy

And spoke in pleasant words his fair  
 And salutary speech  
 'In childless longing doomed to pine,  
 No happiness, O lords, is mine  
 So have I for this cause decreed  
 To slay the sacrificial steed  
 Fain would I pay that offering high  
 Wherein the horse is doomed to die,  
 With Rishyaśring his aid to lend,  
 And with your glory to befriend'

With loud applause each holy man  
 Received his speech, approved the plan,  
 And, by the wise Vaśishta led,  
 Gave praises to the king, and said  
 'The sons thou cravest shalt thou see,  
 Of fonest glory, born to thee,  
 Whose holy feelings bid thee take  
 This righteous course for offspring's sake'  
 Cheered by the ready praise of those  
 Whose aid he sought, his spirits rose,  
 And thus the king his speech renewed  
 With looks of joy and gratitude  
 'Let what the coming rites require  
 Be ready as the priests desire,  
 And let the horse, ordained to bleed,  
 With fitting guard and priest, be freed'  
 Yonder on Sarjú's northern side  
 The sacrificial ground provide,  
 And let the saving rites, that naught  
 Ill-omened may occur, be wrought  
 The offering I announce to-day

<sup>1</sup> It was essential that the horse should wander free for a year before immolation, as a sign that his master's paramount sovereignty was acknowledged by all neighbouring princes

Each lord of earth may clam to pay  
Provided that his care can guard  
The holy rite by flaws unmarred  
For wandering fiends whose watchful spite  
Waits eagerly to spoil each rite  
Hunting with keenest eye detect  
The slightest slip the least neglect  
And when the sacred work is crossed  
The workman is that moment lost  
Let preparation due be made

Your powers the charge can meet  
That so the noble rite be paid

In every point complete  
And all the Brahmans answered Yea

His mandate honouring  
And gladly promised to obey  
The order of the king

They cried with voices raised aloud  
Success attend thine aim !

Then bade farewell and lowly bowed  
And hastened whence they came

King Daśaratha went within  
His well loved wives to see

And said Your lustral rites begin  
For these shall prosper me

A glorious offering I prepare  
That precious fruit of sons may bear  
Their lily faces brightened fast

Those pleasant words to bear  
As lilies when the winter's past  
In lovelier hues appear

## CANTO XII.

### *THE SACRIFICE BEGUN.*

Again the spring with genial heat  
Returning made the year complete  
To win him sons, without delay  
His vow the king resolved to pay .  
And to Vasiṣṭha, saintly man,  
In modest words this speech began  
‘ Prepare the rite with all things fit  
As is ordained in Holy Writ,  
And keep with utmost care afar  
Whate’er its sacred forms might mar  
Thou art, my lord, my truest guide,  
Kind-hearted, and my friend beside ,  
So is it meet thou undertake  
This heavy task for duty’s sake ’

Then he, of twice-born men the best,  
His glad assent at once expressed  
‘ Fain will I do whate’er may be  
Desired, O honoured King, by thee ’  
To ancient priests he spoke, who, trained  
In holy rites, deep skill had gained  
‘ Here guards be stationed, good and sage,  
Religious men of trusted age  
And various workmen send and call,  
Who frame the door and build the wall  
With men of every art and trade,  
Who read the stairs and ply the spade,  
And mimes and minstrels hither bring,  
And damsels trained to dance and sing ’

Then to the learned men he said  
In many a page of Scripture read  
Be yours each rite performed to see  
According to the king's decree  
And stranger Brahmans quickly call  
To this great rite that welcomes all  
Pavilions for the princes decked  
With art and ornament erect  
And handsome booths by thousands made  
The Brahman visitors to shade  
Arranged in order side by side  
With meat and drink and all supplied  
And ample stables we shall need  
For many an elephant and steed  
And chambers where the men may lie  
And vast apartments broad and high  
Fit to receive the countless bands  
Of warriors come from distant lands  
For our own people too provide  
Sufficient tents extended wide  
And stores of meat and drink prepare  
And all that can be needed there  
And food in plenty must be found  
For guests from all the country round  
Of various vands presents make  
For honour not for pity's sake  
That fit regard and worship be  
Paid to each caste in due degree  
And let not wish or wrath excite  
Your hearts the meanest guest to slight,  
But still observe with special grace  
Those who obtain the foremost place  
Whether for happier skill in art  
Or bearing in the rite their part



Do you, I pray, with friendly mind  
Perform the task to you assigned,  
And work the rite, as bids the law,  
Without omission, slip, or flaw'

They answered 'As thou seest fit  
So will we do and naught omit'  
The sage Vāsishtha then addressed  
Sumantra called at his behest  
'The princes of the earth invite,  
And famous lords who guard the rite,  
Priest, Warrior, Merchant, lowly thrall,  
In countless thousands summon all  
Where'er their home be, far or near,  
Gather the good with honour here  
And Janak, whose imperial sway  
The men of Mithilá<sup>1</sup> obey,  
The firm of vow, the dread of foes,  
Who all the lore of Scripture knows,  
Invite him here with honour high,  
King Daśaratha's old ally  
And Káśí's<sup>2</sup> lord of gentle speech,  
Who finds a pleasant word for each,  
In length of days our monarch's peer,  
Illustrious king, invite him here  
The father of our ruler's bride,  
Known for his virtues far and wide,  
The king whom Kekaya's<sup>1</sup> realms obey,

<sup>1</sup> Called also Videha, later Tírabhukti, corrupted into the modern Tirhut, a province bounded on the west and east by the Gandakí and Kauśíkí rivers, on the south by the Ganges, and on the north by the skirts of the Himálayas

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated city of Benares See Dr Hall's learned and exhaustive Monograph in *the Sacred City of the Hindus*, by the Rev M. A. Sherring

Kekaya is supposed to have been in the Panjáb The name of

Him with his son invite I pray  
 And Lomapad the Angas king  
 True to his vows and godlike bring  
 Far he thine invitations sent  
 To west and south and orient.  
 Call those who rule Surāshtra's<sup>1</sup> land  
 Suvira's<sup>2</sup> realm and Sindhu's strand  
 And all the kings of earth beside  
 In friendship's bonds with us allied  
 Invite them all to hasten in  
 With retinue and kith and kin

Vaśiṣṭha's speech without delay  
 Sumantra bent him to obey  
 And sent his trusty envoys forth  
 Eastward and westward south and north  
 Obedient to the saint's request  
 Himself he hurried forth and pressed  
 Each nobler chief and lord and king  
 To hasten to the gathering  
 Before the saint Vaśiṣṭha stood  
 All those who wrought with stone and wood  
 And showed the work which every one  
 In furtherance of the rite had done  
 Rejoiced their ready zeal to see  
 Thus to the craftsmen all said he  
 I charge ye masters see to this  
 That there be nothing done amiss  
 And this I pray in mind be borne  
 That not one gift ye give in scorn  
 Whenever scorn a gift attends

th king was Asvapati (Lord of H r es) father of Dasaratha's wife  
 Kaikeyi

Su at

<sup>1</sup> Apparently in the west of India not far from the Indus

Great sin is his who thus offends'

And now some days and nights had past,  
And kings began to gather fast,  
And precious gems in liberal store  
As gifts to Dāsaratha bore  
Then joy thrilled through Vaśiṣṭha's breast  
As thus the monarch he addressed  
'Obedient to thy high decree  
The kings, my lord, are come to thee  
And it has been my care to greet  
And honour all with reverence meet  
Thy servants' task is ended quite,  
And all is ready for the rite  
Come forth then to the sacred ground  
Where all in order will be found'  
Then Rishyaśing confirmed the tale  
Nor did then words to move him fail  
The stars propitious influence lent  
When forth the world's great ruler went  
Then by the sage Vaśiṣṭha led  
The priest began to speed  
Those glorious rites wherein is shed  
• The lifeblood of the steed

## CANTO VIII

## THE SACRIFICE FINISHED

The circling year had filled its course  
 And back was brought the wandering horse  
 Then upon Sarju's northern strand  
 Began the rite the king had planned  
 With Rishyasring the forms to guide  
 The Brahmins to their task applied  
 At that great offering of the steed  
 Their lofty-minded king decreed  
 The priests who all the Scripture knew  
 Performed their part in order due  
 And circled round in solemn train  
 As precepts of the law ordain  
 Pravargya rites<sup>1</sup> were duly sped  
 For Upasads<sup>2</sup> the flames were fed  
 Then from the plant<sup>3</sup> the juice was squeezed  
 And those high saints with minds well pleased  
 Performed the mystic rites begun  
 With bathing ere the use of sun

<sup>1</sup> The Pravargya ceremony lasts for three days and is always performed twice a day in the forenoon and afternoon. It precedes all animal and Soma sacrifices. For without having undergone it no one is allowed to take part in the solemn Soma feast prepared for the gods. HAUG'S *Aitareya Brahma* am. Vol II p 41 note q.

*Upasads* The Gods said Let us perform the burnt offerings called Upasads (the besieging). For by means of an *Upasad* we besieging they conquer a large (fortified) town.—*Ib.* l 1

<sup>3</sup> The Soma plant or *Alepias Alela*. Its fermented juice was drunk in sacrifice by the priests and offered to the Gods who enjoyed the intoxicating draught.

They gave the portion, India's claim,  
And hymned the King whom none can blame.  
The mid-day bathing followed next,  
Observed as bids the holy text  
Then the good priests with utmost care,  
In form that Scripture's rules declare,  
For the third time pure water shed  
On high-souled Daśanatha's head  
Then Rishyaśring and all the rest  
To Indra and the Gods addressed  
Then sweet-toned hymn of praise and prayer,  
And called them in the rite to share  
With sweetest song and hymn intoned  
They gave the Gods in heaven enthroned,  
As duty bids, the gifts they claim,  
The holy oil that feeds the flame  
And many an offering there was paid,  
And not one slip in all was made  
For with most careful heed they saw  
That all was done by Veda law.  
None, all those days, was seen oppressed  
By hunger or by toil distressed  
Why speak of human kind? No beast  
Was there that lacked an ample feast  
For there was store for all who came,  
For orphan child and lonely dame,  
The old and young were well supplied,  
The poor and hungry satisfied  
Throughout the day ascetics fed,  
And those who roam to beg their bread  
While all around the cry was still,  
'Give forth, give forth,' and 'Eat your fill'  
'Give forth with liberal hand the meal,  
And various robes in largess deal'

Urged by these cries on every side  
 Unweariedly their task they plied  
 And heaps of food like hills in size  
 In boundless plenty met the eyes  
 And lakes of sauce each day renewed  
 Refreshed the weary multitude  
 And strangers there from distant lands  
 And women folk in crowded bands  
 The best of food and drink obtained  
 At the great rite the king ordained  
 Apart from all the Brahmans there  
 Thousands on thousands took their share  
 Of various dainties sweet to taste  
 On plates of gold and silver placed  
 All ready set as when they willed  
 The twice born men their places filled  
 And servants in fair garments dressed  
 Waited upon each Brahman guest  
 Of cheerful mind and mien were they  
 With gold and jewelled earrings gay  
 The best of Brahmans praised the fare  
 Of countless sorts of flavour rare  
 And thus to Raghu's son they cried  
 We bless thee and are satisfied  
 Between the rites some Brahmans spent  
 The time in learned argument  
 With ready flow of speech sedate  
 And keen to vanquish in debate<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tum in cœmoniarum intervallis Brachmanæ facundi lictes  
 crebros sermones de rerum causis instituebant alter alt rum vñce di  
 cupidi The public disputation in the assembly of Brahmans on the  
 nature of things and the almost fraternal connexion between theology  
 and philosophy deserves some notice whereas the priests of some re  
 ligions are generally but little inclined to show favour to philosophers  
 nay sometimes persecute them with the most rancorous hatred as we  
 are taught both by history and experience This *śloka* is found in the

There day by day the holy tiam  
 Performed all rites as rules ordain  
 No priest in all that host was found  
 But kept the vows that held him bound  
 None, but the holy Vedas knew,  
 And all then six-fold science<sup>1</sup> too  
 No Bráhman there was found unfit  
 To speak with eloquence and wit

And now the appointed time came near  
 The sacrificial posts to rear  
 They brought them, and prepared to fix  
 Of Bel<sup>2</sup> and Khádú<sup>3</sup> six and six,  
 Six, made of the Paláśa<sup>4</sup> tree,  
 Of Fig-wood one, apart to be  
 Of Sleshmát<sup>5</sup> and of Devadái<sup>6</sup>  
 One column each, the mightiest far  
 So thick the two, the arms of man  
 Then ample girth would fail to span  
 All these with utmost care were wrought

MSS of different recensions of the Rámíyan, and we have, therefore, the most trustworthy testimony to the antiquity of philosophy among the Indians' SCHLEGEL

<sup>1</sup> The *Angas* or appendices of the Vedas, pronunciation, prosody, grammar, ritual, astronomy, and explanation of obscurities

<sup>2</sup> In Sanskrit *vilva*, the *Ægle Marmelos* 'He who desires food and wishes to grow fat, ought to make his Yúpa (sacrificial post) of Bilva wood' HAUG's *Áitarcya Brahmanam* Vol II p 73

<sup>3</sup> The *Mimosa Catechu* 'He who desires heaven ought to make his Yupa of Khadira wood'—*Ibid*

<sup>4</sup> The *Butea Frondosa* 'He who desires beauty and sacred knowledge ought to make his Yúpa of Paláśa wood'—*Ibid*

<sup>5</sup> The *Cardia Latifolia*

<sup>6</sup> A kind of pine The word means literally the tree of the Gods Compare the Hebrew עֵצֵ יְהוָה 'trees of the Lord'

By hand of priests in Scripture taught  
And all with gold were gilded bright  
To add new splendour to the rite  
Twenty and one the columns in all  
Each one-and twenty cubits tall  
And one-and twenty ribbons there  
Hung on the pillars bright and fair  
Firm in the earth they stood at last  
Where cunning craftsmen fixed them fast  
And there unshaken each remained  
Octagonal and smoothly planed  
Then ribbons over all were hung  
And flowers and scent around them flung  
Thus decked they cast a glory forth  
Like the great aunts who star the north<sup>1</sup>  
The sacrificial altar then  
Was raised by skilful twice-born men  
In shape and figure to behold  
An eagle with his wings of gold  
With three nine pits and formed three fold  
Each for some special God beside  
The pillars were the victims tied  
The birds that roam the wood the air  
The water and the land were there  
And snakes and things of reptile birth  
And healing herbs that spring from earth  
As texts prescribe in Scripture found  
Three hundred victims there were bound  
The steed devoted to the host  
Of Gods the gem they honour most  
Was duly sprinkled Then the Queen  
Kausalya with delighted men

<sup>1</sup> The Hindus call the constellation of Ursa Major the Seven Rishis  
or Sages



With reverent steps around him paced,  
And with sweet wreaths the victim graced ;  
Then with three swords in order due  
She smote the steed with joy, and slew.  
That night the queen, a son to gain,  
With calm and steady heart was fain  
By the dead charger's side to stay  
From evening till the break of day  
Then came three priests, then came to lead  
The other queens to touch the steed,  
Upon Kauśalyá to attend,  
Then company and aid to lend  
As by the horse she still reclined,  
With happy mien and cheerful mind,  
With Rishyaśing the twice-born came  
And praised and blessed the royal dame  
The priest who well his duty knew,  
And every sense could well subdue,  
From out the bony chambers fied  
And boiled the marrow of the steed  
Above the steam the monarch bent,  
And, as he smelt the fragrant scent,  
In time and order drove afar  
All error that his hopes could mar  
Then sixteen priests together came  
And cast into the sacred flame  
The severed members of the horse,  
Made ready all in ordered course  
On piles of holy Fig-tree raised  
The meaner victims' bodies blazed  
The steed, of all the creatures slain,  
Alone required a pile of cane  
Three days, as is by law decreed,  
Lasted that Offering of the Steed

The Chatusthom began the rite  
 And when the sun renewed his light  
 The Ukthya followed after came  
 The Atiratra's holy flame  
 The seven were the rites and many more  
 Arranged by light of holy lore  
 The Aptoryam of mighty power  
 And each performed in proper hour  
 The Abhijit and Visvajit  
 With every form and service fit  
 And with the sacrifice at night  
 The Jyotishtom and Ayus rite <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A minute account of these ancient ceremonies would be out of place here. Agnishtoma is the name of a sacrifice rather a series of offerings to fire for five days. It is the first and principal part of the Jyotishtoma, one of the great sacrifices in which especially the juice of the Soma plant is offered for the purpose of obtaining Swarga or heaven. GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY. The Agnishtoma is Agni. It is called so because they (the gods) praised him with this Stoma. They called it so to hide the proper meaning of the word for the gods like to hide the proper meaning of words.

On account of four classes of gods having praised Agni with four Stomas the whole was called *Chatusthoma* (containing four Stomas).

It (the Agnishtom) is called *Jyotishtoma* so they praised Agni when he had risen up (to the sky) in the shape of light (*jyotis*).

This (Agnishtom) is a sacrificial performance which has no beginning and no end. HAUG'S *Atareya Brahma* am.

The Atiratra literally last of things is a division of the service of the Jyotishtoma.

The Abhijit the everywhere victorious is the name of a sub-division of the great sacrifice of the Gāmanaya.

The Visvajit or the all conquering is a similar sub-division.

Ayus is the name of a service forming a division of the Abhijit sacrifice.

The Aptoryam is the seventh or last part of the Jyotishtoma for the performance of which it is not essentially necessary but a voluntary sacrifice instituted for the attainment of a specific desire. The literal meaning of the word would be in conformity with the *Praudhamanavama* a sacrifice which procures the attainment of the desired object. GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY.

The task was done, as laws prescribe  
 The monarch, glory of his tribe,  
 Bestowed the land in liberal grants  
 Upon the sacred ministrants  
 He gave the region of the east,  
 His conquest, to the Hotri priest  
 The west, the celebsant obtained  
 The south, the priest presiding gained.  
 The northern region was the share  
 Of him who chanted forth the prayer<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus did each priest obtain his meed  
 At the great Slaughter of the Steed,  
 Ordained, the best of all to be,  
 By self-existent deity  
 Ikshváku's son with joyful mind  
 This noble fee to each assigned,  
 But all the priests with one accord  
 Addressed that unpolluted lord

---

'The *Ukthya* is a slight modification of the Agnishtoma sacrifice. The noun to be supplied to it is *kratv*. It is a Soma sacrifice also, and one of the seven Sansthas or component parts of the Jyotishtoma. Its name indicates its nature. For *Ukthya* means "what refers to the Uktha," which is an older name for Shastrî, i. e. recitation of one of the Hotri priests at the time of the Soma libations. Thus this sacrifice is only a kind of supplement to the Agnishtoma' HAUG *At B.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Four classes of priests were required in India at the most solemn sacrifices. 1 The officiating priests, manual labourers, and acolytes, who had chiefly to prepare the sacrificial ground, to dress the altar, slay the victims, and pour out the libations. 2 The chorists, who chant the sacred hymns. 3 The reciters or readers, who repeat certain hymns. 4 The overseers or bishops, who watch and superintend the proceedings of the other priests, and ought to be familiar with all the Vedas. The formulas and verses to be muttered by the first class are contained in the Yajur veda sanhitâ. The hymns to be sung by the second class are in the Sama veda sanhitâ. The Atharva veda is said to be intended for the Brahman or overseer, who is to watch the proceedings of the sacrifice, and to remedy any mistake that may occur. The hymns to be recited by the third class are contained in the Rig-veda' *Chips from a German Workshop*

'Tis thine alone to keep the whole  
 Of this broad earth in firm control.  
 No gift of lands from thee we seek  
 To guard the realms our hands were weak  
 On sacred lore our days are spent  
 Let other gifts our wants content

The chief of old Ikshvāku's line  
 Gave them ten hundred thousand fine,  
 A hundred millions of fine gold  
 The same in silver four times told  
 But every priest in presence there  
 With one accord resigned his share  
 To Saint Vāśiṣṭha, high of soul  
 And Rishabhāng then gave the whole  
 That largesse pleased those Brāhmanas well,  
 Who bade the prince his wishes tell  
 Then Dasaratha, mighty king  
 Made answer thus to Rishabhāng  
 O holy Hermit of thy grace  
 Vouchsafe the increase of my race  
 He spoke nor was his prayer denied  
 The best of Brāhmanas thus replied  
 Four sons O Monarch shall be thine  
 Upholders of thy royal line

## CANTO XIV.

*RÁVAN DOOMED*

The saint, well read in holy lore,  
 Pondered awhile his answer o'er,  
 And thus again addressed the king,  
 His wandering thoughts regathering  
 ' Another life will I begin  
 Which shall the sons thou cravest win,  
 Where all things shall be duly sped  
 And first Atharva texts be read '

Then by Vibhíndak's gentle son  
 Was that high sacrifice begun,  
 The king's advantage seeking still  
 And zealous to perform his will  
 Now all the Gods had gathered there,  
 Each one for his allotted share  
 Brahmá, the ruler of the sky,  
 Sthánu, Náráyan, Lord most high,  
 And holy India men might view  
 With Maruts<sup>3</sup> for his retinue ,  
 The heavenly choister, and saint,  
 And spirit pure from earthly taint,  
 With one accord had sought the place  
 The high-souled monarch's life to grace  
 Then to the Gods who came to take  
 Their proper share the hermit spake  
 ' For you has Daśaratha slain.  
 The votive steed, a son to gain ,

<sup>3</sup> The Maruts are the winds, deified in the religion of the Veda like other mighty powers and phenomena of nature

Stern penance rites the king has tried  
And in firm faith on you relied  
And now with undiminished care  
A second rite would fain prepare  
But O ye Gods consent to grant  
The longing of your suppliant  
For him be reaching hands I lift  
And pray you all to grant the gift  
That four fair sons of high renown  
The offerings of the king may crown  
Then to the hermit's son replied  
His longing shall be gratified  
For Brahman in most high degree  
We love the king and honour thee

Then words the Gods in answer said  
And vanished thence by Indra led  
Thus to the Lord the worlds who made  
The Immortals all assembled prayed  
O Brahmi mighty by thy grace  
Ravana who rules the giant race  
Torments us in his cruel pride  
And penance loving saints beside  
For thou well pleased in days of old  
Gavest the boon that man's hand hold  
That God nor demon e'er should kill  
His charmed life for so thou wilt  
We honouring that high behest  
Be thou all his rage though sore distressed  
That lord of giants fierce and fell  
Scourges the earth and heaven and hell  
Mild with thy boon his impious rage  
Smites saint and barl and God and sage  
The sun himself withhold his glow  
The wind in fear forbears to blow

The fire restrains his wonted heat  
Where stand the dreaded Rávan's feet,  
And, necklaced with the wandering wave,  
The sea before him fears to rave.  
Kuvera's self in sad defeat  
Is driven from his blissful seat  
We see, we feel the giant's might,  
And woe comes o'er us and affright.  
To thee, O Lord, thy suppliants pray  
To find some cure this plague to stay.'

Thus by the gathered Gods addressed  
He pondered in his secret breast,  
And said 'One only way I find  
To slay this fiend of evil mind  
He prayed me once his life to guard  
From demon, God, and heavenly bard,  
And spirits of the earth and air,  
And I consenting heard his prayer.  
But the proud giant in his scorn  
Recked not of man or woman born  
None else may take his life away,  
But only man the fiend may slay'  
The Gods, with Indra at their head,  
Rejoiced to hear the words he said  
Then, crowned with glory like a flame,  
Lord Vishnu to the council came,  
His hands shell, mace, and discus bore,  
And saffron were the robes he wore  
Riding his eagle through the crowd,  
As the sun rides upon a cloud,  
With bracelets of fine gold, he came  
Loud welcomed by the Gods' acclaim  
His praise they sang with one consent,  
And cried, in lowly reverence bent.

O Lord whose hand fierce Madhu<sup>1</sup> slew,  
Be thou our refuge firm and true  
Friend of the suffering worlds art thou  
We pray thee help thy suppliants now  
Then Vishnu spake Ye Gods declare  
What may I do to grant your prayer?

'King Daśaratha thus cried they  
Fervent in penance many a day  
The sacrificial steed has slain  
Longing for sons but all in vain  
Now at the cry of us forlorn  
Incarnate as his seed be born  
Three queens has he each lovely dame  
Like Beauty Modesty or Fame  
Divide thyself in four and be  
His offspring by these noble three  
Man's nature take and slay in fight  
Ravan who laughs at heavenly might  
This common scourge this rankling thorn  
Whom the three worlds too long have borne  
For Ravan in the senseless pride  
Of might unequalled has defied  
The host of heaven and plagues with woe  
Angel and bard and saint below  
Crushing each spirit and each mud  
Who plays in Nandin's<sup>2</sup> heavenly shade  
O conquering Lord to thee we bow  
Our surest hope and trust art thou  
Regard the world of men below  
And slay the Gods tremendous foe

When thus the suppliant Gods had prayed

<sup>1</sup> A Titan or fiend whose destruction has given Vishnu one of his well known titles Madhava

<sup>2</sup> The garden of Indra



HIS wise reply NÁIÁYAN<sup>1</sup> made  
 'What task demands my presence there,  
 And whence this dread, ye Gods declare'

The Gods replied 'We fear, O Lord,  
 Fierce RÁVAN, ravener abhorred  
 Be thine the glorious task, we pray,  
 In human form this fiend to slay  
 By thee of all the Blest alone  
 This sinner may be overthrown  
 He gained by penance long and dire  
 The favour of the mighty SUE  
 Then He who every gift bestows  
 Guarded the fiend from heavenly foes,  
 And gave a pledge his life that kept  
 From all things living, man except  
 On him thus aimed no other foe  
 Than man may deal the deadly blow  
 Assume, O King, a mortal birth,  
 And strike the demon to the earth'

Then Vishnu, God of Gods, the Lord  
 Supreme by all the worlds adored,  
 To Brahmá and the suppliants spake  
 'Dismiss your fear for your dear sake  
 In battle will I smite him dead,  
 The cruel fiend, the Immortals' dread  
 And lords and ministers and all  
 His kith and kin with him shall fall  
 Then, in the world of mortal men,  
 Ten thousand years and hundreds ten  
 I as a human king will reign,  
 And guard the earth as my domain'

<sup>1</sup> One of the most ancient and popular of the numerous names of Vishnu. The word has been derived in several ways, and may mean *he who moved on the ( primordial ) waters*, or *he who pervades or influences men or their thoughts*

God saint and nymph and minstrel throng  
With heavenly voices rused their song  
In hymns of triumph to the God  
Whose conquering feet on Madhu trod  
    ‘Champion of Gods as man appear  
    This cruel Rĕvan slay  
The thorn that sunts and hermits fear  
    The plague that none can stay  
In savage fury uncontrolled  
    His pride for ever grows  
He dares the Lord of Gods to hold  
    Among his deadly foes

## CANTO XV.

*THE NECTAR.*

When wisest Vishnu thus had given  
 His promise to the Gods of heaven,  
 He pondered in his secret mind  
 A suited place of birth to find  
 Then he decreed, the lotus-eyed,  
 In four his being to divide,  
 And Daśaratha, gracious king,  
 He chose as sire from whom to spring.  
 That childless prince, of high renown,  
 Who smote in war his foemen down,  
 At that same time with utmost care  
 Prepared the rite that wins an heir<sup>1</sup>  
 Then Vishnu, fain on earth to dwell,  
 Bade the Almighty Sire farewell,  
 And vanished while a reverent crowd  
 Of Gods and sants in worship bowed

The monarch watched the sacred rite,  
 When a vast form of awful might,  
 Of matchless splendour, strength, and size  
 Was manifest before his eyes  
 From forth the sacrificial flame,  
 Dark, robed in red, the being came  
 His voice was drumlike, loud and low,  
 His face suffused with rosy glow  
 Like a huge lion's mane appeared  
 The long locks of his hair and beard.  
 He shone with many a lucky sign,

<sup>1</sup> The Horse Sacrifice, just described

And many an ornament divine  
A towering mountain in his height  
A tiger in his gut and might  
No precious mine more rich could be  
No burning flame more bright than he  
His arms embraced in loving hold,  
Like a dear wife a vase of gold  
Whose silver lining held a draught  
Of nectar as in heaven is quaffed  
A vase so vast so bright to view  
They scarce could count the vision true  
Upon the king his eyes he bent  
And said 'The Lord of life has sent  
His servant down O Prince to be  
A messenger from heaven to thee  
The king with all his nobles by  
Raised reverent hands and made reply  
'Welcome O glorious being' Say  
How can my ever thy grace repay  
Envoy of Him whom all adore  
Thus to the king he spake once more  
The Gods accept thy worship they  
Give thee the blessed fruit to dry  
Approach and take O glorious King  
This heavenly nectar which I bring  
For it shall give thee sons and wealth,  
And bless thee with a store of health  
Give it to those fair queens of thine  
And bid them quaff the drink divine  
And they the princely sons shall bear  
Long sought by sacrifice and prayer

Yet O my lord the monarch said  
And took the vase upon his head  
The gift of Gods of fine gold wrought,

With store of heavenly liquor fraught  
 He honoured, filled with transport new,  
 That wondrous being, fair to view,  
 As round the envoy of the God  
 With reverential steps he trod<sup>1</sup>  
 His errand done, that form of light  
 Arose and vanished from the sight  
 High rapture filled the monarch's soul,  
 Possessed of that celestial bowl,  
 As when a man by want distressed  
 With unexpected wealth is blest  
 And rays of transport seemed to fall  
 Illuminating bower and hall,  
 As when the autumn moon rides high,  
 And floods with lovely light the sky  
 Quick to the ladies' bower he sped,  
 And thus to Queen Kauśalyā said  
 'This genial nectar take and quaff,'  
 He spoke, and gave the lady half  
 Part of the nectar that remained  
 Sumitrā from his hand obtained  
 He gave, to make her fruitful too,  
 Kaikeyī half the residue  
 A portion yet remaining there,  
 He paused awhile to think,

<sup>1</sup> To walk round an object keeping the right side towards it is a mark of great respect. The Sanskrit word for the observance is *pradalshina*, from *pra pro*, and *dalshta* right, Greek δεξιός, Latin dexter, Gaelic deas il. A similar ceremony is observed by the Gaels.

'In the meantime she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun.'

Then gave Sumitra with her share  
The remnant of the drink  
Thus on each queen of the e fair three  
A part the ling bestowed  
And with sweet hope a child to see  
Their yearning bosoms glowed  
The heavenly bowl the ling supplied  
Their longing souls relieved  
And soon with rapture and with pride  
Each roval dame conceived  
He gazed upon each lady's face  
And triumphed as he gazed  
As Indra in his roval place  
By Gods and spirits praised

## CANTO XVI.

*THE VÁNARS*

When Vishnu thus had gone on earth,  
 From the great king to take his birth,  
 The self-existent Lord of all  
 Addressed the Gods who heard his call  
 'For Vishnu's sake, the strong and true,  
 Who seeks the good of all of you,  
 Make helps, in war to lend him aid,  
 In forms that change at will, arrayed,  
 Of wizard skill and hero might,  
 Outstippers of the wind in flight,  
 Skilled in the arts of counsel, wise,  
 And Vishnu's peers in bold emprise,  
 With heavenly arts and prudence fraught,  
 By no devices to be caught,  
 Skilled in all weapons' lore and use  
 As they who drink the immortal juice<sup>1</sup>  
 And let the nymphs supreme in grace,  
 And maidens of the minstrel race,  
 Monkeys and snakes, and those who love  
 Free spirits of the hill and grove,  
 And wandering Daughters of the Air,  
 In monkey form brave children bear.  
 So erst the lord of bears I shaped,  
 Born from my mouth as wide I gaped'

Thus by the mighty Sire addressed  
 They all obeyed his high behest,

<sup>1</sup> The *Amrit*, the nectar of the Indian Gods.

And thus begot in countless swarms  
 Brave sons disguised in sylvan forms  
 Each God each sage became a sire  
 Each minstrel of the heavenly quire <sup>1</sup>  
 Each frun <sup>2</sup> of children strong and good  
 Whose feet should roam the hill and wood  
 Snakes bards <sup>3</sup> and spirits <sup>4</sup> serpents bold  
 Had sons too numerous to be told  
 Bili the woodland hosts who led  
 High as Mahendras <sup>5</sup> lofty head  
 Was Indras child    That noblest fire  
 The Sun was great Sugrivas sire  
 Tara the mighty monkey he  
 Was offspring of Vribaspati <sup>6</sup>  
 Tara the matchless chieftun boast  
 For wisdom of the Vanar host  
 Of Gandhamadan brave and bold  
 The father was the Lord of Gold

<sup>1</sup> *Gandharis* (South as Gleniviers) are celestial musicians in habitation Indra's heaven and forming the orchestra at all the banquets of the principal deities

<sup>2</sup> *Yaksas* demons attendant especially on Kuvera and employed by him in the care of his garden and treasures

<sup>3</sup> *Aksharushas* demigods attached also to the service of Kuvera celestial musicians represented like centaurs reversed with human figures and horse heads

<sup>4</sup> *Siddhis* demigods or spirits of undefined attributes occupying with the *Vajradharas* the middle air or region between the earth and the sun

Schleier translates    Divi Sapientes Fideles Præpetes illustres  
 Geni Præcipueque procreant natos masculos adulescentes  
 porro Hippocephali Beati Alacri Serpentesque frequentes alacriter  
 generavere prolem innumerabilem.

<sup>5</sup> A mountain in the south of India.

<sup>6</sup> The preceptor of the Gods and regent of the planet Jupiter



Nala the mighty, dear to fame,  
 Of skilful Viśvakarmā<sup>1</sup> came  
 From Agni, -Nīla bright as flame,  
 Who in his splendour, might, and worth,  
 Surpassed the one who gave him birth  
 The heavenly Aśvins,<sup>2</sup> swift and fair,  
 Were fathers of a noble pair,  
 Who, Darvīda and Manda named,  
 For beauty like their sires were famed  
 Varuṇ<sup>3</sup> was father of Sushen,  
 Of Śatabh, he who sends the rain<sup>4</sup>  
 Hanumān, best of monkey kind,  
 Was son of him who breathes the wind  
 Like thunderbolt in frame was he,  
 And swift as Garud's<sup>5</sup> self could flee  
 These thousands did the Gods create  
 Endowed with might that none could mate,  
 In monkey forms that changed at will  
 So strong their wish the fiend to kill.  
 In mountain size, like lions thewed,  
 Up sprang the wondrous multitude,  
 Auxiliary hosts in every shape,  
 Monkey and bear and highland ape

<sup>1</sup> The celestial architect, the Indian Hephæstus, Mulciber, or Vulcan

<sup>2</sup> The God of Fire

<sup>3</sup> Twin children of the Sun, the physicians of Svarga or Indra's heaven

<sup>4</sup> The deity of the waters

<sup>5</sup> Parjanya, sometimes confounded with Indra

<sup>6</sup> The bird and vehicle of Vishnu. He is generally represented as a being something between a man and a bird and considered as the sovereign of the feathered race. He may be compared with the Simurgh of the Persians, the 'Aní of the Arabs, the Griffin of chivalry, the Phoenix of Egypt, and the bird that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda.

In each the strength the might the men  
Of his own parent God were seen  
Some chiefs of Vimar mothers came  
Some of she bear and minstrel dame  
Slilled in all arms in battles shock  
The brandished tree the loosened rock  
And prompt should other weapons ful  
To fight and slay with tooth and nail  
Their strength could shal e the hills amaro  
And reud the rooted trees in twain  
Disturb with their impetuous sweep  
The Rivers Lord the Ocean deep  
Pend with their feet the cated ground  
And pass wide floods with vry bound  
Or forcing through the sl y their way  
The very clouds by force could try  
Mad elephants that wander through  
Th fore t wilds could they subdue  
And with their furious shout could scare  
Dead upon earth the birds of air  
So were the sylvan chieftains formed  
Thousands on thousands still they swarmed  
These were the leaders honoured most  
The captains of the Vimar host  
And to each lord and chief and guide  
Was monkey offspring born beside  
Then by the bears great monarch stood  
The other rovers of the wood  
And turned their pathle s home to seek  
To forest and to mountain peak  
The leaders of the monkey band  
By the two brother took their stand  
Sugriva offspring of the Sun  
And Bali Indra s mighty one

They both endowed with Garud's might,  
And skilled in all the arts of fight,  
Wandered in arms the forest through,  
And lions, snakes, and tigers, slew.  
But every monkey, ape, and bear  
Ever was Báli's special care,  
With his vast strength and mighty arm  
He kept them from all scathe and harm.  
And so the earth with hill, wood, seas,  
Was filled with mighty ones like these,  
Of various shape and race and kind,  
With proper homes to each assigned.  
With Ráma's champions fierce and strong  
The earth was overspread,  
High as the hills and clouds, a throng  
With bodies vast and dread<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This Canto will appear ridiculous to the European reader. But it should be remembered that the monkeys of an Indian forest, the 'bough deer' as the poets call them, are very different animals from the 'tupissima bestia' that accompanies the itinerant organ grinder or grins in the Zoological Gardens of London. Milton has made his hero, Satan, assume the forms of a cormorant, a toad, and a serpent, and I cannot see that this creation of semi-divine Vanas, or monkeys, is more ridiculous or undignified.

## CANTO XVII

*AISHVASYING'S RETURV*

Now when the high souled monarch's rite  
 The Aśvamedh was finished quite  
 Their sacrificial dues obtained  
 The Gods their heavenly homes regained  
 The lofty minded saints withdrew  
 Each to his place with honour due  
 And kings and chieftains one and all  
 Who came to grace the festival  
 And Daśarath ere they went  
 Addressed them thus benevolent  
 'Now may you each with joyful heart  
 To your own realms O Kings depart  
 Peace and good luck attend you there  
 And blessing is my friendly prayer  
 Let cares of state each mind engage  
 To guard his royal heritage  
 A monarch from his throne expelled  
 No better than the dead is held  
 So he who cares for power and might  
 Must guard his realm and royal right  
 Such care a meed in heaven will bring  
 Better than rites and offering  
 Such care a king his country owes  
 As man upon himself bestows  
 When for his body he provides  
 Raiment and every need besides  
 For future days should kings foresee  
 And keep the present error free

Thus did the king the kings exhort  
They heard, and turned them from the court,  
And, each to each in friendship bound,  
Went forth to all the realms around  
The rites were o'er, the guests were sped.  
The train the best of Brāhmans led,  
In which the king with joyful soul,  
With his dear wives, and with the whole  
Of his imperial host and train  
Of cars and servants turned again,  
And, as a monarch dear to fame,  
Within his royal city came

Next, Rishyaśing, well-honoured sage,  
And Śántá, sought their hermitage  
The king himself, of prudent mind,  
Attended him, with troops behind,  
And all her men the town outpoured  
With Saint Vāśishṭha and their lord  
High mounted on a car of state,  
O'ercanopied far Śántá sate,  
Drawn by white oxen, while a band  
Of servants marched on either hand  
Great gifts of countless price she bore,  
With sheep and goats and gems in store.  
Like Beauty's self the lady shone  
With all the jewels she had on,  
As, happy in her sweet content,  
Peerless amid the fair she went  
Not Queen Paulomí's<sup>1</sup> self could be  
More loving to her lord than she  
She who had lived in happy ease,  
Honoured with all her heart could please,

<sup>1</sup> The consort of Indra, called also Śachí and Indianí

While dames and kinsfolk ever vied  
 To see her wishes gratified  
 Soon as she knew her husband's will  
 Again to seek the forest still  
 Was ready for the hermit's cot  
 Nor murmured at her altered lot.  
 The king attended to the wild  
 That hermit and his own dear child  
 And in the centre of a throng  
 Of noble courtiers rode along  
 The sage's son had let prepare  
 A lodge within the wood and there  
 Awhile they lingered blithe and gay  
 Then duly honoured went their way  
 The glorious hermit Rishyasing  
 Drew near and thus besought the king

Return my honoured lord I pray  
 Return upon thy homeward way  
 The monarch with the waiting crowd  
 Lifted his voice and wept aloud  
 And with eyes dripping still to each  
 Of his good queens he spake this speech

Kauśalyā and Sumitrā dear  
 And thou my sweet Kaike ! hear  
 All upon Sāuta feast your gaze  
 The last time for a length of days  
 To Sinta's arms the ladies leapt  
 And hung about her neck and wept  
 And cried O happy be the life  
 Of this great Bruhman and his wife  
 The Wind the Fire the Moon on high  
 The Earth the Streams the circling Sky  
 Preserve thee in the wood true spouse  
 Devoted to thy husband's vows

And O dear Śāntā, ne'er neglect  
To pay the dues of meek respect  
To the great saint, thy husband's sire,  
With all observance and with fire  
And, sweet one, pure of spot and blame,  
Forget not thou thy husband's claim,  
In every change, in good and ill  
Let thy sweet words delight him still,  
And let thy worship constant be  
Her lord is woman's deity  
To learn thy welfare, dearest friend,  
The king will many a Brāhman send  
Let happy thoughts thy spirit cheer,  
And be not troubled, daughter dear'

These soothing words the ladies said,  
And pressed their lips upon her head  
Each gave with sighs her last adieu,  
Then at the king's command withdrew  
The king around the hermit went  
With circling footsteps reverent,  
And placed at Rishyaśing's command  
Some soldiers of his royal band  
The Brāhman bowed in turn and cried,

'May fortune never leave thy side  
O mighty King, with justice reign,  
And still thy people's love retain'  
He spoke, and turned away his face,

And, as the hermit went,  
The monarch, rooted to the place,

Pursued with eyes intent  
But when the sage had past from view  
King Daśaratha turned him too,  
Still fixing on his friend each thought,  
With such deep love his breast was fraught.

And in people's loud acclaim  
 Home to his royal seat he came  
 And lived delighted there  
 Expecting when each queenly dame  
 Upholder of his ancient fame  
 Her promised son should bear  
 The glorious sage his way pursued  
 Till close before his eyes he viewed  
 Sweet Champā Lompad's fair town  
 Wreathed with her Champac's<sup>1</sup> leafy crown  
 Soon as the saint's approach he knew  
 The king to yield him honour due  
 Went forth to meet him with a band  
 Of priests and nobles of the land  
 Hail Sage he cried O joy to me!  
 What bliss it is my lord to see  
 Thee with thy wife and all thy train  
 Returning to my town again  
 Thy father honoured Sage is well  
 Who hither from his woodland cell  
 Has sent full many a messenger  
 For tidings both of thee and her  
 Then joyfully for due respect  
 The monarch bade the town be decked  
 The king and Rāhyāśring elate  
 Entered the royal city's gate  
 In front the chaplain rode  
 Then loved and honoured with all care  
 By monarch and by courtier there  
 The glorious saint abode

<sup>1</sup> The *Melachlapaci* It bears a scented yell w blossom  
 The maid of Ind a blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold. *Lalla! Poo!*



## CANTO XVIII.

*RISHYASRING'S DEPARTURE*

The monarch called a Bráhmaṇ near  
 And said, ' Now speed away  
 To Kaśyap's son,<sup>1</sup> the mighty seer,  
 And with all reverence say  
 The holy child he holds so dear,  
 The hermit of the noble mind,  
 Whose equal it were hard to find,  
 Returned, is dwelling here  
 Go, and instead of me do thou  
 Before that best of hermits bow,  
 That still he may, for his dear son,  
 Show me the favour I have won '  
 Soon as the king these words had said,  
 To Kaśyap's son the Bráhmaṇ sped  
 Before the hermit low he bent  
 And did obeisance, reverent,  
 Then with meek words his grace to crave  
 The message of his lord he gave  
 ' The high-souled father of his bride  
 Had called thy son his rites to guide  
 Those rites are o'er, the steed is slain,  
 Thy noble child is come again '

Soon as the saint that speech had heard  
 His spirit with desire was stured  
 To seek the city of the king  
 And to his cot his son to bring

<sup>1</sup> Vibhándaka, the father of Rishyasring

With young disciples at his side  
 Forth on his way the hermit hied  
 While peasants from their hamlets ran  
 To reverence the holy man  
 Each with his little gift of food  
 Forth came the village multitude  
 And as they humbly bowed the head  
 What may we do for thee? they said.  
 Then he of Brāhman's first and best  
 The gath' red people thus addressed  
 Now tell me for I fain would know  
 Why is it I am honoured so?  
 They to the high souled saint replied -  
 Our ruler is with thee allied  
 Our master's order we fulfil  
 O Brāhmao let thy mind be still<sup>1</sup>

With joy the saintly hermit heard  
 Each pleasant and delightful word  
 And poured a benediction down  
 O king and ministers and town  
 Glad at the words of that high saint  
 Some servants hastened to acquaint  
 Their king rejoicing to impart  
 The tidings that would cheer his heart  
 Soon as the joyful tale he knew  
 To meet the saint the monarch flew  
 The guest gift in his hand he brought  
 And bowed before him and besought  
 This day by seeing thee I gain  
 Not to have lived my life in vain  
 Now be not wroth with me I pray  
 Because I wiled thy son away<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A h misloka is wanting in Schleier's text which he thus fills up in his Latin translation.

The best of Brāhmins answer made  
 'Be not, great lord of kings, afraid  
 Thy virtues have not failed to win  
 My favour, O thou pure of sin'  
 Then in the front the saint was placed,  
 The king came next in joyous haste,  
 And with him entered his abode,  
 Mid glad acclaim as on they rode  
 To greet the sage the reverent crowd  
 Raised suppliant hands and humbly bowed  
 Then from the palace many a dame  
 Following well-dressed Śāntī came,  
 Stood by the mighty saint and cried  
 'See, honour's source, thy son's dear bride'  
 The saint, who every virtue knew,  
 His arms around his daughter threw,  
 And with a father's rapture pressed  
 The lady to his wondering breast  
 Arising from the saint's embrace  
 She bowed her low before his face,  
 And then, with palm to palm applied,  
 Stood by her hermit father's side  
 He for his son, as laws ordain,  
 Performed the rite that frees from stain,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, honoured by the wise and good,  
 With him departed to the wood

<sup>1</sup> Rishyaśring, a Brahman, had married Śāntī who was of the Kshatriya or Warrior caste and an expiatory ceremony was necessary on account of this violation of the law

## CANTO XIX

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE<sup>1</sup>

The seasons six in rapid flight  
 Had circled since that glorious rite  
 Eleven months had passed away  
 'Twas Chaitra's ninth returning day<sup>1</sup>  
 The moon within that mansion shone  
 Which Aditi looks kindly on  
 Raised to their apex in the sky  
 Five brilliant planets beamed on high  
 Shone with the moon in Cancer's sign  
 Vrihaspati<sup>2</sup> with light divine  
 Kauśalya bore an infant blest  
 With heavenly marks of grace impressed  
 Páma the universe's lord  
 A prince by all the worlds adored

<sup>1</sup> The poet no doubt intended to indicate the vernal equinox as the birthday of Rama. For the month *Chaitra* is the first of the two months assigned to the spring, it corresponds with the latter half of March and the former half of April in our division of the year. *Aditi* the mother of the Gods is lady of the seventh lunar mansion which is called *Punarvasu*. The five planets and their positions in the Zodiac as established by both commentators: the Sun in Aries, Mars in Capricorn, Saturn in Libra, Jupiter in Cancer, Venus in Pisces.

I leave to astrophysicists to examine whether the parts of the description agree with one another and if this be the case thence to deduce the date. The Indians place the nativity of Ráma in the confines of the second *avastha* (*treta*) and the third (*dwápara*) but it seems that this should be taken in an allegorical sense. We may consider that the poet had an eye to the time in which immediately before his own age the aspects of the heavenly bodies were such as he has described. SCHLEGEL.

<sup>2</sup> The name of the planet Jupiter.

New glory Queen Kausalyá won  
 Reflected from her splendid son  
 So Aditi shone more and more,  
 The Mother of the Gods, when she  
 The King of the Immortals bore,  
 The thunder-wielding deity  
 The lotus-eyed, the beauteous boy,  
 He came fierce Rávan to destroy,  
 From half of Vishnu's vigour born,  
 He came to help the worlds foil him  
 And Queen Kaikeyí bore a child  
 Of truest valour, Bharat styled,  
 With every princely virtue blest,  
 One fourth of Vishnu manifest  
 Sumitrá too a noble pair,  
 Called Lakshman and Śatughna, bare,  
 Of high empire, devoted, true,  
 Sharers in Vishnu's essence too  
 'Neath Pushya's<sup>2</sup> mansion, Mína's<sup>3</sup> sign,  
 Was Bharat born, of soul benign  
 The sun had reached the Crab at morn  
 When Queen Sumitrá's babes were born,  
 When the moon had gone to make  
 His nightly dwelling with the Snake  
 The high-souled monarch's consorts bore  
 At different times those glorious four,  
 Like to himself and virtuous, bright  
 As Proshthapadá's<sup>4</sup> four-fold light

<sup>1</sup> Indra=Jupiter Tonans

<sup>2</sup> 'Pushya is the name of a month, but here it means the eighth mansion. The ninth is called *Āśleṣha*, or the snake. It is evident from this that Bharat, though his birth is mentioned before that of the twins, was the youngest of the four brothers and Ráma's junior by eleven months.' SCHLEGEL

<sup>3</sup> A fish, the Zodiacal sign *Pisces*

<sup>4</sup> One of the constellations, containing stars in the wing of Pegasus.

Then danced the nymphs celestial throng  
 The minstrels ruled their strain  
 The drums of heaven pealed loud and long  
 And flower came down in rain  
 Within Ayodhya blithe and gay  
 All kept the joyous holiday  
 The spacious quare the ample road  
 With mimes and dancers overflowed  
 And with the voice of music rang  
 Where minstrels played and singers sang  
 And shone a wonder to behold  
 With dazzling show of gem and gold  
 Nor did the king his largess spare  
 For minstrel driver bard to share  
 Much wealth the Brahmans bore away  
 And many thou and line that day

Soon as each babe was twelve days old  
 'Twas time the naming rite to hold  
 When Sūnt Vāsishṭha sat with joy  
 Assigned a name to every boy  
 Rama to him the high souled heir  
 Bharat to him Kukeya bare  
 Of Queen Sumitra one fair son  
 Was Lakshman and Sūtraghna<sup>1</sup> one  
 Rāma his sister supreme delight  
 Like some proud banner cheered his sight  
 And to all creatures seemed to be  
 The self-existent deity  
 All heroes vered in holy lore  
 To all mankind great love they bore  
 Fair stores of wisdom all possessed  
 With princely graces all were blest

<sup>1</sup> Rama means the Delight (of the World) Bharat the Supporter  
 Lakshman the Muscious Sūtraghna the Slayer of Foes

But mid those youths of high descent,  
With lordly light preeminent,  
Like the full moon undclouded, shone  
Ráma, the world's dear paragon  
He best the elephant could guide,<sup>2</sup>  
Uge the fleet car, the chenger ride  
A master he of bowman's skill,  
Joying to do his father's will  
The world's delight and darling, he  
Loved Lakshman best from infancy .  
And Lakshman, lord of lofty fate,  
Upon his elder joyed to wait,  
Striving his second self to please  
With friendship's sweet observances  
His limbs the hero ne'er would rest  
Unless the couch his brother pressed ,  
Except beloved Ráma shared  
He could not taste the meal prepared  
When Ráma, pride of Rághu's race,  
Sprang on his steed to uge the chase,  
Behind him Lakshman loved to go  
And guard him with his trusty bow  
As Ráma was to Lakshman dear  
More than his life and ever near,  
So fond Śatughna prized above  
His very life his Bharat's love,  
Illustrious heroes, nobly kind  
In mutual love they all combined,  
And gave then royal sue delight  
With modest grace and warrior might

<sup>2</sup> Schlegel, in the *Indische Bibliothek*, remarks that the proficiency of the Indians in this art early attracted the attention of Alexander's successors, and natives of India were so long exclusively employed in this service that the name Indian was applied to any elephant driver, to whatever country he might belong

Supported by the glorious four  
Shone Daśaratha more and more  
As though with every guardian God  
Who keeps the land and seas  
The Father of all creatures trod  
The earth before men's eyes



## CANTO XX.

*VIŚVÁMITRA'S VISIT*

Now Daśaratha's pious mind  
 Meet wedlock for his sons designed ,  
 With priests and friends the king began  
 To counsel and prepare his plan  
 Such thoughts engaged his bosom, when,  
 To see Ayodhyá's lord of men,  
 A mighty saint of glorious fame,  
 The hermit Viśvámitra<sup>1</sup> came  
 For evil fiends that roam by night  
 Disturbed him in each holy rite,  
 And in their strength and frantic rage  
 Assailed with witcheries the sage  
 He came to seek the monarch's aid  
 To guard the rites the demons stayed,  
 Unable to a close to bring  
 One unpolluted offering  
 Seeking the king in this dire strait  
 He said to those who kept the gate  
 'Haste, warders, to your master run,  
 And say that here stands Gádhi's son'  
 Soon as they heard the holy man,  
 To the king's chamber swift they ran  
 With minds disordered all, and spurred  
 To wildest zeal by what they heard  
 On to the royal hall they sped, ,  
 There stood and lowly bowed the head,

<sup>1</sup> The story of this famous saint is given at sufficient length in Cantos LI—LV

And made the lord of men aware  
That the great saint was waiting there

The king with priest and peer arose  
And ran the sage to meet

As Indra from his palace goes  
Lord Brahma's self to greet  
When glowing with celestial light  
The pious hermit was in sight  
The king who e'en his transport showed  
The honoured gift for guests he towed  
Nor did the saint that gift despise  
Offered as holy texts advise

He kindly asked the earth's great king  
How all with him was prospering  
The son of Kusika<sup>1</sup> made him tell  
If all in town and field were well  
All well with friends and kith and kin  
And royal treasure stored within

Do all thy neighbours own thy sway?

Thy foe confess thee yet?

Dost thou continue still to pray

To Gods and men each debt?

Then he of hermits first and best  
Vasishtha with a smile<sup>2</sup> addressed  
And asked him of his welfare too  
Showing him honour as was due  
Then with the sainted hermit all  
Went joyous to the monarch's hall

<sup>1</sup> The saint has given his name to the district and city to the east of Benares. The original name preserved in land grant on copper now in the Museum of the Benares College has been Moslemized into Ghazeepore (the City of the Soldier martyr)

<sup>2</sup> The son of Kusika is Visvámitra

<sup>3</sup> At the recollection of their former enmity to be described here after

And sate them down by due degree,  
Each one, of rank and dignity  
Joy filled the noble prince's breast  
Who thus bespoke the honoured guest  
' As amrit<sup>1</sup> by a mortal found,  
As rain upon the thirsty ground,  
As to an heirless man a son  
Born to him of his precious one,  
As gain of what we sorely miss,  
As sudden dawn of mighty bliss,  
So is thy coming here to me  
All welcome, mighty Saint, to thee  
What wish within thy heart hast thou?  
If I can please thee, tell me how  
Hail, Saint, from whom all honours flow  
Worthy of all I can bestow  
Blest is my birth with fruit to-day,  
Nor has my life been thrown away  
I see the best of Bráhmaṇ race,  
And night to glorious morn gives place  
Thou, holy Sage, in days of old  
Among the royal saints enrolled,  
Didst, penance-glorified, within  
The Bráhmaṇ caste high station win  
'Tis meet and right in many a way  
That I to thee should honour pay  
This seems a marvel to mine eyes .  
All sin thy visit purifies ,  
And I by seeing thee, O Sage,  
Have reaped the fruit of pilgrimage  
Then say what thou wouldst have me do,  
That thou hast sought this interview  
Favoured by thee, my wish is still,

<sup>1</sup> The Indian nectar or drink of the Gods.

O Hermit to perform thy will  
Ner need'st thou that at length explain  
The object that thy heart would gain  
Without reserve I grant it now  
My duty O Lord art thou

The glorious hermit far renowned  
With highest fame and virtue crowned  
Pledge I these modest words to bear  
Delightful to the mind and ear

# CANTO XXI.

## *VIŚVÁMITRA'S SPEECH*

The hermit heard with high content  
 That speech so wondrous eloquent,  
 And while each hair with joy arose,<sup>1</sup>  
 He thus made answer at the close  
 ' Good is thy speech O noble King,  
 And like thyself in everything  
 So should their lips be wisdom-fraught  
 Whom kings begot, Vaśishtha taught  
 The favour which I came to seek  
 Thou grantest ere my tongue can speak.  
 But let my tale attention claim,  
 And hear the need for which I came  
 O King, as Scripture texts allow,  
 A holy rite employs me now  
 Two fiends who change their forms at will  
 Impede that rite with cursed skill <sup>2</sup>  
 Oft when the task is nigh complete,  
 These worst of fiends my toil defeat,  
 Throw bits of bleeding flesh, and o'er  
 The altar shed a stream of gore  
 When thus the rite is mocked and stayed,  
 And all my pious hopes delayed,

<sup>1</sup> Great joy, according to the Hindu belief, has this effect, not causing each particular hair to stand on end, but gently raising all the down upon the body

<sup>2</sup> The Rakshasas, giants, or fiends who are represented as disturbing the sacrifice, signify here, as often elsewhere, merely the savage tribes which placed themselves in hostile opposition to Bráhmanical institutions

Cast down in heart the spot I leave  
And spent with fruitless labour grieve  
Nor can I check'd by prudence dare  
Let loose my fury on them there  
The muttered curse the threatening word  
In such a rite must ne'er be heard  
Thy grace the rite from check can free,  
And yield the fruit I long to see  
Thy duty bids thee King defend  
The suffering guest the suppliant friend  
Give me thy son thine eldest born  
Whom locks like ravens wings adorn  
That hero youth the truly brave  
Of thee O glorious King I crave  
For he can lay those demons low  
Who mar my rites and work me woe  
My power shall shield the youth from harm  
And heavenly might shall nerve his arm  
And on my champion will I shower  
Unnumbered gifts of varied power  
Such gifts as shall ensure his fame  
And spread through all the worlds his name  
Be sure those fiends can never stand  
Before the might of Rāma's hand  
And mid the best and bravest none  
Can slay that pair but Raghu's son  
Entangled in the toils of Fate  
Those sinners proud and obstinate  
Are in their fury overbold  
No match for Rāma mighty souled  
Nor let a father's breast give way  
Too far to fond affection's sway  
Count thou the fiends already slain  
My word is pledged nor pledged in vain

I know the hero Ráma well  
In whom high thoughts and valour dwell ,  
So does Vāsishtha, so do these  
Engaged in long austerities  
If thou would do the righteous deed,  
And win high fame, thy virtue's meed,  
Fame that on earth shall last and live,  
To me, great King, thy Ráma give  
If to the words that I have said,  
With Saint Vāsishtha at their head  
Thy holy men, O King, agree,  
Then let thy Ráma go with me  
Ten nights my sacrifice will last,  
And ere the stated time be past  
Those wicked fiends, those impious twain,  
Must fall by wondrous Ráma slain  
Let not the hours, I warn thee, fly,  
Fixt for the rite, unheeded by ,  
Good luck have thou, O royal Chief,  
Nor give thy heart to needless grief'

Thus in fair words with virtue fraught  
The pious glorious saint besought  
But the good speech with poignant sting  
Pierced ear and bosom of the king,  
Who, stabbed with pangs too sharp to bear,  
Fell prostrate and lay fainting there.

## CANTO XXII

*DASARATHA'S SPEECH*  
—

His tortured senses all astray  
 Awhile the hapless monarch lay  
 Then slowly gathering thought and strength  
 To Viśvamitra spoke at length

My son is but a child I ween  
 This year he will be just sixteen  
 How is he fit for such emprise  
 My darling with the lotus eyes?  
 A mighty army will I bring  
 That calls me master lord and king  
 And with its countless squadrons fight  
 Against these rovers of the night  
 My faithful heroes skilled to wield  
 The arms of war will take the field  
 Their skill the demons might may break  
 Rama my child thou must not take  
 I even I my bow in hand  
 Will in the van of battle stand  
 And while my soul is left alive  
 With the night roaming demons strive  
 Thy guarded sacrifice shall be  
 Completed from all hindrance free  
 Thither will I my journey make  
 Rāma my child thou must not take  
 A hoy unskilled he knows not yet  
 The hounds to strength and weakness set  
 No match is he for demon foes  
 Who magic arts to arms oppose  
 O chief of saints I have no power



Of Rāma left, to live one hour  
 Mine aged heart at once would break ·  
 Rāma, my child, thou must not take  
 Nine thousand circling years have fled  
 With all their seasons o'er my head,  
 And as a hard-won boon, O Sage,  
 These sons have come to cheer mine age.  
 My dearest love amid the four  
 Is he whom first his mother bore,  
 Still dearer for his virtues' sake  
 Rāma, my child, thou must not take  
 But if, unmoved by all I say,  
 Thou needs must bear my son away,  
 Let me lead with him, I entreat,  
 A four-fold army<sup>1</sup> all complete  
 What is the demons' might, O Sage ?  
 Who are they ? What their parentage ?  
 What is their size ? What beings lend  
 Their power to guard them and befriend ?  
 How can my son their arts withstand ?  
 Or I or all my armed band ?  
 Tell me the whole that I may know  
 To meet in war each evil foe  
 Whom conscious might inspires with pride '

And Viśvámitra thus replied  
 ' Sprung from Pulastya's race there came  
 A giant known by Rāvan's name  
 Once favoured by the Eternal Sire -  
 He plagues the worlds in ceaseless ire,  
 For peerless power and might renowned,  
 By giant bands encompassed round  
 Viśiavas for his sire they hold,  
 His brother is the Lord of Gold

<sup>1</sup> Consisting of horse, foot, chariots, and elephants.

King of the giant hosts is he  
 And worst of all in cruelty  
 This Ravana's dread commands impel  
 Two demons who in might excel  
 Maricha and Suvahu hight  
 To trouble and impede the rite  
 Then thus the king addressed the sage  
 No power have I my lord to wage  
 War with this evil minded foe  
 Now pity on my darling show  
 And upon me of hapless fate  
 For thee as God I venerate  
 Gods spirits hards of heavenly birth<sup>1</sup>  
 The birds of air the snakes of earth  
 Before the might of Rāvan quail  
 Much less can mortal man avail  
 He draws, I hear from out the breast  
 The valour of the mightiest  
 No neer can I with him contend  
 Or with the forces he may send  
 How can I then my darling lend  
 Godlike unskilled in battle? No  
 I will not let my young child go  
 Hoes of thy rite those mighty ones  
 Sunda and Upasunda's sons  
 Are fierce as Fate to overthrow  
 I will not let my young child go  
 Mārcha and Suvahu fell  
 Are valiant and instructed well  
 One of the twain I might attack  
 With all my friends their lord to back.

<sup>1</sup> The Gandharvas or heavenly bards had originally a warlike character but were afterwards reduced to the office of celestial musician cheering the conquests of the Gods. Dr. Kuhn has shown their identity with the Centaurs in name origin and attributes. GORRESIO

## CANTO XXIII.

*VASIṢṬHA'S SPEECH*

While thus the hapless monarch spoke,  
 Paternal love his utterance broke  
 Then words like these the saint returned,  
 And fury in his bosom burned  
 'Didst thou, O King, a promise make,  
 And wishest now thy word to break?  
 A son of Raghu's line should scorn  
 To fail in faith, a man forsworn  
 But if thy soul can bear the shame  
 I will return e'en as I came  
 Live with thy sons, and joy be thine,  
 False scion of Kakutstha's line'

As Viśvámitra, mighty sage,  
 Was moved with this tempestuous rage,  
 Earth rocked and reeled throughout her frame,  
 And fear upon the Immortals came  
 But Saint Vasiṣṭha, wisest seer,  
 Observant of his vows austere,  
 Saw the whole world convulsed with dread,  
 And thus unto the monarch said  
 'Thou, born of old Ikshváku's seed,  
 Art Justice' self in mortal weed  
 Constant and pious, blest by fate,  
 The right thou must not violate  
 Thou, Raghu's son, so famous through  
 The triple world as just and true,  
 Perform thy bounden duty still,  
 Nor stain thy race by deed of ill.

If thou have sworn and now refuse  
 Thou must thy store of merit lose  
 Then Monarch let thy Rama go  
 Nor fear for him the demon foe  
 The fiends shall have no power to hurt  
 Him trained to war or inexpert  
 Nor vanquish him in battle field  
 For Kuśik's son the youth will shield  
 He is incarnate Justice he  
 The best of men for bravery  
 Embodied love of penance dear  
 Among the wise without a peer  
 Full well he knows great Kuśik's son  
 The arms celestial every one  
 Arms from the Gods them elves concealed  
 Far less to other men revealed  
 These arms to him when earth he swayed  
 Mighty Kṛiṣāśva pleased conveyed  
 Kṛiṣāśva's sons they are indeed  
 Brought forth by Daksha's lovely seed<sup>1</sup>  
 Heralds of conquest strong and bold  
 Brilliant of semblance manifold  
 Jayā and Vijayā most fair  
 A hundred splendid weapons bare  
 Of Jayā glorious as the morn  
 First fifty noble sons were born  
 Boundless in size yet viewless too  
 They came the demons to subdue  
 And fifty children also came  
 Of Vijaya the beautiful dame  
 Sanharas named of mighty force

<sup>1</sup> These mysterious animated weapons are enumerated in Cantos XXIX and XXX. Daksha was the son of Brahmā and one of the Parjapatis Demurgs or secondary authors of creation.

Hard to assail or check in course  
Of these the hermit knows the use,  
And weapons new can he produce  
All these the mighty saint will yield  
To Râma's hand, to own and wield,  
And armed with these, beyond a doubt  
Shall Râma put those fiends to rout.  
For Râma and the people's sake,  
For thine own good my counsel take,  
Nor seek, O King, with fond delay,  
The parting of thy son to stay.'



Of then ten-headed enemy <sup>1</sup>  
 Rāma and Lakshman paced behind  
 That hermit of the lofty mind,  
 As the young Aśvins, <sup>2</sup> heavenly pair,  
 Follow Lord India through the air  
 On arm and hand the guard they wore,  
 Quiver and bow and sword they bore,  
 Two fire-born Gods of War seemed they, <sup>3</sup>  
 He, Śiva's self who let the way.

Upon fair Saijū's southern shore  
 They now had walked a league and more,  
 When thus the sage in accents mild  
 To Rāma said 'Beloved child,  
 This lustial water duly touch.  
 My counsel will avail thee much  
 Forget not all the words I say,  
 Nor let the occasion slip away  
 Lo, with two spells I thee invest,  
 The mighty and the mightiest,  
 O'er thee fatigue shall ne'er prevail,  
 Nor age or change thy limbs assail  
 Thee powers of darkness ne'er shall smite  
 In tranquil sleep or wild delight

<sup>1</sup> The Rākshas or giant Rāvan, King of Lankā

<sup>2</sup> 'The meaning of Aśvins (from *aśva* a horse, Persian *asp*, Greek *ἵππος*, Latin *equus*, Welsh *ech*) is Horsemen. They were twin deities of whom frequent mention is made in the Vedas and the Indian myths. The Aśvins have much in common with the Dioscuri of Greece, and their mythical genealogy seems to indicate that their origin was astronomical. They were, perhaps, at first the morning star and evening star. They are said to be the children of the sun and the nymph Aśvinī, who is one of the lunar asterisms personified. In the popular mythology they are regarded as the physicians of the Gods.' GORRESIO

<sup>3</sup> The word *Kumāra* (a young prince, a Child) is also a proper name of Skanda or Kārtikeya God of War, the son of Śiva and Umā. The babe was matured in the fire. See Appendix, *Kārtikeya Generatio*.

No one is there in all the land  
Thine equal for the vigorous hand  
Thou when thy lips pronounce the spell  
Shalt have no peer in heaven or hell  
None in the world with thee shall vie  
O sinless one in apt reply  
In fortune knowledge wit and tact  
Wisdom to plan and skill to act  
This double science take and gain  
Glory that shall for aye remain  
Wisdom and judgment spring from each  
Of these fair spells whose use I teach  
Hunger and thirst unknown to thee  
High in the worlds thy rank shall be  
For the o two spells with might endued  
Are tho Great Father's heavenly brood  
And thee O Chief may fitly grace  
Thou glory of Kakutstha's race  
Virtues which none can match are thine  
Lord from thy birth of gifts divine  
And now these spells of might shall cast  
Fresh radiance o'er the gifts thou hast  
Then Ráma duly touched the wave  
    Raised suppliant hands bowed low his head  
And took the spells the hermit gave  
    Whose soul on contemplation fed  
From him whose might these gifts enhanced  
A brighter beam of glory glanced  
So shines in all his autumn blaze  
The Day God of the thousand rays  
The hermit's wants those youths supplied  
As pupils use to holy guide  
And then the night in sweet content  
On Sarju's pleasant bank they spent



## CANTO XXV.

*THE HERMITAGE OF LOVE*

Soon as appeared the morning light  
 Up rose the mighty anchoite,  
 And thus to youthful Ráma said,  
 Who lay upon his leafy bed  
 ' High fate is hers who calls thee son  
     Arise, 'tis break of day ,  
 Rise, Chief, and let those rites be done  
     Due at the morning's ray '<sup>1</sup>  
 At that great sage's high behest  
     Up sprang the princely pair,  
 To bathing rites themselves addressed,  
     And breathed the holiest prayer  
 Their morning task completed, they  
     To Viśvámitra came,  
 That store of holy works, to pay  
     The worship saints may claim  
 Then to the hallowed spot they went  
     Along fan Sarjú's side  
 Where mix her waters confluent  
     With three-pathed Gangá's tide <sup>2</sup>  
 There was a sacred hermitage

<sup>1</sup> ' At the rising of the sun as well as at noon certain observances, invocations, and prayers were prescribed which might under no circumstances be omitted. One of these observances was the recitation of the Sávitrí, a Vedic hymn to the Sun of wonderful beauty ' GORRESIO

<sup>2</sup> *Tripathagá, Three path go*, flowing in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. See Canto XLV

Where sants devout of mind  
 Their lives through many a lengthened age  
 To penance had resigned  
 That pure abode the princes eyed  
 With unrestrained delight  
 And thus unto the saint they cried  
 Rejoicing at the sight  
 Whose is that hermitage we see?  
 Who makes his dwelling there?  
 Full of desire to hear are we  
 O Saint the truth declare

The hermit smiling made reply  
 To the two boys request  
 Hear Ráma who in days gone by  
 This calm retreat possessed  
 Kandarpa in apparent form  
 Called Kama by the wise  
 Dared Uma's<sup>1</sup> new wed lord to storm  
 And make the God his prize  
 Gainst Sthánu's<sup>3</sup> self on rites austere  
 And vows intent they say

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson's Indian Cama the God of Love known also by many other names

Uma or Parvati, was daughter of Himálaya Mountain and wife of Śiva See Kalidasa Kumāra Sambhara o Birth of the War God

<sup>3</sup> Sthānu The Unmoving one a name of Śiva

<sup>4</sup> The practice of austerities voluntary tortures and mortifications was anciently universal in India and was held by the Indians to be of immense efficacy Hence they mortified themselves to expiate sins to acquire merits and to obtain superhuman gifts and powers the Gods themselves sometimes exercised themselves in such duties either to raise themselves to great power and grandeur or to counteract the misdeeds of men which threatened to prevail over them and to deprive them of heaven Such austerities were called in India

His bold rash hand he dared to rear,  
 Though Sthánu cried, Away !  
 But the God's eye with scornful glare  
 Fell terrible on him,  
 Dissolved the shape that was so fair  
 And burnt up every limb  
 Since the great God's terrific rage  
 Destroyed his form and frame,  
 Káma in each succeeding age  
 Has borne Ananga's<sup>1</sup> name  
 So, where his lovely form decayed,  
 This land is Anga styled .  
 Sacred to him of old this shade,  
 And hermits undefiled  
 Here Scripture-talking elders sway  
 Each sense with firm control,  
 And penance-rites have washed away  
 All sin from every soul  
 One night, fair boy, we here will spend,  
 A pure stream on each hand,  
 And with to-morrow's light will bend  
 Our steps to yonder strand  
 Here let us bathe, and free from stain  
 To that pure grove repair,  
 Sacred to Káma, and remain  
 One night in comfort there '  
 With penance' far-discerning eye  
 The saintly men beheld  
 Their coming, and with transport high  
 Each holy bosom swelled  
 To Kuśík's son the gift they gave

*tapas* (burning ardour, fervent devotion) and he who practised them  
*tapasvin* ' GORRESIO

<sup>1</sup> *The Bodiless one*

That honoured guest should greet  
Water they brought his feet to lave  
And showed him honour meet  
Rama and Lakshman next obtained  
In due degree their share  
Then with sweet talk the guests remained  
And charmed each listener there  
The evening prayers were duly said  
With voices calm and low  
Then on the ground each laid his head  
And slept till morning's glow

## CANTO XXVI.

*THE FOREST OF TÁDAKÁ*

When the fair light of morning rose  
 The princely tapers of their foci  
 Followed, his morning worship o'er,  
 The hermit to the river's shore  
 The high-souled men with thoughtful care  
 A pretty barge had stationed there  
 All cried, ' O lord, this barge ascend,  
 And with thy princely followers bend  
 To yonder side thy prosperous way  
 With naught to check thee or delay '

Not did the saint then rede reject  
 He bade farewell with due respect,  
 And crossed, attended by the twain,  
 That river rushing to the main  
 When now the bark was half way o'er,  
 Ráma and Lakshman heard the roar,  
 That louder grew and louder yet,  
 Of waves by dashing waters met  
 Then Ráma asked the mighty seer  
 ' What is the tumult that I hear  
 Of waters cleft in mid career ? '  
 Soon as the speech of Ráma, stilled  
 By deep desire to know he heard,  
 The pious saint began to tell  
 What caused the waters' roar and swell  
 ' On high Kailása's distant hill  
 There lies a noble lake

Whose waters born from Brahmā's will  
 The name of Manas' take  
 Thence hallowing where'er they flow  
 The streams of Sarju fall  
 And wandering through the plains below  
 Embrace Ayodhya's wall  
 Still still preserved in Sarju's name  
 Sarovar's' fame we trace  
 The flood of Brahma whence she came  
 To run her holy race  
 To meet great Ganga here she hies  
 With tributary wave  
 Hence the loud roar ye hear arise  
 Of floods that swell no race  
 Here pride of Raghu's line do thou  
 In humble adoration bow

He spoke The princes both obeyed  
 And reverence to each river paid  
 They reached the southern shore at last  
 And gaily on their journey passed  
 A little space beyond there stood  
 A gloomy awe inspiring wood

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated lake recorded in India as sacred. It lies in the lofty region between the northern hills of the Himalayas and the mountains of the region of the sacred lakes. The poem follows the popular Indian belief that the river Sarayu (now Sarju) flows from the Manasa lake to the source of the river, a little to the south about days journey from the lake. See Lassen *Indische Alterthümer und Geschichte*. Gournier *Manas meenas et Manasa ment* I mind bo

<sup>2</sup> Srotas means bed of lakes. This is another fifth poet's not very full etymology.

<sup>3</sup> The confluence of two more rivers often a venerated and holy place. The meeting of the Purnya. All the bad when the Sarasati by an underground course is believed to join the Jumna and the Ganges.

The monarch's noble son began  
 To question thus the holy man  
 ' Whose gloomy forest meets mine eye  
 Like some vast cloud that fills the sky ?  
 Pathless and dark it seems to be,  
 Where buds in thousands wander free ,  
 Where shrill cicadas' cries resound,  
 And fowl of dismal note abound  
 Lion, rhinoceros, and bear,  
 Boar, tiger, elephant, are there,  
     There shrubs and thorns run wild  
 Dháo, Sál, Bignonia, Bel,<sup>1</sup> are found,  
 And every tree that grows on ground  
     How is the forest styled ?'

The glorious saint this answer made  
 ' Dear child of Raghu, hear  
 Who dwells within the horrid shade  
     That looks so dark and drear  
 Where now is wood, long ere this day  
     Two broad and fertile lands,  
 Malaja and Karúsha lay,  
     Adorned by heavenly hands  
 Here, mourning friendship's broken ties,  
 Loid India of the thousand eyes  
 Hungered and sorrowed many a day,  
 His brightness soiled with mud and clay,  
 When in a storm of passion he  
 Had slain his dear friend Namuchi  
 Then came the Gods and saints who bore  
 Then golden pitchers humming o'er  
 With holy streams that banish stain,

<sup>1</sup> The botanical names of the trees mentioned in the text are *Grislea Tormentosa*, *Shorea Robusta*, *Echites Antidysenterica*, *Bignonia Suaveolens*, *Egle Marmelos*, and *Diospyrus Glutinosa*. I have omitted the *Kutaja* (*Echites*) and the *Tinduka* (*Diospyrus*)

And bathed Lord Indra pure again  
 When in this land the God was freed  
 From spot and stain of impious deed  
 For that his own dear friend he slew  
 High transport thrilled his bosom through  
 Then in his joy the lands be blessed  
 And gave a boon they long possessed  
 Because these fertile lands retain  
 The washings of the blot and stain  
 'Twas thus Lord Indra swore  
 Mithya and Karusha's name  
 Shall celebrate with deathless fame  
 My malady and care '

So be it all the Immortals cried  
 When Indra's speech they heard  
 And with acclaim they ratified  
 The names his lips conferred  
 Long time O victor of thy foes  
 These happy lands had sweet repose  
 And higher still in fortune rose  
 At length a spirit loving all  
 I dwelt wearing shapes at will  
 Whose mighty strength exceeding vast  
 A thousand elephants surpassed  
 Was to fierce Sunda lord and head  
 Of all the demon armies wed  
 From her Lord Indra's peer in might  
 Grant Mithira spring to light  
 And she a constant plague and pest  
 These two fair realms has long distressed  
 Now dwelling in her dark abode

1 He e we meet with a f l mytl to c nt f th am f these  
 r g n M l r p ob bly anon A y w d g ty gal lly c ut y  
 taken as Su k it comp un l it m a spru g f r d f l e n e t Th  
 w d Karusha ll r t h s om v l t ul r me n ng



A league away she bans the lord  
And we, O Ráma, hence must go  
Where lies the forest of the foe  
Now on thine own right arm rely,  
    And my command obey  
Smite the foul monster that she die,  
    And take the plague away  
To reach this country none may dare,  
    ‘ Fallen from its old estate,  
Which she, whose fury naught can bear,  
    Has left so desolate  
And now my truthful tale is told  
    How with accursed sway  
The spirit plagued this wood of old,  
    And ceases not to-day ’

## CANTO XXVII

*THE BIRTH OF TĪDĪKĀ*

When thus the sage without a peer  
 Had closed that story strange to hear  
 Ruma again the saint addressed  
 To set one lingering doubt at rest  
 O holy man 'tis said by all  
 That spirits strength is weak and small  
 How can she match of power so slight  
 A thousand elephants in might?  
 And Viśvāmitra thus replied  
 To Raghu's son the glorified  
 Listen and I will tell thee how  
 She gained the strength that arms her now  
 A mighty spirit lived of yore  
 Suketu was the name he bore  
 Childless was he and free from crime  
 In rites austere he passed his time  
 The mighty Sire was pleased to show  
 His favour and a child bestow  
 Tīdīkā named most fair to see  
 A pearl among the maids was she  
 And matched for such was Brahma's dower  
 A thousand elephants in power  
 Nor would the Eternal Sire although  
 The spirit longed a son bestow  
 That maid in beauty's youthful pride  
 Was given to Sunda for a bride  
 Her son Māricha was his name  
 A giant through a curse became

She, widowed, dared with him molest  
 Agastya,<sup>1</sup> of all saints the best  
 Inflamed with hunger's wildest rage,  
 Roaring she rushed upon the sage  
 When the great hermit saw her near,  
 On speeding in her fierce career,  
 He thus pronounced Máicha's doom  
 'A giant's form and shape assume'  
 And then, by mighty anger swayed,  
 On Tádaká this curse he laid  
 'Thy present form and semblance quit,  
 And wear a shape thy mood to fit,  
 Changed form and feature by my ban,  
 A fearful thing that feeds on man'

She, by his awful curse possessed,  
 And mad with rage that fills her breast,  
 Has on this land her fury dealt  
 Where once the saint Agastya dwelt  
 Go, Ráma, smite this monster dead,  
 The wicked plague, of power so dread,  
 And further by this deed of thine  
 The good of Bráhmans and of kine  
 Thy hand alone can overthrow,  
 In all the worlds, this impious foe  
 Nor let compassion lead thy mind  
 To shrink from blood of womankind,  
 A monarch's son must ever count  
 The people's welfare paramount,

<sup>1</sup> 'This is one of those indefinable mythic personages who are found in the ancient traditions of many nations, and in whom cosmogonical or astronomical notions are generally figured. Thus it is related of Agastya that the Vindhyan mountains prostrated themselves before him, and yet the same Agastya is believed to be regent of the star Canopus' GORRESIO

He will appear as the friend and helper of Ráma farther on in the poem

And whether pain or joy be deul  
Dare all things for his subjects weal,  
Yea if the deed bring praise or guilt  
If life he saved or blood be spilt  
Such through all time should be the care  
Of those a kingdom's weight who bear  
Slay Rāma slay this impious fiend  
For by no law her life is screened  
So Manthara as hard's have told  
Virochan's child was slain of old  
By Indra when in furious hate  
She longed the earth to devastate  
So Kavya's mother Bhrigu's wife  
Who loved her husband as her life  
When Indra's throne she sought to gain  
By Vishnu's hand of yore was slain  
By these and high souled kings beside  
Struck down have lawless women died

## CANTO XXVIII

*THE DEATH OF TÁDAKÁ*

Thus spoke the saint    Each vigorous word  
 The noble monarch's off-spring heard,  
 And, reverent hands together laid,  
 His answer to the hermit made  
 ' My sire and mother bade me aye  
 Thy word, O mighty Saint, obey  
 So will I, O most glorious, kill  
 This Tádaká who joys in ill,  
 For such my sire's, and such thy will  
 To aid with mine avenging hand  
 The Bráhmans, kine, and all the land,  
 Obedient, heart and soul, I stand '

Thus spoke the tamer of the foe,  
 And by the middle grasped his bow  
 Strongly he drew the sounding string  
 That made the distant welkin ring  
 Scared by the mighty clang the deer  
 That roamed the forest shook with fear  
 And Tádaká the echo heard,  
 And rose in haste from slumber stirred.  
 In wild amaze, her soul aflame  
 With fury toward the spot she came  
 When that foul shape of evil men  
 And stature vast as e'er was seen  
 The wrathful son of Raghu eyed,  
 He thus unto his brother cried .  
 ' Her dreadful shape, O Lakshman, see



The monster's ears and nose  
Assuming by her magic skill  
A fresh and fresh disguise,  
She tried a thousand shapes at will,  
Then vanished from their eyes

When Gádhi's son of high renown  
Still saw the stony rain pour down  
Upon each princely warrior's head,  
With words of wisdom thus he said  
'Enough of mercy, Ráma, lest  
This sinful evil-working pest,  
Disturber of each holy rite,  
Repaid by magic arts her might  
Without delay the fiend should die,  
For, see, the twilight hour is nigh  
And at the joints of night and day  
Such giant foes are hard to slay'  
Then Ráma, skilful to direct

His arrow to the sound,  
With shafts the mighty demon checked

Who rained her stones around  
She sore impeded and beset  
By Ráma and his arrowy net,  
Though skilled in guile and magic lore,  
Rushed on the brothers with a roar  
Deformed, terrific, murderous, dread,  
Swift as the levin on she sped,  
Like cloudy pile in autumn's sky,  
Lifting her two vast arms on high,  
When Ráma smote her with a dart  
Shaped like a crescent to the heart  
Sore wounded by the shaft that came  
With lightning speed and surest aim,  
Blood spouting from her mouth and side,





The monster's ears and nose  
Assuming by her magic skill

A fresh and fresh disguise,  
She tried a thousand shapes at will,

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Rushed on the brothers with a roar  
Deformed, terrific, murderous, dread,  
Swift as the levin on she sped,  
Like cloudy pile in autumn's sky,  
Lifting her two vast arms on high,  
When Ráma smote her with a dart  
Shaped like a crescent to the heart  
Sore wounded by the shaft that came  
With lightning speed and surest aim,  
Blood spouting from her mouth and side,

She fell upon the earth and died  
 Soon as the Lord who rules the sky  
 Saw the dread monster hfele he  
 He called aloud Well done! well done!  
 And the Gods honoured Rāma's son  
 Standing in heaven the Phœnix and  
 With all the Immortals joying cried  
 Lift up thine eyes O Sūta and see  
 The Gods and Indra nigh to thee  
 The deed of Rāma's boundless might  
 Has filled our bosoms with delight  
 Now for our will would I have it so  
 To Rāma's son some favour show  
 Invest him with the power which man, god  
 But penance gain and holy thought  
 Those heavenly arms on him bestow  
 To thee entrusted long ago  
 By great Krishna be it of kings  
 Son of the Lord of living things  
 More fit recipient none can be  
 Than he who joys in following the  
 And for our sakes the monarch's soul  
 Has yet to do a mighty deed.

He spoke and all the heavenly train  
 Rejoicing sought their homes again  
 While honour to the saint they paid  
 Then came the evening's twilight shade  
 The best of hermits overjoyed  
 To know the monstrous fiend destroyed  
 His lips on Rāma's forehead pressed  
 And thus the conquering chief addressed  
 O Rāma gracious to the sight  
 Here will we pass the present night  
 And with the morrow's earliest ray

Bend to my hermitage our way'  
The son of Daśaratha heard,  
Delighted, Viśvámitra's word,  
And as he bade, that night he spent  
In Tádaká's wild wood, content  
And the grove shone that happy day,  
Freed from the curse that on it lay,  
Like Chaitraatha<sup>1</sup> fair and gay

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<sup>1</sup> The famous pleasure garden of Kúvera the God of Wealth.

## CANTO XXIX

## THE CHRISTIAN II VS

That night they slept and toyl then rest,  
 And then the mighty ant addressed  
 With pleasant smile and accents mild  
 These words to Raghu's princely child  
 Well pleased am I High fate be thine  
 Thou scion of a royal line  
 Now will I for I love thee so  
 All heavenly arms on thee bestow  
 Victor with these whoe'er oppose  
 Thy hand shall conquer all thy foes  
 Though Gods and spirits of the air  
 Serpents and fiends the conflict dare  
 I'll give thee as a pledge of love  
 The mystic arms they use above  
 For worthy thou to have receive  
 The weapons I have learnt to wield  
 First son of Raghu shall be thine  
 The arm of Vengeance strong divine  
 The arm of Hate the arm of Right  
 And Vishnu's arm of awful might  
 That before which no foe can stand

The thunderbolt of India's hand,  
And Śiva's trident, sharp and dead,  
And that due weapon Brahmā's Head  
And two fan clubs, O royal child,  
One Chakr and one Pointed styled  
With flame of lambent fire aglow,  
On thee, O Chieftain, I bestow  
And Fate's dead net and Justice' noose  
That none may conquer, for thy use  
And the great cord, renowned of old,  
Which Varun ever loves to hold.  
Take these two thunderbolts, which I  
Have got for thee, the Moist and Dry  
Here Śiva's dart to thee I yield,  
And that which Vishnu wont to wield.  
I give to thee the aim of Fine,  
Desired by all and named the Spire  
To thee I grant the Wind-God's dart,  
Named Crusher, O thou pure of heart  
This aim, the Horse's Head, accept,  
And this, the Curlew's Bill yeapt,  
And these two spears, the best e'er flew,  
Named the Invincible and True  
And aims of fiends I make thine own,  
Skull-wreath and mace that smashes bone  
And Joyous, which the spirits bear,  
Great weapon of the sons of all  
Brave offspring of the best of lords,  
I give thee now the Gem of swords,  
And offer next, thine hand to aim,  
The heavenly bards' beloved chain  
Now with two arms I thee invest  
Of never-ending Sleep and Rest,  
With weapons of the Sun and Rain,

And those that dry and burn amain  
And strong Desire with conquering touch  
The dart that káma prizes much.  
I give the arm of shadowy powers  
That bleeding flesh of men devours  
I give the arms the God of Gold  
And giant fiends exult to hold  
This smites the foe in battle strife  
And takes his fortune strength and life  
I give the arms called False and True  
And great Illusion give I too  
The hero's arm called Strong and Bright  
That spoils the foeman's strength in fight  
I give thee as a priceless boon  
The Dew the weapon of the Moon  
And add the weapon deftly planned  
That strengthens Víśvakarm's land  
The Mortal dart whose point is chill  
And Slaughter ever sure to kill  
All these and other arms for thou  
Art very dear I give thee now  
Receive these weapons from my hand,  
Son of the noblest in the land

Facing the east the glorious saint  
Pure from all spot of earthly taint  
To Rama with delighted mind  
That noble host of spells consigned  
He taught the arms whose lore is won  
Hardly by Gods to Raghu's son  
He muttered low the spell whose call  
Summons those arms and rules them all  
And each in visible form and frame  
Before the monarch's son they came  
They stood and spoke in reverent guise

To Ráma with exulting cries

‘O noblest child of Raghu, see,

Thy ministers and thralls are we’

With joyful heart and eager hand

Ráma received the wondrous band,

And thus with words of welcome cried .

‘Aye present to my will abide’

Then hasted to the saint to pay

Due reverence, and pursued his way

## CANTO XXX

THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS<sup>1</sup>

Pure with glad cheer and joyful breast  
 Of those mysterious arms possessed  
 Rama now passing on his way  
 Thus to the saint began to say  
 Lord of these mighty weapons I  
 Can scarce be harmed by Gods on high  
 Now best of saints I long to gain  
 The powers that can these arms restrain  
 Thus spoke the prince The sage austere  
 True to his vows from evil clear  
 Called forth the names of those great charms  
 Whose powers restrain the deadly arms  
 Receive thou True and Truly famed  
 And Bold and Fleet the weapons named  
 Warder and Progress swift of pace  
 Averted head and Drooping face  
 The Seen and that which Secret flies  
 The weapon of the thousand eyes  
 Ten headed and the Hundred faced  
 Star gazer and the Layer waste

<sup>1</sup> In Sanskrit *Śāhara* a word which has various significations but the primary meaning of which is *the act of seizing*. A magical power must be implied of employing the weapons when and where required. The remark I have made on the preceding Canto applies with still greater force to this. The MSS greatly vary in the enumeration of these *Śāhāras* and it is not surprising that copyists have incorrectly written the names which they did not well understand. The commentators throw no light upon the subject. SCHLEGEL. I have taken the liberty of omitting four of the six which Schlegel translates *Scleromphalum* *Luomphalum* *Centivntrem* and *Chrysomphalum*.



The Omen-bird the Pure-from-spot,  
 The pair that wake and slumber not -  
 The Fiendish that which slakes amain,  
 The Strong-of-Hand, the Rich-in-Gain :  
 The Guardian, and the Close-ailed  
 The Gaper Love and Golden-side :  
 O Raghu's son receive all these  
 Bright ones that wear what forms they please :  
 Kṛśāśva's mystic sons are they,  
 And worthy thou their might to say.  
 With joy the pride of Raghu's race  
 Received the Hermit's proffered grace,  
 Mysterious arms to check and stay,  
 Or smite the foeman in the fray  
 Then, all with heavenly forms endued,  
 Nigh came the wondrous multitude  
 Celestial in their bright attire  
 Some shone like coals of burning fire :  
 Some were like clouds of dusky smoke :  
 And suppliant thus they sweetly spoke :  
 'Thy thralls, O Rāma here we stand :  
 Command, we pray, thy faithful band.  
 'Depart' he cried, where each way list,  
 But when I call you to assist,  
 Be present to my mind with speed,  
 And aid me in the hour of need.'

To Rāma then they lowly bent  
 And round him in due reverence went,  
 To his command they answered, 'Yea,  
 And as they came so went away.  
 When thus the air's had homeward flown,  
 With pleasant words and modest tone  
 Even as he walked, the prince began  
 To question thus the holy man :

What cloudlike wood is that which near<sup>\*</sup>  
The mountain's side I see appear?  
O tell me for I long to know  
Its pleasant aspect charms me so  
Its glades are full of deer at play  
And sweet birds sing on every spray  
Past is the hideous wild I feel  
So sweet a tremor o'er me steal  
And hail with transport fresh and new  
A land that is so fair to view  
Then tell me all thou holy Sage  
And whose this pleasant hermitage  
In which those wicked ones delight  
To mar and kill each holy rite  
And with foul heart and evil deed  
Thy sacrifice great Saint impede  
To whom O Sage belongs this land  
In which thine altars ready stand?  
Tis mine to guard them and to slay  
The giants who the rites would stay  
All this O best of saints I burn  
From thine own lips my lord to learn

## CANTO XXXI.

*THE PERFECT HERMITAGE*

Thus spoke the prince of boundless might,  
 And thus replied the anchorite  
 ' Chief of the mighty arm, of yore  
 Lord Vishnu whom the Gods adore,  
 For holy thought and rites austere  
 Of penance made his dwelling here  
 This ancient wood was called of old  
 Grove of the Dwarf, the mighty-souled,  
 And when perfection he attained  
 The grove the name of Perfect gained  
 Bali of yore, Virochan's son,  
 Dominion over India won,  
 And when with power his proud heart swelled,  
 O'er the three worlds his empire held  
 When Bali then began a rite,  
 The Gods and India in affright  
 Sought Vishnu in this place of rest,  
 And thus with prayers the God addressed  
 ' Bali, Virochan's mighty son,  
 His sacrifice has now begun  
 Of boundless wealth, that demon king  
 Is bounteous to each living thing  
 Though supphants flock from every side  
 The suit of none is e'er denied  
 Whate'er, where'er, how'er the call,  
 He hears the suit and gives to all  
 Now with thine own illusive art  
 Perform, O Lord, the helper's part

Assume a dwarfish form and thus  
From fear and danger rescue us <sup>1</sup>

Thus in their dread the Immortals sued  
The God a dwarflike shape indued  
Before Virochan's son he came  
Three steps of land his only claim  
The boon obtained in wondrous wise  
Lord Vishnu's form increased in size  
Through all the worlds tremendous vast  
God of the Triple Step he passed<sup>2</sup>  
The whole broad earth from side to side  
He measured with one mighty stride  
Spanned with the next the firmament  
And with the third through heaven he went  
Thus was the king of demons hurled  
By Vishnu to the nether world  
And thus the universe restored  
To Indra's rule its ancient lord  
And now because the immortal God  
This spot in dwarflike semblance trod  
The grove has aye been loved by me  
For reverence of the devotee  
But demons haunt it prompt to stay  
Each holy offering I would pay  
Be thine O lion lord to kill  
These giants that delight in ill  
This day beloved child our feet  
Shall rest within the calm retreat

<sup>1</sup> I omit after this line eight *shloka*s which as Schlegel allws are quite out of place

<sup>2</sup> This is the fifth of the *avatars* descents or incarnations of Vishnu

<sup>3</sup> This is a far all gory Vishnu: the sun the three steps being his rising culmination and setting

And know, thou chief of Raghu's line,  
My hermitage is also thine'

He spoke, and soon the anchorite,  
With joyous looks that beamed delight,  
With Rāma and his brother stood  
Within the consecrated wood  
Soon as they saw the holy man,  
With one accord together ran  
The dwellers in the sacred shade,  
And to the saint then reverence paid,  
And offered water for his feet,  
The gift of honour and a seat,  
And next with hospitable care  
They entertained the princely pair  
The royal tamers of their foes  
Rested awhile in sweet repose  
Then to the chief of hermits sued  
Standing in suppliant attitude.  
'Begin, O best of saints, we pray,  
Initiatory rites to-day  
This Perfect Grove shall be anew  
Made perfect, and thy words be true'

Then, thus addressed, the holy man,  
The very glorious sage, began  
The high preliminary rite,  
Restraining sense and appetite  
Calmly the youths that night reposed,  
And rose when morn her light disclosed,  
Their morning worship paid, and took  
Of lustial water from the brook  
Thus purified they breathed the prayer,  
Then greeted Viśvāmitra where  
As celebrant he sate beside  
The flame with sacred oil supplied

## CANTO XXVII

*VISHNUPA S SACRIFIC*

That conquering pair of royal race  
 Skilled to observe due time and place  
 To Kúsh's hermit son addressed  
 In timely words their meet request  
 When must we lord we pray thee tell  
 Those Rovers of the Night repel?  
 Speak lest we let the moment fly  
 And pass the due occasion by  
 Thus longing for the strife they prayed  
 And thus the hermits answer made  
 Till the fifth day be come and past  
 O Raghu's sons your watch must last  
 The saint his Dikshá' has begun  
 And all that time will speak to none  
 Soon as the steadfast devotees  
 Had made reply in words like these  
 The youths began disdaining sleep  
 Six days and nights their watch to keep  
 The warrior pair who tamed the foe  
 Unrivalled benders of the bow  
 Kept watch and ward unwearied still  
 To guard the saint from scatho and ill  
 'Twas now the sixth returning day  
 The hour foretold had past away  
 Then Ráma cried O Lakshman now  
 Firm watchful resolute be thou  
 The fiends as yet have kept afar

From the pure grove in which we are,  
Yet waits us, ere the day shall close,  
Due battle with the demon foes'

While thus spoke Ráma borne away  
By longing for the deadly fray,  
See! bursting from the altar came  
The sudden glory of the flame  
Round priest and deacon, and upon  
Cass, ladles, flowers, the splendour shone,

And the high rite, in order due,  
With sacred texts began anew  
But then a loud and fearful roar  
Re-echoed through the sky,  
And like vast clouds that shadow o'er

The heavens in dark July,  
Involved in gloom of magic might

Two fiends rushed on amain,  
Márícha, Rover of the Night,  
Suváhu, and then tram

As on they came in wild career  
Thick blood in rain they shed,  
And Ráma saw those things of fear  
Impending overhead

Then soon as those accused two  
Who showered down blood he spied,  
Thus to his brother brave and true  
Spoke Ráma lotus-eyed

'Now, Lakshman, thou these fiends shalt see,  
Man-eaters, foul of mind,  
Before my mortal weapon flee  
Like clouds before the wind'

He spoke An arrow, swift as thought,  
Upon his bow he pressed,  
And smote, to utmost fury wrought,

Muricha on the breast  
Deep in his flesh the weapon lay  
    Winged by the mystic spell  
And hurled a hundred leagues away  
    In ocean's flood he fell  
Then Rama when he saw the foe  
    Convulsed and mad with pain  
Nerth the chill pointed weapon's blow  
    To Lakshman spoke again  
See Lakshman see ! this mortal dart  
    *That strikes a numbing chill*  
Hath struck him senseless with the smart  
    But left him breathing still  
But these who love the evil way  
    And drink the blood they spill  
Rejoicing holy rites to stay  
    Fierce plagues my hand shall kill  
He seized another shaft the best  
    Aglow with living flame  
It struck Suvalu on the chest  
    And dead to earth he came  
Again a dart the Wind God's own  
    Upon his string he had  
And all the demons were overthrown  
    The saints no more afraid  
When thus the fiends were slain in fight  
Disturbers of each holy rite  
Due honour by the saints was paid  
To Ráma for his wondrous aid  
So Indra is adored when he  
Has won some glorious victory  
Success at last the rite had crowned  
And Viśvamitra gazed around  
And seeing every side at rest



The son of Raghu thus addressed

‘ My joy, O Prince, is now complete

Thou hast obeyed my will

Perfect before, this calm retreat

Is now more perfect still ’

## CANTO XXVIII

*THE SONG*

Their task achieved the princes spent  
 That night with joy and full content  
 Ere yet the dawn was well displayed  
 Their morning rites they duly paid  
 And sought while yet the light was faint  
 The hermits and the mighty saint  
 They greeted first that holy sire  
 Resplendent like the burning fire  
 And then with noble words began  
 Their sweet speech to the sainted man

Here stand O lord thy servants true  
 Command what thou wouldst have us do

The saints by Viśvámitra led  
 To Rama thus in answer said

Janak the king who rules the land  
 Of fertile Mithila has planned

A noble sacrifice and we

Will thither go the rite to see

Thou Prince of men with us shalt go

And there behold the wondrous bow

Terrific vast of matchless might

Which splendid at the famous rite

The Gods assembled gave the king

No giant fiend or God can string

That gem of bows no heavenly bard ,

Then sure for man the task were hard

When lords of earth have longed to know

The virtue of that wondrous bow

The strongest sons of kings in vain  
Have tried the mighty cord to strain  
This famous bow thou there shalt view,  
And wondrous rites shalt witness too  
The high-souled king who lends it o'er  
The realm of Mithilā of yore  
Gained from the Gods this bow, the price  
Of his imperial sacrifice  
Won by the rite the glorious prize  
Still in the royal palace lies,  
Laid up in oil of precious scent  
With aloe-wood and incense blent'

Then Rāma answering, Be it so,  
Made ready with the rest to go  
The saint himself was now prepared,  
But ere beyond the grove he fared,  
He turned him and in words like these  
Addressed the sylvan deities  
'Farewell' each holy rite complete,  
I leave the hermits' perfect seat  
To Gangā's northern shore I go  
Beneath Himālaya's peaks of snow'  
With reverent steps he paced around  
The limits of the holy ground,  
And then the mighty saint set forth  
And took his journey to the north  
His pupils, deep in Scripture's page,  
Followed behind the holy sage,  
And servants from the sacred grove  
A hundred wains for convoy drove  
The very birds that winged that air,  
The very deer that harboured there,  
Forsook the glade and leafy brake  
And followed for the hermit's sake

They travelled far till in the west  
 The sun was speeding to his rest  
 And made their portioned journey o'er  
 Their halt on Sonas' distant shore  
 The hermits bathed when sank the sun  
 And every rite was duly done  
 Oblations paid to Fire and then  
 Sate round their chief the holy men  
 Rāma and Lakshman lowly bowed  
 In reverence to the hermit crowd  
 And Rāma having sate him down  
 Before the saint of pure renown  
 With humble palms together laid  
 His eager supplication made

What country O my lord is this  
 Fair smiling in her wealth and bliss?  
 Deign fully O thou mighty Seer  
 To tell me for I long to hear  
 Moved by the prayer of Rāma he  
 Told forth the country's history

<sup>1</sup> A river which rises in Bādeland and falls into the Ganges near Patna. It is called also *Hira yataku* Golden armed and *Hira yavāha* Auriferous

## CANTO XXXIV.

*BRAHMA DATTA*

'A king of Brahmá's seed who bore  
 The name of Kuśa reigned of yore  
 Just, faithful to his vows, and true,  
 He held the good in honour due  
 His bride, a queen of noble name,  
 Of old Vīdarbha's<sup>1</sup> monarchs came  
 Like their own father, children four,  
 All valiant boys, the lady bore  
 In glorious deeds each nerve they strained,  
 And well their Warrior part sustained  
 To them most just, and true, and brave,  
 Their father thus his counsel gave  
 'Beloved children, ne'er forget  
 Protection is a prince's debt.  
 The noble work at once begin,  
 High virtue and her fruits to win'  
 The youths, to all the people dear,  
 Received his speech with willing ear,  
 And each went forth his several way,  
 Foundations of a town to lay  
 Kuśāmba, prince of high renown,  
 Was builder of Kauśāmbi's town,  
 And Kuśānābha, just and wise,  
 Bade high Mahodaya's towers arise  
 Amúrtañajas chose to dwell  
 In Dharmāranya's citadel,  
 And Vasu bade his city fair

<sup>1</sup> The modern Berar

The name of Girivraja bear<sup>1</sup>  
 This fertile spot whereon we stand  
 Was once the high souled Vasu's land  
 Behold! as round we turn our eyes  
 Five lofty mountain peaks arise  
 See! bursting from her parent hill  
 Sumagadhi a lovely rill  
 Bright gleaming as she flows between  
 The mountains like a wreath is seen  
 And then through Magadhi's plains and groves  
 With many a fair meander roves  
 And this was Vasu's old domain  
 The fertile Magadhi's broad campaign  
 Which smiling fields of tilth adorn  
 And diadem with golden corn

The queen Ghritachi nymph most fair  
 Married to Kuśanabha bare  
 A hundred daughters lovely faced  
 With every charm and beauty graced  
 It chanced the maidens bright and gay  
 As lightning flashes on a day  
 Of ruin time to the garden went  
 With song and play and merriment  
 And there in gay attire they strayed  
 And danced and laughed and sang and played  
 The God of Wind who roves at will  
 All places as he lists to fill

<sup>1</sup> According to the Benāli recension the first (Kusāmba) is called Kuśava in this city Kausa. This name does not occur elsewhere. The reading of the northern recension is confirmed by F & Ko & K<sub>1</sub> p. 385 where the city *Kaśa angma* is mentioned. It lay 500 li to the south west of *Prajāga* on the south bank of the *Jumna*. *Mahodja* is another name of *Ṛnyākubj*. *Dharmānya* the wood to which the God of Justice is said to have fled through fear of Som the Moon God was in Magadhi. Girivraja was in the same neighbourhood. See Lassen's I A Vol I p. 604.

Saw the young maidens dancing there,  
Of faultless shape and mien most fair  
'I love you all, sweet guls,' he cried,  
'And each shall be my darling bride.  
Forsake, forsake your mortal lot,  
And gain a life that withers not  
A fickle thing is youth's brief span,  
And more than all in mortal man  
Receive unending youth, and be  
Immortal, O my loves, with me'

The hundred guls, to wonder stirred,  
The wooing of the Wind-God heard,  
Laughed, as a jest, his suit aside,  
And with one voice they thus replied  
'O mighty Wind, free spirit who  
All life pervadest, through and through,  
Thy wondrous power we maidens know,  
Then wherefore wilt thou mock us so?  
Our sire is Kuśanábha, King,  
And we, forsooth, have charms to bring  
A God to woo us from the skies,  
But honour first we maidens prize  
Far may the hour, we pray, be hence,  
When we, O thou of little sense,  
Our truthful father's choice refuse,  
And for ourselves our husbands choose  
Our honoured sire our lord we deem,  
He is to us a God supreme,  
And they to whom his high decree  
May give us shall our husbands be'

He heard the answer they returned,  
And mighty rage within him burned  
On each fair maid a blast he sent  
Each stately form he bowed and bent

Bent double by the Wind God's ire  
They sought the palace of their sire  
There fell upon the ground with sighs  
While tears and shame were in their eyes  
The king himself with troubled brow  
Saw his dear girls so far but now  
A mournful sight all bent and bowed  
And grieving thus he cried aloud

What fate is this and what the cause?  
What wretch has scorned all heavenly laws?  
Who thus your forms could curve and break?  
You struggle but no answer make

They heard the speech of that wise king  
Of their misfortune questioning  
Again the hundred maidens sighed  
Touched with their heads his feet and cried

The God of Wind pervading space  
Would bring on us a foul disgrace  
And choosing folly's evil way  
From virtue's path in scorn would stray  
But we in words like these reproved  
The God of Wind whom passion moved

Farewell O Lord! A sire have we  
No women uncontrolled and free  
Go and our sire's consent obtain  
If thou our maiden hands wouldst gain  
No self dependent life we live  
If we offend our fault forgive

But led by folly as a slave  
He would not hear the rede we gave  
And even as we gently spoke  
We felt the Wind God's crushing stroke

The pious king with grief distressed  
The noble hundred thus addressed



' With patience, daughters, bear your fate,  
 Yours was a deed supremely great  
 When with one mind you kept from shame  
 The honour of your father's name  
 Patience, when men their anger vent,  
 Is woman's praise and ornament,  
 Yet when the Gods inflict the blow  
 Hard is it to support the woe  
 Patience, my girls, exceeds all price.  
 'Tis alms, and truth, and sacrifice  
 Patience is virtue, patience fame  
 Patience upholds this earthly frame.  
 And now, I think, is come the time  
 To wed you in your maiden prime  
 Now, daughters, go where'er you will  
 Thoughts for your good my mind shall fill '

The maidens went, consoled, away  
 The best of kings, that very day,  
 Summoned his ministers of state  
 About their marriage to debate  
 Since then, because the Wind-God bent  
 The damsels' forms for punishment,  
 That royal town is known to fame  
 By Kanyákubja's<sup>1</sup> borrowed name

There lived a sage called Chúl then,  
 Devoutest of the sons of men,  
 His days in penance rites he spent,  
 A glorious saint, most continent  
 To him absorbed in tasks austere  
 The child of Uṃilá drew near,  
 Sweet Somadá, the heavenly maid,  
 And lent the saint her pious aid

<sup>1</sup> That is, the City of the Bent Virgins, the modern Kanauj or Canouge

Long time near him the maiden spent  
 And served him meek and reverent  
 Till the great hermit pleased with her  
 Thus spoke unto his minister  
 Grateful am I for all thy care  
 Blest maiden speak thy wish declare  
 The sweet voiced nymph rejoiced to see  
 The favour of the devotee  
 And to that eloquent old man  
 Most eloquent she thus began  
 Thou hast by heavenly grace sustained  
 Close union with the Godhead gained  
 I long O Saint to see a son  
 By force of holy penance won  
 Unwed a maiden life I live  
 A son to me thy suppliant give  
 The saint with favour heard her prayer  
 And gave a son exceeding fair  
 Him Chuli's spiritual child  
 His mother Brahmadatta<sup>1</sup> styled  
 King Brahmadatta rich and great  
 In Kámpili maintained his state  
 Ruling like Indra in his bliss  
 His fortunate metropolis  
 King Kusinabhi planned that he  
 His hundred daughters lord should be  
 To him obedient to his call  
 The happy monarch gave them all  
 Like Indra then he took the hand  
 Of every maiden of the band  
 Soon as the hand of each young maid  
 In Brahmadatta's palm was laid  
 Deformity and cares away

<sup>1</sup> Laterally Given by *Brahma* or devout contemplation

She shone in beauty bright and gay  
Their freedom from the Wind-God's might  
Saw Kuśanábha with delight  
Each glance that on their forms he threw  
Filled him with raptures ever new  
Then when the rites were all complete,  
With highest marks of honour meet  
The bridegroom with his brides he sent  
To his great seat of government

The nymph received with pleasant speech  
Her daughters, and, embracing each,  
Upon their forms she fondly gazed,  
And royal Kuśanábha praised

.

## CANTO XXXV

## VISHAMITPA'S LINEAGE

—

The rites were o'er the maids were wed  
 The bridegroom to his home was sped  
 The sonless monarch had prepared  
 A sacrifice to gain an heir

Then Kuśa Brahma's son appeared  
 And thus King Kuśanabha cheered

Thou shalt my child obtain a son  
 Like thine own self O holy one  
 Through him for ever Gādhi named  
 Shalt thou in all the worlds be famed

He spoke and vanished from the sight  
 To Brahma's world of endless light

Time fled and as the saint foretold  
 Gādhi was born the holy souled

My sire was he through him I trace  
 My line from royal Kusa's race

My sister—elder born was she—  
 The pure and good Satyawati

Was to the great Richika wed  
 Still faithful to her husband dead

She followed him most noble dame  
 And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

And raised to heaven in human frame

<sup>1</sup> Now called Kosai (Cosy) corrupted from Kauśiki daughter of Kusa.

This is one of those personifications of rivers so frequent in the Grecian mythology but in the similar myths is seen the impress of the genius of each people austere and profoundly religious in India graceful and devoted to the worship of external beauty in Greece GORRESIO

A pure celestial stream became  
Down from Himálaya's snowy height,  
In floods for ever fair and bright,  
My sister's holy waves are hued  
To purify and glad the world  
Now on Himálaya's side I dwell  
Because I love my sister well  
She, for her faith and truth renowned,  
Most loving to her husband found,  
High-fated, firm in each pure vow,  
Is queen of all the rivers now  
Bound by a vow I left her side  
And to the Perfect convent bled  
There, by the aid 'twas thine to lend,  
Made perfect, all my labours end  
Thus, mighty Prince, I now have told  
My race and lineage, high and old,  
And local tales of long ago  
Which thou, O Ráma, fain wouldst know  
As I have sate rehearsing thus  
The midnight hour is come on us  
Now, Ráma, sleep, that nothing may  
Our journey of to-morrow stay  
No leaf on any tree is stirred  
Hushed in repose are beast and bud  
Where'er you turn, on every side,  
Dense shades of night the landscape hide  
The light of eve is fled the skies,  
Thick-studded with their host of eyes,  
Seem a star-forest overhead,  
Where signs and constellations spread.  
Now rises, with his pure cold ray,  
The moon that drives the shades away,  
And with his gentle influence brings

Joy to the hearts of living things  
Now stealing from their lairs appear  
The beasts to whom the night is dear  
Now spirits walk and every power  
That revels in the midnight hour

The mighty hermit's tale was o'er  
He closed his lips and spoke no more  
The holy men on every side  
Well done! well done with reverence cried  
The mighty men of Kuś's seed  
Were ever famed for righteous deed  
Like Brahmā's self in glory shine  
The high-souled lords of Kuśa's line  
And thy great name is sounded most  
O Saint amid the noble host  
And thy dear sister—fairest she  
Of streams the high-born Kauśikī—  
Diffusing virtue where she flows  
New splendour on thy lineage throws  
Thus by the chief of saints addressed  
The son of Gādhī turned to rest  
So when his daily course is done  
Sinks to his rest the beaming sun  
Rāma with Lakshman somewhat stirred  
To marvel by the tales they heard  
Turned also to his couch to close  
His eyelids in desired repose

## CANTO XXXVI.

*THE BIRTH OF GANGÁ.*

The hours of night now waning fast  
 On Śóna's pleasant shore they passed  
 Then, when the dawn began to break,  
 To Ráma thus the hermit spake  
 'The light of dawn is breaking clear,  
 The hour of morning rites is near  
 Rise, Ráma, rise, dear son, I pray,  
 And make thee ready for the way'

Then Ráma rose, and finished all  
 His duties at the hermit's call,  
 Prepared with joy the road to take,  
 And thus again in question spake  
 'Here fair and deep the Śóna flows,  
 And many an isle its bosom shows  
 What way, O Saint, will lead us o'er  
 And land us on the farther shore?  
 The saint replied 'The way I choose  
 Is that which pious hermits use'

For many a league they journeyed on  
 Till, when the sun of mid-day shone,  
 The hermit-haunted flood was seen  
 Of Jáhnaví,<sup>1</sup> the Rivers' Queen  
 Soon as the holy stream they viewed,  
 Thronged with a white-winged multitude  
 Of sárases<sup>2</sup> and swans,<sup>3</sup> delight

<sup>1</sup> One of the names of the Ganges considered as the daughter of Jahnu See Canto XLIV

<sup>2</sup> The Indian Crane

<sup>3</sup> Or, rather, geese

Possessed them at the lovely sight  
 And then prepared the hermit band  
 To halt upon that holy strand  
 They bathed as Scripture bids and paid  
 Oblations due to God and shade  
 To Fire they burnt the offerings meet  
 And sipped the oil like Amrit sweet  
 Then pure and pleased they sate around  
 Saint Viśvámitra on the ground  
 The holy men of lesser note  
 In due degree sate more remote  
 While Rāghu's sons took nearer place  
 By virtue of their rank and race  
 Then Rama said O Saint I yearn  
 The three pathed Gāngā's tale to learn

Thus urged the sage recounted both  
 The birth of Gāngā and her growth  
 The mighty hill with metals stored  
 Himālaya is the mountains lord  
 The father of a lovely pair  
 Of daughters fairest of the fair  
 Their mother offspring of the will  
 Of Meru everlasting hill  
 Menā Himālaya's darling graced  
 With beauty of her dainty waist  
 Gāngā was elder born then came  
 The fair one known by Umā's name  
 Then all the Gods of heaven in need  
 Of Gāngā's help their vows to speed  
 To great Himālaya came and prayed  
 The Mountain King to yield the maid  
 He not regardless of the weal  
 Of the three worlds with holy zeal  
 His daughter to the Immortals gave



Gangá whose waters cleanse and save,  
Who roams at pleasure, fair and free,  
Purging all sinners, to the sea  
The three-pathed Gangá thus obtained,  
The Gods then heavenly homes regained  
Long time the sister Umá passed  
In vows austere and rigid fast,  
And the king gave the devotee  
Immortal Rudra's<sup>1</sup> bride to be  
Matching with that unequalled Lord  
His Umá through the worlds adored  
So now a glorious station fills  
Each daughter of the King of Hills  
One honoured as the noblest stream,  
One mid the Goddesses supreme  
Thus Gangá, King Himálaya's child,  
The heavenly river, undefiled,  
Rose bearing with her to the sky  
Her waves that bless and purify'

<sup>1</sup> A name of the God Śiva

I am compelled to omit Cantos XXXVII and XXXVIII, THE GLORY OF UMÁ, and THE BIRTH OF KÁRTIKEYA, as both in subject and language offensive to modern taste. They will be found in the Appendix in Schlegel's Latin translation

## CANTO XXXIX

*THE SONS OF SAGAR*

The saint in accents sweet and clear  
 Thus told his tale for Rāma's ear  
 And thus anew the holy man  
 A legend to the prince began  
 There reigned a pious monarch o'er  
 Ayodhyā in the days of yore  
 Sagar his name no child had he  
 And children much he longed to see  
 His honoured consort fair of face  
 Spring from Vidarbha's royal race  
 Keśini famed from early youth  
 For piety and love of truth  
 Arishtanemi's daughter fair  
 With whom no maiden might compare  
 In beauty though the earth is wide  
 Sumati was his second bride.  
 With his two queens afar he went  
 And weary days in penance spent  
 E'er vent upon Himālaya's hill  
 Where springs the stream called Bhṛagu's rill  
 Nor did he fail that saint to please  
 With his devout austerities  
 And when a hundred years had fled  
 Thus the most truthful Bhṛagu said  
 From thee O Sagar blameless king  
 A mighty host of sons shall spring  
 And thou shalt win a glorious name

Which none, O Chief, but thou shall claim.  
One of thy queens a son shall bear  
Maintainer of thy race and hen ,  
And of the other there shall be  
Sons sixty thousand born to thee'

Thus as he spake, with one accord,  
To win the grace of that high lord,  
The queens, with palms together laid,  
In humble supplication prayed  
' Which queen, O Bráhmaṇ, of the pair,  
The many, or the one shall bear ?  
Most eager, Lord, are we to know,  
And as thou sayest be it so '  
With his sweet speech the saint replied  
' Yourselves, O Queens, the choice decide  
Your own discretion freely use  
Which shall the one or many choose  
One shall the race and name uphold,  
The host be famous, strong, and bold  
Which will have which ?' Then Keśiní  
The mother of one hen would be  
Sumatí, sister of the king'<sup>1</sup>  
Of all the birds that ply the wing,  
To that illustrious Bráhmaṇ sued  
That she might bear the multitude  
Whose fame throughout the world should sound  
For mighty enterprise renowned  
Around the saint the monarch went,  
Bowing his head, most reverent  
Then with his wives, with willing feet,  
Resought his own imperial seat  
Time passed The elder consort bare

<sup>1</sup> Garuda

A son called Asamanj the heir  
 Then Sumati the younger gave  
 Birth to a gourd \* O hero brave  
 Whose rind when burst and cleft in two  
 Gave sixty thousand babe to view  
 All these with care the nurses laid  
 In jars of oil and there they stayed  
 Till youthful age and strength complete  
 Forth speeding from each dark retreat  
 All peers in valour years and might  
 The sixty thousand came to light  
 Prince Asamanj brought up with care  
 Scourge of his foes was made the heir  
 But liegemen's boys he used to cast  
 To Sarjus waves that hurried past  
 Laughing the while in cruel glee  
 Their dying agonies to see  
 This wicked prince who aye withstood  
 The counsel of the wise and good  
 Who plagued the people in his hate  
 His father banished from the state  
 His son kind spoken brave and tall  
 Was An'uman beloved of all

Long years flew by The king decreed  
 To slay a sacrificial steed  
 Consulting with his priestly band  
 He vowed the rite his soul had planned  
 And Veda skilled by their advice  
 Made ready for the sacrifice

\* Ikshaku the name of a king of Ay-dhya who is regarded as the  
 founder of the Sol race means also a gourd Hence perhaps the  
 myth

## CANTO XL.

## THE CLEAVING OF THE EARTH

The hermit ceased the tale was done  
 Then in a transport Raghu's son  
 Again addressed the ancient sire  
 Resplendent as a burning fire  
 'O holy man, I fain would hear  
 The tale repeated full and clear  
 How he from whom my sires descend  
 Brought the great rite to happy end'  
 The hermit answered with a smile  
 'Then listen, son of Raghu, while  
 My legendary tale proceeds  
 To tell of high-souled Sagar's deeds  
 Within the spacious plain that lies  
 From where Himálaya's heights arise  
 To where proud Vindhya's rival chain  
 Looks down upon the subject plain—  
 A land the best for rites declared'<sup>1</sup>  
 His sacrifice the king prepared  
 And Anśumán the prince—for so  
 Sagar advised with ready bow

<sup>1</sup> 'The region here spoken of is called in the Laws of Manu *Madhyadeśa* or the middle region 'The region situated between the Himalaya and the Vindhya Mountains is called *Madhyadeśa*, or the middle region, the space comprised between these two mountains from the eastern to the western sea is called by sages *Āryāvartta*, the seat of honourable men' (MANU, II, 21, 22) The Sanskrit Indians called themselves *Āryans*, which means *honourable*, *noble*, to distinguish themselves from the surrounding nations of different origin' GORRESIO

Was borne upon a mighty car  
To watch the steed who roamed afar  
But Indra, monarch of the skies  
Veiling his form in demon guise  
Came down upon the appointed day  
And drove the victim horse away  
Left of the steed the priests distressed  
The master of the rite addressed  
Upon the sacred day by force  
A robber takes the victim horse  
Haste King now let the thief be slain  
Bring thou the charger back again  
The sacred rite prevented thus  
Bring peace and woe to all of us  
Rise Monarch and provide with speed  
That naught its happy course impede

King Sagar in his crowded court  
Gave ear unto the priests' report  
He summoned straightway to his side  
His sixty thousand sons and cried  
Brave sons of mine I knew not how  
The demons are so mighty now  
The priests began the rite so well  
All sanctified with prayer and spell  
If in the depths of earth he hide  
Or lurk beneath the ocean's tide  
Pursue dear sons the robber's track  
Slay him and bring the charger back  
The whole of this broad earth explore  
Sea garlanded from shore to shore  
Yea dig her up with might and main  
Until you see the horse again  
Deep let your searching labour reach  
A league in depth dug out by each

The robber of our horse pursue,  
And please you sire who orders you  
My grandson, I, this priestly train,  
Till the steed comes, will here remain'

Then eager hearts with transport burned  
As to their task the heroes turned  
Obedient to their father, they  
Through earth's recesses forced their way,  
With iron arms' unflinching toil  
Each dug a league beneath the soil  
Earth, cleft asunder, groaned in pain,  
As emulous they plied an arm  
Sharp-pointed coulters, pick, and bar,  
Hard as the bolts of India are  
Then loud the hoarse clamour rose  
Of monsters dying neath their blows,  
Giant and demon, fiend and snake,  
That in earth's core their dwelling make  
They dug, in one that naught could stay,  
Through sixty thousand leagues their way,  
Cleaving the earth with matchless strength  
Till hell itself they reached at length  
Thus digging searched they Jambudvīp<sup>1</sup>  
With all its hills and mountains steep  
Then a great fear began to shake  
The heart of God, bard, fiend, and snake,  
And all distressed in spirit went  
Before the Sue Omnipotent  
With signs of woe in every face  
They sought the mighty Father's grace,  
And trembling still and ill at ease

<sup>1</sup> Said to be so called from the Jambu, or Rose Apple, abounding in it, and signifying according to the Puranas the central division of the world, the known world

Addressed their Lord in words like these  
‘ The sons of Sagar Sire benign  
Pierce the whole earth with mine on mine  
And as their ruthless work they ply  
Innumerable creatures die  
This is the thief the princes say  
Who stole our victim steed away  
This marred the rite and cau ed us ill  
And so their guiltless blood they spill



## CANTO XLI.

## KAPIL.

The Father lent a gracious ear  
 And listened to their tale of fear,  
 And kindly to the Gods replied  
 Whom woe and death had terrified  
 'The wisest Vāsudeva,<sup>1</sup> who  
 The Immortals' foe, fierce Madhu, slew,  
 Regards broad Earth with love and pride,  
 And guards, in Kapil's form, his bride<sup>2</sup>  
 His kindled wrath will quickly fall  
 On the king's sons and burn them all  
 This cleaving of the earth his eye  
 Foresaw in ages long gone by  
 He knew with prescient soul the fate  
 That Sagar's children should await'

The Three and-thirty,<sup>3</sup> freed from fear,  
 Sought then bright homes with hopeful cheer

<sup>1</sup> Here used as a name of Vishnu

<sup>2</sup> Kings are called the husbands of their kingdoms or of the earth;  
 'She and his kingdom were his only brides' *Raghuransa*

'Doubly divorced' Bad men, you violate  
 A double marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,  
 And then between me and my married wife'

King Richard II Act V Sc I

<sup>3</sup> The thirty three Gods are said in the *Āitareya Brāhmaṇa*, Book I ch II 10 to be the eight Vasus, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Ādityas, Prajapati, either Bṛhma or Dakṣha, and Viśvatharṃ or deified oblation. This must have been the actual number at the beginning of the Vedic religion gradually increased by successive mythical and religious creations till the Indian Pantheon was crowded with abstractions of every kind. Through the reverence with which the words of the Veda were regarded, the immense host of multiplied divinities, in later times, still bore the name of the Thirty three Gods

Still rose the great tempestuous sound  
 As Sagar's children pierced the ground  
 When thus the whole broad earth was cleft  
 And not a spot unsearched was left  
 Back to their home the princes sped  
 And thus unto their father said

We searched the earth from side to side  
 While countless hosts of creatures died  
 Our conquering feet in triumph trod  
 On snake and demon fiend and God  
 But yet we failed with all our toil  
 To find the robber and the spoil  
 What can we more? If more we can  
 Devise O King and tell thy plan

His children's speech King Sagar heard  
 And answered thus to anger stirred

Dig on and ne'er your labour stay  
 Till through earth's depths you force your way  
 Then smite the robber dead and bring  
 The charger back with triumphing

The sixty thousand chiefs obeyed  
 Deep through the earth their way they made  
 Deep as they dug and deeper yet  
 The immortal elephant they met  
 Famed Vriupaksha<sup>1</sup> vast of size

<sup>1</sup> On of the elephants which according to an ancient belief popular in India supported the earth with their enormous backs when one of the elephants shook his wrinkled head the earth trembled with its woods and hills. An idea or rather a mythical fancy similar to this but reduced to proportion less grand is found in Virgil when he speaks of Enceladus buried under Ætæa

*Fmaet Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus*

*Ugeimle hacigent inque insuper Ætnam*

*Impositam ruptis flammis in expirare caminis*

*Et fessum quoties mutat latus intremere oronem*

*Murmure Trinacriam et cœlum subtexere fumo* Æneid Lib III

GORRESIO

Upon whose head the broad earth lies  
The mighty beast who earth sustains  
With shaggy hills and wooded plains  
When, with the changing moon, distressed,  
And longing for a moment's rest,  
His mighty head the monster shakes,  
Earth to the bottom reels and quakes  
Around that wander strong and vast  
With reverential steps they passed,  
Nor, when the honour due was paid,  
Then downward search through earth delayed.  
But turning from the east aside  
Southward again their task they plied  
There Mahápadma held his place,  
The best of all his mighty race,  
Like some huge hill, of monstrous girth,  
Upholding on his head the earth  
When the vast beast the princes saw,  
They marvelled and were filled with awe.  
The sons of high-souled Sagara found  
That elephant in reverence wound  
Then in the western region they  
With might unwearied cleft their way  
There saw they with astonished eyes  
Saumanas, beast of mountain size  
Round him with circling steps they went  
With greetings kind and reverent

On, on no thought of rest or stay  
They reached the seat of Soma's sway.  
There saw they Bhadra, white as snow,  
With lucky marks that fortune show,  
Bearing the earth upon his head  
Round him they paced with solemn tread,  
And honoured him with greetings kind,

Then downward yet their way they mined  
 They gained the tract twixt east and north  
 Whose fame is ever blazoned forth<sup>1</sup>  
 And by a storm of rage impelled  
 Digging through earth their course they held  
 Then all the princes lofty souled  
 Of wondrous vigour strong and bold  
 Saw Vasudev<sup>2</sup> standing there  
 In Kapil's form he loved to wear  
 And near the everlasting God  
 The victim charger cropped the sod  
 They saw with joy and eager eyes  
 The fabled robber and the prize  
 And on him rushed the furious band  
 Crying aloud Stand villain! stand!  
 Avaunt! avunt! great Kapil cried  
 His hosom flusht with passion's tide  
 Then by his might that proud array  
 All scorcht to heaps of ashes lay<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Devās and Asuras (Gods and Titans) fought until the south the west and the north. The Deva were defeated by the Asuras in all the directions. They then fought in the north-east in direct opposition there the Deva did not sustain defeat. This direction is *aparajita* i.e. unconquerable. Therefore one should do well in this direction and have tidings for such one (alone) is able to clear off his debt. *Haras Aita eja Balam an Vili p 3*

The debts here spoken of are a man's religious obligations to the God, the Pitars or Menes and men.

<sup>2</sup> Vishnu.

<sup>3</sup> It appears to me that this mythic story has reference to the volcanic phenomenon of nature. Kapil may very possibly be the terrible fiery force which would burn at its full burst forth in volcanic effects. I place moreover the name of Vishnu the God of Fire. Gornetio

## CANTO XLII.

*SIGAR'S SACRIFICE.*

Then to the prince his grandson, bright  
 With his own fame's unborrowed light,  
 King Sagar thus began to say,  
 Marvelling at his sons' delay  
 'Thou art a warrior skilled and bold,  
 Match for the mighty men of old  
 Now follow on thine uncles' course  
 And track the robber of the horse  
 To guard thee take thy sword and bow,  
 For huge and strong are beasts below.  
 There to the reverend reverence pry,  
 And kill the foes who check thy way;  
 Then turn successful home and see  
 My sacrifice complete through thee'

Obedient to the high-souled lord  
 Grasped Ansumán his bow and sword,  
 And hurried forth the way to trace  
 With youth and valour's eager pace  
 On sped he by the path he found  
 Dug by his uncles underground  
 The warden elephant he saw  
 Whose size and strength pass Nature's law,  
 Who bears the world's tremendous weight,  
 Whom God, fiend, giant venerate,  
 Bud, serpent, and each fitting shade.  
 To him the honour meet he paid  
 With cuching steps and greeting due,  
 And further prayed him, if he knew,

To tell him of his uncles weal  
And who had dared the horse to steal  
To him in war and council tried  
The warder elephant replied  
Thou son of Asamanj shalt lead  
In triumph back the rescued steed

As to each warder beast he came  
And questioned all his words the same  
The honoured youth with gentle speech  
Drew eloquent reply from each  
That fortune should his steps attend  
And with the horse he home should wend  
Cheered with the grateful answer he  
Passed on with step more light and free  
And reached with careless heart the place  
Where lay in ashes Sagar's race  
Then sank the spirit of the chief  
Beneath that shock of sudden grief  
And with a bitter cry of woe  
He mourned his kinsmen fallen so  
He saw weighed down by woe and care  
The victim charger roaming there  
Yet would the pious chieftain fain  
Oblations offer to the slain  
But needing water for the rite  
He looked and there was none in sight  
His quick eye searching all around  
The uncle of his kinsmen found  
King Garud best beyond compare  
Of birds who wing the fields of air  
Then thus unto the weeping man  
The son of Vinata<sup>1</sup> began

<sup>1</sup> Garud was the son of Kasyap and Vinata

‘Grieve not, O hero, for then fall  
Who died a death approved of all  
Of mighty strength, they met their fate  
By Kapil’s hand whom none can mate  
Pour forth for them no earthly wave,  
A holier flood then sprits crave  
If, daughter of the Lord of Snow,  
Gangā would turn her stream below,  
Her waves that cleanse all mortal stain  
Would wash their ashes pure again  
Yea, when her flood whom all revere  
Rolls o’er the dust that moulders here,  
The sixty thousand, freed from sin,  
A home in India’s heaven shall win  
Go, and with ceaseless labour try  
To draw the Goddess from the sky.  
Return, and with thee take the steed,  
So shall thy grandsire’s rite succeed’

Prince Anśumān the strong and brave  
Followed the rede Suparna<sup>1</sup> gave  
The glorious hero took the horse,  
And homeward quickly bent his course  
Straight to the anxious king he hied,  
Whom lustial rites had purified,  
The mournful story to unfold  
And all the king of birds had told  
The tale of woe the monarch heard,  
No longer was the rite deferred  
With care and just observance he  
Accomplished all, as texts decree  
The rites performed, with brighter fame,  
Mighty in counsel, home he came

<sup>1</sup> Garuda

He longed to bring the river down  
But found no plan his wish to crown  
He pondered long with anxious thought  
But saw no way to what he sought  
Thus thirty thousand years he spent  
And then to heaven the monarch went.



## CANTO XLIII.

*BHAGIRATH*

When Sagat thus had bowed to fate,  
 The lords and commons of the state  
 Approved with ready heart and will  
 Prince Ansumán his throne to fill  
 He ruled a mighty king, unblamed,  
 Son of Dilipa justly famed  
 To him, his child and worthy heir,  
 The king resigned his kingdom's care,  
 And on Himálaya's pleasant side  
 His task austere of penance plied  
 Bright as a God in clear renown  
 He planned to bring pure Gangá down.  
 There on his fruitless hope intent  
 Twice sixteen thousand years he spent,  
 And in the grove of hermits stayed  
 Till bliss in heaven his rites repaid.  
 Dilipa then, the good and great,  
 Soon as he learnt his kinsmen's fate,  
 Bowed down by woe, with troubled mind,  
 Pondering long no cure could find  
 'How can I bring,' the mourner sighed,  
 'To cleanse their dust, the heavenly tide?  
 How can I give them rest, and save  
 Their spirits with the offered wave?'  
 Long with this thought his bosom skilled  
 In holy discipline was filled  
 A son was born, Bhagínath named,  
 Above all men for virtue famed

Dilipa many a rite ordained  
 And thirty thousand seasons reigned  
 But when no hope the king could see  
 His kinsmen from then woe to free  
 The lord of men by sickness tried  
 Obeyed the law of fate and died  
 He left the kingdom to his son  
 And gained the heaven his deeds had won  
 The good Bhagirath royal sage  
 Had no fair son to cheer his age  
 He great in glory pure in will  
 Longing for sons was childless still  
 Then on one wish one thought intent  
 Planning the heavenly streams descent  
 Leaving his ministers the care  
 And burden of his state to bear  
 Dwelling in far Gokarna<sup>1</sup> he  
 Engaged in long austerity  
 With senses checked with arms upraised  
 Five fires<sup>2</sup> around and o'er him blazed  
 Each weary month the hermit passed  
 Breathing but once his awful fast  
 In winters chill the brook his bed  
 In rain the clouds to screen his head  
 Thousands of years he thus endured  
 Till Brahma's favour was assured  
 And the high Lord of living things  
 Looked kindly on his sufferings  
 With trooping Gods the Sire came near  
 The king who plied his task austere  
 Blest Monarch of a glorious race  
 Thy fervent rites have won my grace

<sup>1</sup> A famous and venerated region near the Malabar coast

<sup>2</sup> That is four fires and the sun

Well hast thou wrought thine awful task  
Some boon in turn, O Hermit, ask'

Bhagínath, rich in glory's light,  
The hero with the arm of might,  
Thus to the Lord of earth and sky  
Raised suppliant hands and made reply .  
' If the great God his favour deigns,  
And my long toil its fruit obtains,  
Let Sagai's sons receive from me  
Libations that they long to see  
Let Gangá, with her holy wave  
The ashes of the heroes lave,  
That so my kinsmen may ascend  
To heavenly bliss that ne'er shall end  
And give, I pray, O God, a son,  
Nor let my house be all undone  
Sue of the worlds' be this the grace  
Bestowed upon Ikshváku's race'

The Sue, when thus the king had prayed,  
In sweet kind words his answer made  
' High, high thy thought and wishes are,  
Bhagínath of the mighty car !  
Ikshváku's line is blest in thee,  
And as thou prayest it shall be  
Gangá, whose waves in Swaiga<sup>1</sup> flow,  
Is daughter of the Lord of Snow  
Win Śiva that his aid be lent  
To hold her in her mid descent,  
For earth alone will never bear  
Those torrents hurled from upper air ,  
And none may hold her weight but He,  
The Trident-wielding deity'

<sup>1</sup> Heaven

Thus having said the Lord supreme  
Addressed him to the heavenly stream  
And then with Gods and Maruts<sup>1</sup> went  
To heaven above the firmament

<sup>1</sup> Wind Gods

## CANTO XLIV.

*THE DESCENT OF GANGÁ.*

The Lord of life the skies regained  
 The fervent king a year remained  
 With arms upraised, refusing rest  
 While with one toe the earth he pressed,  
 Still as a post, with sleepless eye,  
 The all his food, his roof the sky  
 The year had past Then Umá's lord,<sup>1</sup>  
 King of creation, world-adored,  
 Thus spoke to great Bhagnáth 'I  
 Well pleased thy wish will gratify,  
 And on my head her waves shall fling  
 The daughter of the Mountains' King!'

He stood upon the lofty crest  
     That crowns the Lord of Snow,  
 And bade the river of the Blest  
     Descend on earth below  
 Himálaya's child, adored of all,  
     The haughty mandate heard,  
 And her proud bosom, at the call,  
     With furious wrath was stirred  
 Down from her channel in the skies  
     With awful might she sped  
 With a giant's rush, in a giant's size,  
     On Śiva's holy head  
 'He calls me,' in her wrath she cried,  
     'And all my flood shall sweep

<sup>1</sup> Śiva.

And whirl him in its whelming tide  
     To hell's profoundest deep  
 He held the river on his head  
     And kept her wandering where  
 Dense as Himālyas woods were spread  
     The tangles of his hair  
 No way to earth she found ashamed  
     Though long and sore she strove  
 Condemned until her pride were tamed  
     Amid his locks to rove  
 There many lengthening seasons through  
     The wildered river ran  
 Bhagirathi saw it and anew  
     His penance dire began  
 Then Siva for the hermits sake  
     Bade her long wanderings end  
 And sinking into Vindus lake  
     Her weary waves descend  
 From Gangā by the God set free  
     Seven noble rivers came  
 Hladini Pāvani and she  
     Called Nahni by name  
 The o rolled their lucid waves along  
     And sought the eastern side  
 Suchakshu Sita fair and strong  
     And Sindhu's mighty tide—<sup>1</sup>  
 These to the region of the west  
     With joyful waters sped  
 The seventh the brightest and the best  
     Floved where Bhagirathi led

<sup>1</sup> The lake Vindu does not exist. Of the seven rivers here mentioned two only the Ganges and the Sindhu or Indus are known to geographers. Hladini means the Gladdener Pāvani the Purifier Nahni the Lotus clad and Suchakshu the Fair eyed

On Śiva's head descending first  
A rest the torrents found ,  
Then down in all their might they buist  
And roared along the ground  
On countless glittering scales the beam  
Of rosy morning flashed,  
Where fish and dolphins through the stream  
Fallen and falling dashed  
Then bards who chant celestial lays  
And nymphs of heavenly birth  
Flocked round upon that flood to gaze  
That streamed from sky to earth  
The Gods themselves from every sphere,  
Incomparably bright,  
Borne in their golden cars drew near  
To see the wondrous sight  
The cloudless sky was all aflame  
With the light of a hundred suns  
Where'er the shining chariots came  
That bore those holy ones  
So flashed the air with crested snakes  
And fish of every hue  
As when the lightning's glory breaks  
Through fields of summer blue.  
And white foam-clouds and silver spray  
Were wildly tossed on high,  
Like swans that urge their homeward way  
Across the autumn sky  
Now ran the river calm and clear  
With current strong and deep ,  
Now slowly broadened to a mere,  
Or scarcely seemed to creep  
Now o'er a length of sandy plain  
Her tranquil course she held ,

Now rose her waves and sank again  
By reflux waves repelled  
So falling first on Siva's head  
Thence rushing to their earthly bed  
In ceaseless fall the waters streamed  
And pure with holy lustre gleamed  
Then every spirit sage and bard  
Condemned to earth by sentence hard  
Pressed eagerly around the tide  
That Siva's touch had sanctified  
Then they whom heavenly doom had hurled  
Accursed to this lover world  
Touched the pure wave and freed from sin  
Resought the skies and entered in  
And all the world was glad whereon  
The glorious water flowed and shone,  
For sin and stain were banished thence  
By the sweet river's influence  
First in a car of heavenly frame  
The royal saint of deathless name  
Bhagirath very glorious rode  
And after him fair Ganga flowed  
God sage and hard the chief in place  
Of spirits and the Naga race  
Nymph giant fiend in long array  
Sped where Bhagirath led the way  
And all the hosts the flood that swim  
Followed the stream that followed him.  
Where'er the great Bhagirath led  
There ever glorious Ganga fled  
The best of floods the rivers queen  
Whose waters wash the wicked clean

It chanced that Jahnu great and good  
Engaged with holy offerings stood



The river spread her waves around  
Flooding his sacrificial ground  
The saint in anger marked her pride,  
And at one draught her stream he dried  
Then God, and sage, and bard, afraid,  
To noble high-souled Jahnu prayed,  
And begged that he would kindly deem  
His own dear child that holy stream  
Moved by their suit, he soothed their fears  
And loosed her waters from his ears  
Hence Gangá through the world is styled  
Both Jáhnaví and Jahnu's child  
Then onward still she followed fast,  
And reached the great sea bank at last  
Thence deep below her way she made  
To end those rites so long delayed  
The monarch reached the Ocean's side,  
And still behind him Gangá hied  
He sought the depths which open lay  
Where Sagar's sons had dug their way  
So leading through earth's nether caves  
The river's purifying waves,  
Over his kinsmen's dust the lord  
His funeral libation poured  
Soon as the flood their dust bedewed,  
Their spirits gained beatitude,  
And all in heavenly bodies dressed  
Rose to the skies' eternal rest

Then thus to King Bhagínath said  
Brahmá, when, coming at the head  
Of all his bright celestial train,  
He saw those spirits freed from stain  
'Well done' great Prince of men, well done!  
Thy kinsmen bliss and heaven have won.

The sons of Sagar mighty souled  
Are with the Blest as Gods enrolled  
Long as the Ocean's flood shall stand  
Upon the border of the land  
So long shall Sagar's sons remain  
And godlike rank in heaven retain  
Gangā thine eldest child shall be  
Called from thy name Bhāgirath  
Named also—for her waters fell  
From heaven and flow through earth and hell—  
Tripathagā stream of the skies  
Because three paths she glorifies  
And mighty King tis given thee now  
To free thee and perform thy vow  
No longer happy Prince delay  
Drink offerings to thy kin to pay  
For this the holiest Sagar sighed  
But mourned the boon he sought denied  
Then Ansuman dear Prince! although  
No brighter name the world could show,  
Strove long the heavenly flood to gain  
To visit earth but strove in vain  
Nor was she by the sages peer  
Blest with all virtues most austere,  
Thy sire Dilipa hither brought  
Though with fierce prayers the boon he sought  
But thou O King hast earned success  
And won high fame which God will bless  
Through thee O victor of thy foes  
On earth this heavenly Ganga flows  
And thou hast gained the meed divine  
That waits on virtue such as thine  
Now in her ever holy wave  
Thyself O best of heroes lave

So shalt thou, pure from every sin,  
The blessed fruit of merit win  
Now for thy kin who died of yore  
The meet libations duly pour  
Above the heavens I now ascend  
Depart, and bliss thy steps attend'

Thus to the mighty king who broke  
His foemens' might, Lord Biahmá spoke,  
And with his Gods around him rose  
To his own heaven of blest repose.  
The royal sage no more delayed,  
But, the libation duly paid,  
Home to his regal city hied  
With water cleansed and purified  
There ruled he his ancestral state,  
Best of all men, most fortunate  
And all the people joyed again  
In good Bhagnáth's gentle reign  
Rich, prosperous, and blest were they,  
And grief and sickness fled away  
Thus, Ráma, I at length have told  
How Gangá came from heaven of old.  
Now, for the evening passes swift,  
I wish thee each auspicious gift  
This story of the flood's descent  
Will give for 'tis most excellent--  
Wealth, purity, fame, length of days,  
And to the skies its heaters raise

## CANTO XLV

*THE QUEST OF THE AMRIT*

High and more high their wonder rose  
 As the strange story reached its close  
 And thus with Lakshman Rāma best  
 Of Rāghu's sons the saint addressed

Most wondrous is the tale which thou  
 Hast told of heavenly Ganga how  
 From realms above descending she  
 Flowed through the land and filled the sea  
 In thinking o'er what thou hast said  
 The night has like a moment fled  
 Whose hours in musing have been spent  
 Upon thy words most excellent  
 So much O holy Sage thy lore  
 Has charmed us with this tale of yore

Day dawned The morning rites were done  
 And the victorious Rāghu's son  
 Addressed the sage in words like these  
 Rich in his long austerities

The night is past the morn is clear  
 Told is the tale so good to hear  
 Now o'er that river let us go  
 Three pathed the best of all that flow  
 This boat stands ready on the shore  
 To bear the holy hermits o'er  
 Who of thy coming warned in haste  
 The barge upon the bank have placed

And Kuśik's son approved his speech  
 And moving to the sandy beach

Placed in the boat the hermit band,  
And reached the river's farther strand  
On the north bank then feet they set,  
And greeted all the saints they met  
On Gangā's shore they lighted down,  
And saw Viśālā's lovely town  
Thither, the princes by his side,  
The best of holy hermits hied  
It was a town exceeding fair  
That might with heaven itself compare  
Then, suppliant palm to palm applied,  
Famed Rāma asked his holy guide -  
' O best of hermits, say what race  
Of monarchs rules this lovely place  
Dear master, let my prayer prevail,  
For much I long to hear the tale '  
Moved by his words, the saintly man  
Viśālā's ancient tale began  
' List, Rāma, list, with closest heed  
The tale of Indra's wondrous deed,  
And mark me as I truly tell  
What here in ancient days befell  
Ere Kṛta's famous Age<sup>1</sup> had fled,  
Strong were the sons of Diti<sup>2</sup> bred ,  
And Aditi's brave children too  
Were very mighty, good, and true  
The rival brothers fierce and bold  
Were sons of Kaśyap lofty-souled  
Of sister mothers born, they vied,  
Brood against brood, in jealous pride  
Once, as they say, band met with band,

<sup>1</sup> The first or Golden Age

<sup>2</sup> Diti and Aditi were wives of Kasyap, and mothers respectively of Titans and Gods

And joined in awful council planned  
 To live unharmed by age and time  
 Immortal in their youthful prime  
 Then this was after due debate  
 The counsel of the wise and great  
 To churn with might the milky sea<sup>1</sup>  
 The life bestowing drink to free  
 This planned they seized the Serpent King  
 Vāsuki for their churning string  
 And Mandara's mountain for their pole  
 And churned with all their heart and soul  
 As thus a thousand seasons through  
 This way and that the snake they drew  
 Biting the rocks each tortured head  
 A very deadly venom shed  
 Thence bursting like a mighty flame  
 A pestilential poison came  
 Consuming as it onward ran  
 The home of God and fiend and man  
 Then all the suppliant Gods in fear  
 To Śaṅkar<sup>2</sup> mighty lord drew near  
 To Rudra King of Herds dismayed  
 Save us O save us Lord<sup>1</sup> they prayed  
 Then Vishnu bearing shell and mace  
 And discus showed his radiant face  
 And thus addressed in smiling glee  
 The Trident wielding deity  
 What treasure first the Gods upturn  
 From troubled Ocean as they churn  
 Should—for thou art the eldest—he  
 Conferred O best of Gods on thee

<sup>1</sup> One of the seven seas surrounding a many worlds in concentric rings

<sup>2</sup> Śaṅkar and Rudra are names of Śiva

Then come, and for thy birthright's sake,  
This venom as thy firstfruits take'  
He spoke, and vanished from their sight  
When Śiva saw their wild affright,  
And heard his speech by whom is borne  
The mighty bow of bending horn,<sup>1</sup>  
The poisoned flood at once he quaffed  
As 'twere the Amrit's heavenly draught  
Then from the Gods departing went  
Śiva, the Lord pre-eminent  
The host of Gods and Asurs still  
Kept churning with one heart and will  
But Mandar's mountain, whirling round,  
Pierced to the depths below the ground  
• Then Gods and daids in terror flew  
To him who mighty Madhu slew  
' Help of all beings ' more than all,  
The Gods on thee for aid may call  
Ward off, O mighty-armed ' our fate,  
And bear up Mandar's threatening weight '  
Then Vishnu, as their need was sore,  
The semblance of a tortoise wore,  
And in the bed of Ocean lay  
The mountain on his back to stay.  
Then he, the soul pervading all,  
Whose locks in radiant tresses fall,  
One mighty arm extended still,  
And grasped the summit of the hill  
So ranged among the Immortals, he  
Joined in the churning of the sea

<sup>1</sup> ' *Saṅgū*, literally *carrying a bow of horn*, is a constantly recurring name of Vishnu. The Indians also, therefore, knew the art of making bows out of the horns of antelopes or wild goats, which Homer ascribes to the Trojans of the heroic age.' SCHLEGEL

A thousand years had reached their close  
 When calmly from the ocean rose  
 The gentle sage<sup>1</sup> with staff and can  
 Lord of the art of healing man  
 Then as the waters foamed and boiled  
 As churning still the Immortals toiled  
 Of winning face and lovely frame  
 Forth sixty million fair ones came  
 Born of the foam and water these  
 Were aptly named Apsarases<sup>2</sup>  
 Each had her maids The tongue would fail—  
 So vast the throng—to count the tale  
 But when no God or Titan wooed  
 A wife from all that multitude  
 Refused by all they gave their love  
 In common to the Gods above  
 Then from the sea still vexed and wild  
 Roso Sura, Varun's maiden child  
 A fitting match she sought to find  
 But Diti's sons her love declined

<sup>1</sup> Dhanvantari the physician of the Gods

The poet plays upon the word and fancifully derives it from *apsu* the locative case plural of *ap* water and *rasa* taste. The word is probably derived from *ap* water and *sri* to go and seems to signify *inhabitants of the water* nymphs of the stream or the Gold tuckers (Dickson) these daughters were originally personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun and form into mist or clouds

<sup>2</sup> *Sura* in the feminine comprehends all sorts of intoxicating liquors many kinds of which the Indians from the earliest times distilled and prepared from the sugar cane the palm tree and various flowers and plants. Nothing is considered more disgraceful among orthodox Hindus than drunkenness and the use of wine is forbidden not only to Brahma but the two other orders as well. So it clearly appears derogatory to the dignity of the God to have received a nymph as a consort who ought to have been made over to the Titans. However the etymology itself has prevailed. The word *Sura* a God is derived from the indeclinable *Si* or heaven. S HLEGEL



Then kinsmen of the rival blood  
 To the pure maid in honour sued  
 Hence those who loved that nymph so fair  
 The hallowed name of Sivas bear  
 And Asurs are the Titan crowd  
 Her gentle claims who disallowed  
 Then from the foamy sea was freed  
 Uchchaihśravas,<sup>1</sup> the generous steed,  
 And Kaustubha, of gems the gem,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Soma, Moon God, after them

At length when many a year had fled,  
 Up floated, on her lotus bed,  
 A maiden fair and tender-eyed,  
 In the young flush of beauty's pride  
 She shone with pearl and golden sheen,  
 And seals of glory stamped her queen  
 On each round arm glowed many a gem,  
 On her smooth brows, a diadem  
 Rolling in waves beneath her crown  
 The glory of her hair flowed down  
 Pearls on her neck of price untold,  
 The lady shone like burnisht gold.  
 Queen of the Gods, she leapt to land,  
 A lotus in her perfect hand,  
 And fondly, of the lotus sprung,  
 To lotus-bearing Vishnu clung  
 Her, Gods above and men below  
 As Beauty's Queen and Fortune know<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Literally, high eared, the horse of Indra Compare the production of the horse from the sea by Neptune

<sup>2</sup> 'And Kaustubha the best  
 Of gems that burns with living light  
 Upon Lord Vishnu's breast'

*Churning of the Ocean*

<sup>3</sup> 'That this story of the birth of Lakshmi is of considerable antiquity is evident from one of her names *Kshīrabdhī tanayā*, daughter of the

Gods Titans and the minstrel train  
 Still churned and wrought the troubled main  
 At length the prize so madly sought  
 The Amrit to their sight was brought  
 For the rich spoil twixt these and those  
 A fratricidal war arose  
 And host gainst host in battle set  
 Aditi's sons and Diti's met  
 United with the giants and  
 Their fierce attack the Titans made  
 And wildly raged for many a day  
 That universe astounding fray  
 When wearied arms were faint to strike  
 And run threatened all alike  
 Vishnu with art's illusive aid  
 The Amrit from their sight conveyed  
 That Best of Beings smote his foes  
 Who dared his deathless arm oppose  
 Yea Vishnu all pervading God  
 Beneath his feet the Titans trod  
 Aditi's race the sons of light  
 Slew Diti's brood in cruel fight  
 Then town destroying<sup>1</sup> Indra gained  
 His empire and in glory reigned  
 O'er the three worlds with bard and sage  
 Rejoicing in his heritage

Milky Sea which is found in *Amarasukha* the most ancient of Indian  
 iconographers. The similarity to the Greek myth of Venus being  
 born from the foam of the seas is remarkable.

In this description of Lakshmi one thing only offends me—that she  
 is said to have four arms. Each of Vishnu's arms is single as far as the  
 elbow there branches into two—but Lakshmi in all the bas-reliefs  
 that I possess or remember to have seen has two arms only. Nor does  
 this deformity of redundant limbs suit the pattern of perfect beauty  
 SCHLEGEL. I have omitted the offensive epithet.

<sup>1</sup> Purandara a common title of Indra

## CANTO XLVI.

*DITI'S HOPE*

But Diti, when her sons were slain,  
 Wild with a childless mother's pain,  
 To Kaśyap spake, Marícha's son,  
 Her husband 'O thou glorious one'  
 Dead are the children, mine no more,  
 The mighty sons to thee I bore  
 Long fervour's meed, I crave a boy  
 Whose aim may India's life destroy  
 The toil and pain my care shall be  
 To bless my hope depends on thee  
 Give me a mighty son to slay  
 Fierce Indra, gracious lord ! I pray'

Then glorious Kaśyap thus replied  
 To Diti, as she wept and sighed  
 'Thy prayer is heard, dear saint ! Remain  
 Pure from all spot, and thou shalt gain  
 A son whose aim shall take the life  
 Of Indra in the battle strife  
 For full a thousand years endure  
 Free from all stain, supremely pure,  
 Then shall thy son and mine appear,  
 Whom the three worlds shall serve with fear'  
 These words the glorious Kaśyap said,  
 Then gently stroked his consort's head,  
 Blessed her, and bade a kind adieu,  
 And turned him to his rites anew  
 Soon as her lord had left her side,  
 Her bosom swelled with joy and pride

She sought the shade of holy boughs  
And there began her awful vows  
While yet she wrought her rites austere  
Indra unhidden hastened near  
With sweet observance tending her  
A reverential minister  
Wood water fire and grass he brought  
Sweet roots and woodland fruit he ought  
And all her wants the Thousand eyed  
With never failing care supplied  
With tender love and soft caress  
Removing pain and weariness

When of the thousand years ordained  
Ten only unfulfilled remained  
Thus to her son the Thousand eyed  
The Goddess in her triumph cried  
Best of the mighty<sup>1</sup> there remain  
But ten short years of toil and pain  
These years of penance soon will flee  
And a new brother thou shalt see  
Him for thy sake I'll nobly breed  
And lust of war his soul shall feed  
Then free from care and sorrow thou  
Shalt see the worlds before him how<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A few verses which I have been obliged to leave untranslated here will be found in the Appendix veiled in the obscurity of a learned language

## CANTO XLVII.

. *SUMATI*

Thus to Lord India, Thousand-eyed,  
 Softly beseeching Diti sighed,  
 When but a blighted bud was left,  
 Which Indra's hand in seven had cleft<sup>1</sup>  
 'No fault, O Lord of Gods, is thine,  
 The blame herein is only mine  
 But for one grace I fain would pray,  
 As thou hast reft this hope away  
 This bud, O India, which a blight  
 Has withered ere it saw the light  
 From this may seven fan spirits rise  
 To rule the regions of the skies  
 Be theirs through heaven's unbounded space  
 On shoulders of the winds to race,  
 My children, drest in heavenly forms,  
 Far-famed as Máruts, Gods of storms  
 One God to Brahmá's sphere assign,  
 Let one, O Indra, watch o'er thine,  
 And ranging through the lower air,  
 The third the name of Váyu<sup>2</sup> bear

<sup>1</sup> 'In this myth of Indra destroying the unborn fruit of Diti with his thunder bolt, from which afterwards came the Máruts or Gods of Wind and Storm, geological phenomena are, it seems, represented under mythical images. In the great Mother of the Gods is, perhaps, figured the dry earth. Indra the God of thunder rends it open, and there issue from its rent bosom the Máruts or exhalations of the earth. But such ancient myths are difficult to interpret with absolute certainty.' GORRESIO

<sup>2</sup> Wind

Gods let the four remaining be  
 And roam through space obeying thee  
 The Town destroyer Thousand-eyed  
 Who smote fierce Bali till he died  
 Joined suppliant hands and thus replied  
 Thy children heavenly forms shall wear,  
 The names devised by thee shall bear  
 And Maruts called by my decree  
 Shall Amrit drink and wait on me  
 From fear and age and sickness freed  
 Through the three worlds their wings shall speed

Thus in the hermits holy shade  
 Mother and son their compact made  
 And then as fame relates content  
 Home to the happy skies they went

This is the spot—so men have told—  
 Where Lord Mahendra<sup>1</sup> dwelt of old  
 This is the blessed region where  
 His votaress mother claimed his care  
 Here gentle Alambusha bare  
 To old Ikshvāku king and sage  
 Viśala glory of his age  
 By whom a monarch void of guilt  
 Was this fair town Viśala built  
 His son was Hemachandra still  
 Renowned for might and warlike skill  
 From him the great Suchandra came  
 His son Dhumrīśva dear to fame  
 Next followed royal Srinjy then  
 Famed Śahadeva lord of men  
 Next came Kuśāsava good and mild  
 Whose son was Somadatta styled  
 And Sumati his heir the peer

<sup>1</sup> Indra with *mah* great prefixed

Of Gods above, now governs here  
And ever through Ikshváku's grace,  
Viśálá's kings, his noble race,  
Are lofty-souled, and blest with length  
Of days, with virtue, and with strength  
This night, O Prince, we here will sleep,  
And when the day begins to peep,  
Our onward way will take with thee,  
The king of Mithilá to see'

Then Sumati, the king, aware  
Of Viśvámitra's advent there,  
Came quickly forth with honour meet  
The lofty-minded sage to greet  
Gut with his priest and lords the king  
Did low obeisance, worshipping  
With suppliant hands, with head inclined,  
Thus spoke he after question kind  
'Since thou hast deigned to bless my sight,  
And grace awhile thy servant's seat,  
High fate is mine, great Anchorite,  
And none may with my bliss compete'

## CANTO XLVIII

## INDRA AND AHALYA

When mutual courtesies had past  
 Visál's ruler spoke at last  
 These princely youths O Sage who vie  
 In might with children of the sky  
 Heroic born for happy fate  
 With elephants or lions gait  
 Bold as the tiger or the bull  
 With lotus eyes so large and full  
 Armed with the quiver sword and bow,  
 Whose figures like the ASvins<sup>1</sup> show  
 Like children of the deathless Powers  
 Come freely to these shades of ours<sup>2</sup>—  
 How have they reached on foot this place?  
 What do they seek and what their race?  
 As sun and moon adorn the sky  
 This spot the heroes glorify  
 Alike in stature port and mien  
 The same fair form in each is seen

He spoke and at the monarch's call  
 The best of hermits told him all  
 How in the grove with him they dwelt,  
 And slaughter to the demons dealt  
 Then wonder filled the monarch's breast  
 Who tended well each royal guest  
 Thus entertained the princely pair

<sup>1</sup> The Heavenly Twins.

<sup>2</sup> Not banished from heaven as the inferior Gods and demigods sometimes were



Remained that night and rested there,  
And with the morn's returning ray  
To Mithlā pursued their way

When Janak's lovely city first  
Upon their sight, yet distant, burst,  
The hermits all with joyful cries  
Hailed the fair town that met their eyes  
Then Rāma saw a holy wood,  
Close, in the city's neighbourhood,  
O'ergrown, deserted, marked by age,  
And thus addressed the mighty sage  
'O reverend lord, I long to know  
What hermit dwelt here long ago'  
Then to the prince his holy guide,  
Most eloquent of men, replied  
'O Rāma, listen while I tell  
Whose was this grove, and what befell  
When in the fury of his rage  
The high saint cursed the hermitage  
This was the grove most lovely then  
Of Gautam O thou best of men,  
Like heaven itself, most honoured by  
The Gods who dwell above the sky  
Here with Ahalyā at his side  
His fervid task the ascetic phed  
Years fled in thousands On a day  
It chanced the saint had gone away,  
When Town-destroying India came,  
And saw the beauty of the dame  
The sage's form the God endued,  
And thus the fair Ahalyā wooed  
'Love, sweet' should brook no dull delay,  
But snatch the moments when he may'  
She knew him in the saint's disguise,

Lord Indra of the Thousand eyes  
But touched by love's unholy fire  
She yielded to the God's desire

Now Lord of Gods! she whispered flee  
From Gautam save thyself and me  
Trembling with doubt and wild with dread  
Lord India from the cottage fled  
But fleeing in the grove he met  
The home returning anchoret  
Whose wrath the Gods and fiends would shun  
Such power his fervent rites had won  
Fresh from the lustral flood he came  
In splendour like the burning flame  
With fuel for his sacred rites  
And grass the best of eremites  
The Lord of Gods was sad of cheer  
To see the mighty saint so new  
And when the holy hermit spied  
In hermit's garb the Thousand eyed  
Holt new the whole his fury broke  
Lorth on the sinner as he spoke

Because my form thou hast assumed  
And wrought this folly thou art doomed  
For this my curse to thee shall cling  
Henceforth a sad and sexless thing

No empty threat that sentence came  
It chilled his soul and marred his frame  
His might and godlike vigour fled  
And every nerve was cold and dead

Then on his wife his fury burst  
And thus the guilty dame he cursed  
For countless year disloyal spouse  
Devoted to severest vows  
Lay bed the ash as thy food

Here shalt thou live in solitude  
 This lonely grove thy home shall be,  
 And not an eye thy form shall see  
 When Rāma, Daśaiatha's child,  
 Shall seek these shades then drear and wild,  
 His coming shall remove thy stain,  
 And make the sinner pure again  
 Due honour paid to him, thy guest,  
 Shall cleanse thy fond and erring breast,  
 Thee to my side in bliss restore,  
 And give thy proper shape once more ' 1

Thus to his guilty wife he said  
 Then far the holy Gautam fled,  
 And on Himālaya's lovely heights  
 Spent the long years in sternest rites '

1 'Kumarila says 'In the same manner, if it is said that Indra was the seducer of Ahalyā, this does not imply that the God Indra committed such a crime, but Indra means the sun, and Ahalyā (from *ah* and *lyā*) the night, and as the night is seduced and ruined by the sun of the morning, therefore is Indra called the paramour of Ahalyā'  
 MAX MULLER, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 530

## CANTO XLIX

*AHALYA FREED*

—

Then Rama following still his guide  
 Within the grove with Lakshman hied  
 Her vows a wondrous light had lent  
 To that illustrious penitent  
 He saw the glorious lady screened  
 From eye of man and God and fiend  
 Like some bright portent which the car  
 Of Brahmā launches through the air  
 Designed by his illusive art  
 To flash a moment and depart  
 Or like the flame that leaps on high  
 To sink involved in smoke and die  
 Or like the full moon shining through  
 The wintry mist then lost to view  
 Or like the sun's reflection cast  
 Upon the flood too bright to last  
 So was the glorious dame till then  
 Removed from Gods and mortals ken  
 Till—such was Gautam's high decree—  
 Prince Rāma came to set her free

Then with great joy that dame to meet  
 The sons of Raghu clasped her feet  
 And she remembering Gautam's oath  
 With gentle grace received them both  
 Then water for their feet she gave  
 Guest gift and all that strangers crave

The prince of courteous rule aware  
 Received as meet the lady's care

Then flowers came down in copious rain,  
And moving to the heavenly strain  
Of music in the skies that rang,  
The nymphs and minstrels danced and sang,  
And all the Gods with one glad voice  
Praised the great dame, and cried, 'Rejoice'  
Though fervid rites no more defiled,  
But with thy husband reconciled'  
Gautam, the holy hermit knew  
For naught escaped his godlike view  
That Ráma lodged beneath that shade,  
And hasting there his homage paid  
He took Ahalyá to his side,  
From sin and folly purified,  
And let his new-found consort bear  
In his austerities a share

Then Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,  
Welcomed by Gautam, face to face,  
Who every highest honour showed,  
To Mithilá pursued his road.

## CANTO L

## JĀYAK

The sons of Raghu journeyed forth  
 Bending their steps twixt east and north  
 Soon guided by the sage they found  
 Enclosed a sacrificial ground  
 Then to the best of sauts his guide  
 In admiration Rāma cried

The high souled king no toil has spared  
 But nobly for his rite prepared  
 How many thousand Brahmans here  
 From every region far and near  
 Well read in holy lore appear !  
 How many tents that sages screen  
 With wains in hundreds here are seen !  
 Great Brahman let us find a place  
 Where we may stay and rest a space  
 The hermit did as Rāma prayed  
 And in a spot his lodging made  
 Far from the crowd sequestered clear  
 With copious water flowing near

Then Janaka best of kings aware  
 Of Viśvamitra lodging there  
 With Satananda for his guide—  
 The priest on whom he most relied  
 His chaplain void of guile and stain—  
 And others of his priestly train  
 Bearing the gift that greets the guest  
 To meet him with all honour pressed  
 The saint received with gladsome mind

Each honour and obscurance kind  
Then of his health he asked the king,  
And how his rites were prospering  
Janak, with chaplain and with priest,  
Addressed the hermits, chief and least,  
Accosting all, in due degree,  
With proper words of courtesy  
Then, with his palms together laid,  
The king his supplication made  
'Deign, reverend lord, to sit thee down  
With these good saints of high renown'  
Then sate the chief of hermits there,  
Obedient to the monarch's prayer  
Chaplain and priest, and king and peer,  
Sate in their order, far or near  
Then thus the king began to say  
'The Gods have blest my rite to-day,  
And with the sight of thee repaid  
The preparations I have made  
Grateful am I, so highly blest,  
That thou, of saints the holiest,  
Hast come, O Bráhmaṇ, here with all  
These hermits to the festival  
Twelve days, O Bráhmaṇ Sage, remain  
For so the learned priests ordain  
And then, O hero of Kuśik's name,  
The Gods will come then dues to claim'

With looks that testified delight  
Thus spake he to the anchorite,  
Then with his suppliant hands upraised,  
He asked, as earnestly he gazed  
'These princely youths, O Sage, who vie  
In might with children of the sky,  
Heroic, born for happy fate,

With elephants or hoas gut  
 Bold as the tiger and the bull  
 With lotus eyes so large and full  
 Armed with the quiver sword and bow  
 Whose figures like the Āśvins show  
 Like children of the heavenly Powers  
 Come freely to these shades of ours —  
 How have they reached on foot this place?  
 What do they seek and what their race?  
 As sun and moon adorn the sky  
 This spot the heroes glorify  
 Alike in stature port and mien  
 The same fur form in each is seen<sup>1</sup>

Thus spoke the monarch lofty souled  
 The saint of heart unfathomed told  
 How sons of Dīrāthia they  
 Accompanied his homeward way  
 How in the hermitage they dwelt  
 And slaughter to the demons dealt  
 Their journey till the spot they neared  
 Whence fair Viśālā's towers appeared  
 Ahalyā seen and freed from taint  
 Their meeting with her lord the saint  
 And how they thither came to know  
 The virtue of the famous bow

Thus Viśvāmītra spoke the whole  
 To royal Janak great of soul  
 And when this wondrous tale was o'er  
 The glorious hermit said no more

<sup>1</sup> The preceding sixteen lines I've carried before in Canto XLVIII. This Homeric custom of repetition a page of verse is hardly trig to report. This is the only note I remember. The repetition of single lines is common enough. SCHLEGEL



## CANTO LI.

*VIŚVĀMITRA.*

Wise Viśvāmitra's tale was done  
 Then sancted Gaṭam's eldest son,  
 Great Satānanda, far-renowned,  
 Whom long austerities had crowned  
 With glory,- as the news he heard  
 The down upon his body stirred,  
 Filled full of wonder at the sight  
 Of Rāma, felt supreme delight  
 When Satānanda saw the pair  
 Of youthful princes seated there,  
 He turned him to the holy man  
 Who sate at ease, and thus began  
 'And didst thou, mighty Sage, in truth  
 Show clearly to this royal youth  
 My mother, glorious far and wide,  
 Whom penance-rites have sanctified?  
 And did my glorious mother she,  
 Heiress of noble destiny  
 Serve her great guest with woodland stoic,  
 Whom all should honour evermore?  
 Didst thou the tale to Rāma tell  
 Of what in ancient days befell,  
 The sin, the misery, and the shame  
 Of guilty God and faithless dame?  
 And, O thou best of hermits, say,  
 Did Rāma's healing presence stay  
 Her trial? was the wife restored  
 Again to him, my sire and lord?

Say Hermit did that sire of mine  
Receive her with a soul benign  
When long austerities in time  
Had cleansed her from the taint of crime ?  
And son of Kusil let me know  
Did my great minded father show  
Honour to Rama and regard  
Before he journeyed hitherward ?  
The hermit with attentive ear  
Marked all the questions of the seer  
To him for eloquence far famed  
His eloquent reply he framed  
Yea twas my care no task to shun  
And all I had to do was done  
As Renukâ and Bhrigu's child  
The saint and dame were reconciled

When the great sage had thus replied  
To Rama Satânranda cried

A welcome visit Prince is thine  
Thou scion of King Râghu's line  
With him to guide thy way aright  
This sage invincible in might  
This Brahman sage most glorious bright  
By long austerities has wrought  
A wondrous deed exceeding thought  
Thou knowest well O strong of arm  
This sure defence from scathe and harm  
None Rama none is living now  
In all the earth more blest than thou  
That thou hast won a saint so tried  
In fervid rites thy life to guide  
Now listen Prince while I relate  
His lofty deeds and wondrous fate  
He was a monarch pious souled

HIS foemen in the dust he rolled ,  
Most learned, prompt at duty's claim  
HIS people's good his joy and aim

Of old the Lord of Life gave birth  
To mighty Kuśa, king of earth  
His son was Kuśanábha, strong,  
Friend of the right, the foe of wrong  
Gádhi, whose fame no time shall dim,  
Heir of his throne, was born to him,  
And Viśvámitra, Gádhi's hen,  
Governed the land with kingly care  
While years unnumbered rolled away  
The monarch reigned with equal sway  
At length, assembling many a band,  
He led his warriors round the land  
Complete in tale, a mighty force,  
Cais, elephants, and foot, and horse  
Through cities, groves, and floods he passed,  
O'er lofty hills, through regions vast  
He reached Vaśishtha's pure abode,  
Where trees, and flowers, and creepers glowed,  
Where troops of sylvan creatures fed ,  
Which saints and angels visited  
Gods, fauns, and bards of heavenly race,  
And spirits, glorified the place ,  
The deer their timid ways forgot,  
And holy Bráhmans thronged the spot  
Bright in their souls, like fire, were these,  
Made pure by long austerities,  
Bound by the rule of vows severe,  
And each in glory Brahmá's peer  
Some fed on water, some on air,  
Some on the leaves that withered there  
Roots and wild fruit were others' food .

All rage was checked each sense subdued  
 There Balalilyas<sup>1</sup> went and came  
 Now breathed the prayer now fed the flame  
 These and ascetic bands beside  
 The sweet retirement beautified  
 Such was Vaśishtha's blest retreat  
 Like Brahmā's own celestial seat  
 Which gladdened Viśvāmitra's eyes  
 Peerless for warlike enterprise

<sup>1</sup> *D* u persona es f min t size p duced f om the hair f Brah  
 mī and pr bably th origin f

That small infantry

Warred on by cranes

## CANTO LII.

*VĀSISHTHA'S FEAST*

Right glad was Viśvāmitra when  
 He saw the prince of saintly men  
 Low at his feet the hero bent,  
 And did obeisance, reverent

The king was welcomed in, and shown  
 A seat beside the hermit's own,  
 Who offered him, when resting there,  
 Fruit in due course, and woodland fare  
 And Viśvāmitra, noblest king,  
 Received Vāsishttha's welcoming,  
 Turned to his host, and prayed him tell  
 That he and all with him were well  
 Vāsishttha to the king replied  
 That all was well on every side,  
 That fire, and vows, and pupils thrive,  
 And all the trees within the grove  
 And then the son of Brahṁā, best  
 Of all who pray with voice suppressed,  
 Questioned with pleasant words like these  
 The mighty king who sate at ease  
 'And is it well with thee? I pray,  
 And dost thou win by virtuous sway  
 Thy people's love, discharging all  
 The duties on a king that fall?  
 Are all thy servants fostered well?  
 Do all obey, and none rebel?  
 Hast thou, destroyer of the foe,  
 No enemies to overthrow?

Does fortune conqueror<sup>1</sup> still attend  
Thy treasure host and every friend?  
Is it all well? Does happy fate  
On sons and children's children wait?

He pole The mode t ling replied  
That all was prosperous far and wide

Thus for awhile the two conversed  
As each to each his tale rehearsed  
And as the happy moments flew  
Their joy and friendship stronger grew  
When such discourse had reached an end  
Thus spoke the aunt most reverend  
To royal Visv amitra while

His features brightened with a smile  
O mighty lord of men I fain  
Would banquet thee and all thy train  
In mode that suits thy station high  
And do not thou my prayer deny  
Let my good lord with favour take  
The offering that I fain would make  
And let me honour ere we part  
My royal guest with loving heart

Him Visv amitra thus addressed  
Why make O Sunit this new request?  
Thy welcome and each gracious word  
Sufficient honour have conferred  
Thou gavest roots and fruit to eat  
The treasure of this pure retreat  
And water for my mouth and feet  
And—boon I prize above the rest—  
Thy presence has mine eyesight blest  
Honoured by thee in every way  
To whom all honour all should pay

I now will go. My lord, Good-bye !  
Regard me with a friendly eye.'

Him speaking thus Vaśiṣṭha stayed,  
And still to share his banquet prayed.  
The will of Gādhi's son he bent,  
And won the monarch to consent,  
Who spoke in answer, 'Let it be,  
Great Hermit, as it pleases thee'  
When, best of those who breathe the prayer,  
He heard the king his will declare,  
He called the cow of spotted skin,  
All spot without, all pure within.  
'Come, Dapple-skin,' he cried, 'with speed,  
Hear thou my words and help at need  
My heart is set to entertain  
This monarch and his mighty train  
With sumptuous meal and worthy fare;  
Be thine the banquet to prepare  
Each dainty cate, each goodly dish,  
Of six-fold taste<sup>1</sup> as each may wish  
All these, O cow of heavenly power,  
Rain down for me in copious shower  
Viands and drink for tooth and lip,  
To eat, to suck, to quaff, to sip  
Of these sufficient, and to spare,  
O plenty-giving cow, prepare'

<sup>1</sup> Sweet, salt, pungent, bitter, acid, and astringent.

## CANTO LIII

*VIŚVAMITRA'S PEQUEST*

Thus charged O slayer of thy foes  
 The cow from whom all plenty flows  
 Obedient to her saintly lord  
 Viands to suit each taste outpoured  
 Honey she gave and roasted grain  
 Mead sweet with flowers and sugar cane  
 Each beverage of flavour rare  
 And food of every sort were there  
 Hills of hot rice and sweetened cakes  
 And curdled milk and soup in lakes  
 Vast beakers forming to the brim  
 With sugared drink prepared for him  
 And dainty sweetmeats deftly made  
 Before the hermit's guests were laid  
 So well regaled so nobly fed  
 The mighty army banqueted  
 And all the train from chief to least  
 Delighted in Vaśishṭha's feast  
 Then Viśvāmitra royal sage  
 Surrounded by his vassalage  
 Prince peer and counsellor and all  
 From highest lord to lowest thrall  
 Thus feasted to Vaśishṭha cried  
 With joy supremely gratified  
 Rich honour I thus entertained  
 Most honourable lord have gained  
 Now hear before I journey hence  
 My words O skilled in eloquence



Bought for a hundred thousand kine,  
 Let Dapple-skin, O Saint, be mine  
 A wondrous jewel is thy cow,  
 And gems are for the monarch's brow.<sup>1</sup>  
 To me her rightful lord resign  
 This Dapple-skin thou callest thine<sup>2</sup>

The great Vāsishtha, thus addressed,  
 Arch-hermit of the holy breast,  
 To Viśvāmitra answer made,  
 The king whom all the land obeyed -  
 'Not for a hundred thousand, nay,  
 Not if ten million thou wouldst pay,  
 With silver heaps the price to swell,  
 Will I my cow, O Monarch, sell.  
 Unmeet for her is such a fate,  
 That I my friend should alienate  
 As glory with the virtuous, she  
 For ever makes her home with me  
 On her mine offerings which ascend  
 To Gods and spirits all depend.  
 My very life is due to her,  
 My guardian, friend, and minister.  
 The feeding of the sacred flame,<sup>3</sup>  
 The dole which living creatures claim,<sup>3</sup>  
 The mighty sacrifice by fire,  
 Each formula the rites require,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Of old hoards and minerals in the earth, the king is entitled to half by reason of his general protection, and because he is the lord paramount of the soil'

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<sup>2</sup> Ghí or clarified butter, 'holy oil,' being one of the essentials of sacrifice

<sup>3</sup> 'A Bráhman had five principal duties to discharge every day - study and teaching the Veda, oblations to the manes or spirits of the departed, sacrifice to the Gods, hospitable offerings to men, and a gift of

And various saving lore be ide  
 Are by her aid in sooth supplied  
 The banquet which thy host has shared,  
 Believe it was by her prepared  
 In her mine only treasures lie  
 She cheers mine heart and charms mine eye,  
 And reasons more could I assign  
 Why Dapple-skin can ne'er be thine

The royal sage his suit denied  
 With eloquence more earnest cried  
 Tusked elephants & goodly train  
 Each with a golden girth and chain  
 Whose gold with gold well fashioned shine—  
 Of these be twice seven thousand thine  
 And four horse cars with gold made bright  
 With steeds most beautifully white  
 Whose bells make music as they go  
 Eight hundred Saint will I bestow  
 Eleven thousand mettled steeds  
 From famous lands of noble breeds—  
 These will I gladly give O thou  
 Devoted to each holy vow  
 Ten million beifers fair to view  
 Whose sides are marked with every hue—  
 These in exchange will I assign  
 But let thy Dapple skin be mine  
 Ask what thou wilt and piles untold  
 Of priceless gems and gleaming gold  
 O best of Bráhmans shall be thine  
 But let thy Dapple skin be mine

*food to all creatures* The last consisted of rice or other grain which the B áhman was to offer every day out of his house in the open air  
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These were certain sacred words of invocation such as *svaha tashat* etc pronounced at the time of sacrifice

The great Vāsishtha, thus addressed,  
Made answer to the king's request  
'Ne'er will I give my cow away,  
My gem, my wealth, my life and stay  
My worship at the moon's first show,  
And at the full, to her I owe,  
And sacrifices small and great,  
Which largess due and gifts await  
From her alone, then root, O King,  
My rites and holy service spring  
What boots it further words to say?  
I will not give my cow away  
Who yields me what I ask each day.'

## CANTO LIV

*THE BATTLE*

As Saint Vāṣiṣṭha answered so  
 Nor let the cow of plenty go  
 The monarch as a last resource  
 Began to drag her off by force  
 While the king's servants tore away  
 Their morning miserable prey  
 Sad sick at heart and sore distressed  
 She pondered thus within her breast  
 Why am I thus forsaken? why  
 Betrayed by him of soul most high  
 Vāṣiṣṭha ravished by the hands  
 Of soldiers of the monarch's bands?  
 Ah mo! what evil have I done  
 Against the lofty minded one  
 That he so pious can expose  
 The innocent who e love he knows?  
 In her sad breast as thus she thought  
 And heaved deep sighs with anguish fraught  
 With wondrous speed away she fled  
 And back to Saint Vāṣiṣṭha sped  
 She hurled by hundreds to the ground  
 The menial crew that hemmed her round  
 And flying swifter than the blast  
 Before the saint herself she cast  
 There Dapple-skin before the saint  
 Stood moaning forth her sad complaint  
 And wept and lowed such tones as come  
 From wandering cloud or distant drum

'O son of Brahmâ,' thus cried she,  
'Why hast thou thus forsaken me,  
That the king's men, before thy face,  
Bear off thy servant from her place?'

Then thus the Brâhman saint replied  
To her whose heart with woe was tried,  
And grieving for his favourite's sake,  
As to a suffering sister spake

'I leave thee not—dismiss the thought,  
No, dutious, hast thou failed in aught  
This king, o'erweening in the pride  
Of power, has left thee from my side  
Little, I ween, my strength could do  
'Gainst him, a mighty warrior too  
Strong, as a soldier born and bred,  
Great, as a king whom regions dread  
See! what a host the conqueror leads,  
With elephants, and cars, and steeds  
O'er countless bands his pennons fly,  
So is he mightier far than I'

He spoke—Then she, in lowly mood,  
To that high saint her speech renewed  
'So judge not they who wisest are  
The Brâhman's might is mightier far  
For Brâhmans strength from Heaven derive,  
And warriors bow when Brâhmans strive  
A boundless power 'tis thine to wield  
To such a king thou shouldst not yield,  
Who, very mighty though he be,  
So fierce thy strength, must bow to thee  
Command me, Saint—Thy power divine  
Has brought me here and made me thine,  
And I, howe'er the tyrant boast,  
Will tame his pride and slay his host'

Then cried the glorious sage    Create  
 A mighty force the foe to mate  
 She lowed and quelled into life  
 Pahlavas' burning for the strife  
 King Viśvāmitra's army slew  
 Before the very leader's view  
 The monarch in excoercive ire  
 His eyes with fury darting fire  
 Rained every missile on the foe  
 Till all the Pahlavas were low  
 She seeing all her champions slain  
 Lying by thousands on the plain  
 Created by her mere desire  
 Yavans and Salas fierce and dire  
 And all the ground was overspread  
 With Yavans and with Salas dread  
 A host of warriors bright and strong  
 And numberless in closest throng  
 The threads within the lotus stem  
 So densely packed might equal them  
 In gold-hued mail against war's attacks  
 Each bore a sword and battle-axe  
 The royal host where'er these came  
 Fell as if burnt with ravening flame

<sup>1</sup> It is well known that the Persians were called Pahlavas by the Indians. The Salas are named in this initialting cent. l. A. the Scythians of the Greek writers in the Persians. Herodotus calls them Sakao just as the Indian did. Lib. VII. 64. οἱ γὰρ Πέρσαι ταντας τοὺς Σκυθας καλεουσι Σακας. The name Yavas seems to be used rather indifferently for nations situated beyond Persia to the west. After the time of Alexander the Great the Indians as well as the Persians called the Greeks also Yavans. SCHLEGEL.

La sen thinks that the Pahlavas were the same people as the Πάκτυες of Herodotus and that this non-Indian people dwelt on the north-west confine of India.

The monarch, famous through the world  
Again his fearful weapons huled,  
That made Kámbojas,<sup>1</sup> Barbais,\* all,  
With Yavans, troubled, flee and fall

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<sup>1</sup> See page 42, note 1

Barbarians, non Sanskrit speaking tribes.

## CANTO LV

*THE HERMITAGE BURN'T*

So o'er the field that ho t lay strown  
 By Visv amitra's darts o'erthrown  
 Then thus Vasishtha charged the cow  
 Create with all thy vigour now  
 Forth sprang Kumbhojas as she lowed  
 Bright as the sun their face glowed  
 Forth from her udder Barhars poured —  
 Soldiers who brandished spear and sword —  
 And Yavans with their shafts and dart  
 And Sakas from her lunder parts  
 And every pore upon her fall  
 And every hair producing cell  
 With Mleehehhas<sup>1</sup> and Kiritas teemed  
 And forth with them Haritas streamed  
 And Visv amitra's mighty force  
 Car elephant and foot and horse  
 Tell in a moment's time subdued  
 By that tremendous multitude  
 The monarch's hundred sons whose eye

<sup>1</sup> A comprehensive term for foreign or outcast races of different faith and language from the Hindus

The Kiritas and Haritas are savage aborigines of India who occupy hills and jungles and are altogether different in race and character from the Hindus. Dr. Monier Williams in his *Sanskrit Texts* V I L p 483 (second edition) thinks it does not appear that it is the object of this legend to represent this miraculous creation as the origin of these tribes and that nothing more may have been intended than that the cow called into existence large armies of the same stock with particular tribes previously existing



Beheld the rout in wild surprise,  
Aimed with all weapons, mad with rage,  
Rushed fiercely on the holy sage  
One cry he raised, one glance he shot,  
And all fell scorched upon the spot  
Burnt by the sage to ashes, they  
With horse, and foot, and chariot, lay  
The monarch mourned, with shame and pain,  
His army lost, his children slain,  
Like Ocean when his roar is hushed,  
Or some great snake whose fangs are crushed  
Or as in swift eclipse the Sun  
Dark with the doom he cannot shun  
Or a poor bird with mangled wing  
So, left of sons and host, the king  
No longer, by ambition fired,  
The pride of war his breast inspired  
He gave his empire to his son  
Of all he had, the only one  
And bade him rule as kings are taught  
Then straight a hermit-grove he sought  
Far to Hímálaya's side he fled,  
Which bards and Nágas visited,  
And, Mahádeva's<sup>1</sup> grace to earn,  
He gave his life to penance stern  
A lengthened season thus passed by,  
When Śiva's self, the Lord most High,  
Whose banner shows the pictured bull,<sup>2</sup>  
Appeared, the God most bountiful

‘Why fervent thus in toil and pain?  
What brings thee here? what boon to gain?’

<sup>1</sup> The Great God, Śive

<sup>2</sup> Nandi, the snow white bull, the attendant and favourite vehicle of Śiva

Thy heart's desire O Monarch speak  
I grant the boons which mortals seek  
The ling his adoration paid  
To Mahadeva answer made  
If thou hast deemed me fit to win  
Thy favour O thou void of sin  
On me O mighty God bestow  
The wondrous science of the bow  
All mine complete in every part  
With secret spell and mystic art  
To me be all the arms revealed  
That Gods and suns and Titans wield  
And every dart that arms the hands  
Of spirits fiends and minstrel bands  
Be mine O Lord supreme in place  
This token of thy boundless grace

The Lord of Gods then gave consent  
And to his heavenly mansion went  
Triumphant in the arms he held  
The monarch's breast with glory swelled  
So swells the ocean when upon  
His breast the full moon's beams have shone  
Already in his mind he viewed  
Vaśishtha at his feet subdued  
He sought that hermit's grove and there  
Launched his dire weapons through the air  
Till scorched by might that none could stay  
The hermitage in ashes lay  
Where'er the inmates saw aghast  
The dart that Visvamitra cast  
To every side they turned and fled  
In hundreds forth disquieted  
Vaśishtha's pupils caught the fear  
And every bird and every deer

And fled in wild confusion forth  
Eastward and westward, south and north  
And so Vaśiṣṭha's holy shade  
A solitary wild way made,  
Silent awhile, for not a sound  
Disturbed the hush that was around

Vaśiṣṭha then, with eager cry,  
Called, 'Fear not friends, nor seek to fly  
This son of Gaṇin dies to-day,  
Like hoar-frost in the morning's ray.'  
Thus having said, the glorious sage  
Spoke to the king in words of rage  
'Because thou hast destroyed this grove  
Which long in holy quiet thrived,  
By folly mingled to senseless crime,  
Now shalt thou die before thy time'

## CANTO LVI

## VISHVAMITRA'S VOW

But Vishvamitra at the threat  
 Of that illustrious anchorite  
 Cried as he launched with ready hand  
 A fiery weapon Stand O stand  
 Vashishtha wild with rage and hate  
 Raising as twere the Rod of Fate  
 His mighty Brahman wand on high  
 To Vishvamitra made reply  
 Nry stand O Warrior thou and show  
 What soldier can against Brahman foe  
 O Gadhya's son thy days are told  
 Thy pride is tamed thy dart is cold  
 How shall a warrior's puissance dare  
 With Brahman's awful strength compare?  
 To day base Warrior shalt thou feel  
 That God sent might is more than steel  
 He raised his Brahman staff nor missed  
 The fiery dart that near him hissed  
 And quenched the fearful weapon fell  
 As flame beneath the billow's swell

Then Gadhya's son in fury threw  
 Lord Varun's arm and Rudra's too  
 Indra's fierce bolt that all destroys  
 That which the Lord of Herds employs  
 The Human that which minstrels keep  
 The deadly Lure the endless Sleep  
 The Yawner and the dart which charms  
 Lament and Fortune fearful arms

The Terrible, the dart which dries,  
 The Thunderbolt which quenchless flies,  
 And Fate's dread net, and Bṛhmá's noose,  
 And that which waits for Varun's use  
 The dart he loves who wields the bow  
 Pináka, and twin bolts that glow  
 With fury as they flash and fly  
 The quenchless Liquid and the Dry  
 The dart of Vengeance, swift to kill  
 The Goblins' dart the Cuilew's Bill  
 The discus both of Fate and Right,  
 And Vishnu's, of unerring flight  
 The Wind-God's dart, the Troubler dread,  
 The weapon named the Horse's Head  
 From his fierce hand two spears were thrown,  
 And the great mace that smashes bone  
 The dart of spirits of the air,  
 And that which Fate exults to bear  
 The Trident dart which slaughters foes,  
 And that which hanging skulls compose <sup>1</sup>  
 These fearful darts in fiery rain  
 He hurled upon the saint again,  
 An awful miracle to view  
 But as the ceaseless tempest flew,  
 The sage with wand of God-sent power  
 Still swallowed up that fiery shower

<sup>1</sup> 'The names of many of these weapons which are mythical and partly allegorical have occurred in Canto XXIX. The general significance of the story is clear enough. It is a contest for supremacy between the regal or military order and Brahmanical or priestly authority, like one of those struggles which our own Europe saw in the middle ages when without employing warlike weapons the priesthood frequently gained the victory.' SCHLEGEL

Then Gadhi's son when these had failed  
With Brahmā's dart his foe assailed  
The Gods with Indra at their head  
And Nāgas quailed disquieted  
And saints and minstrels when they saw  
The king that awful weapon draw  
And the three worlds were filled with dread  
And trembled as the missile sped

The saint with Brahman wand empowered  
By lore divine that dart devoured  
Nor could the triple world withdraw  
Rapt gazes from that sight of awe  
For as he swallowed down the dart  
Of Brahmā sparks from every part  
From finest pore and hair-cell broke  
Enveloped in a veil of smoke  
The staff he waved was all aglow  
Like Yama's sceptre King below  
Or like the lurid fire of Fate  
Whose rage the worlds will desolate

The hermits whom that sight had awed  
Extolled the saint with hymn and laud  
Thy power O Sage is neer in vain  
Now with thy might thy might restrain  
Be gracious Master and allow  
The worlds to rest from trouble now,  
For Viśvamitra strong and dread  
By thee has been discomfited

Then thus addressed the saint well pleased  
The fury of his wrath appeased  
The king o'erpowered and ashamed  
With many a deep drawn sigh exclaimed  
Ah! Warriors strength is poor and slight  
A Brahman's power is truly might

This Bráhmaṇ staff the hermit held  
The fury of my darts has quelled  
This truth within my heart impressed,  
With senses ruled and tranquil breast  
My task austere will I begin,  
And Bráhmaṇhood will strive to win.'

## CANTO LVII

*TRISĀVAU*

Then with his heart consumed with woe  
 Still brooding on his overthrow  
 By the great saint he had defied  
 At every breath the monarch sighed  
 Forth from his home his queen he led  
 And to a land far southward fled  
 There fruit and roots his only food  
 He practised penance sense subdued  
 And in that solitary spot  
 Four virtuous sons the king begot  
 Havishyand from the offering named  
 And Madhushyand for sweetness famed  
 Mahārath chariot-horne in fight  
 And Dridhanetr strong of sight

A thousand years had passed away,  
 When Brahmā Sire whom all obey  
 Addressed in pleasant words like these  
 Him rich in long austerities

Thou by thy penance Kuśik's son  
 A place mid royal saints hast won  
 Pleased with thy constant penance we  
 This lofty rank assign to thee

Thus spoke the glorious Lord most High  
 Father of earth and air and sky  
 And with the Gods around him spread  
 Home to his changeless sphere he sped  
 But Viśv amitra scorned the grace  
 And bent in shame his angry face



Burning with rage, o'erwhelmed with grief,  
 Thus in his heart exclaimed the chief:  
 'No fruit, I ween, have I secured  
 By strictest penance long endured,  
 If Gods and all the saints decree  
 To make but royal saint of me'  
 Thus pondering, he with sense subdued,  
 With steinest zeal his vows renewed

Then reigned a monarch, true of soul,  
 Who kept each sense in firm control,  
 Of old Ikshváku's line he came,  
 That glories in Trisanku's<sup>1</sup> name.  
 Within his breast, O Raghu's child,  
 Arose a longing, strong and wild,  
 Great offerings to the Gods to pay,  
 And win, alive, to heaven his way  
 His priest Vāsishtha's aid he sought,  
 And told him of his secret thought  
 But wise Vāsishtha showed the hope  
 Was far beyond the monarch's scope.  
 Trisanku then, his suit denied,  
 Far to the southern region hied,  
 To beg Vāsishtha's sons to aid  
 The mighty plan his soul had made  
 There King Trisanku, far renowned,  
 Vāsishtha's hundred children found,  
 Each on his fervent vows intent,  
 For mind and fame preeminent  
 To these the famous king applied,  
 Wise children of his holy guide

<sup>1</sup> 'Trisanku, king of Ayodhyá, was seventh in descent from Ikshváku, and Daśaratha holds the thirty fourth place in the same genealogy. See CANTO LXX. We are thrown back, therefore, to very ancient times, and it occasions some surprise to find Vāsishtha and Viśvámitra, actors in these occurrences, still alive in Ráma's time'

Saluting each in order due  
His eyes for shame he downward threw  
And reverent hands together pressed  
The glorious company addressed  
I as a humble suppliant seek  
Succour of you who aid the weak  
A mighty offering I would pay  
But sage Vāṣiṣṭha answered Nāy  
Be yours permission to accord  
And to my rites your help afford.  
Sons of my guide to each of you  
With lowly reverence here I sue  
To each intent on penance vow  
O Brahmans low my head I bow  
And pray you each with ready heart  
In my great rite to bear a part  
That in the body I may rise  
And dwell with Gods within the skies  
Sons of my guide none else I see  
Can give what he refuses me  
Ikshvaku's children still depend  
Upon their guide most reverend  
And you as nearest in degree  
To him my deities shall be !

## CANTO LVIII.

## TRISANKU CURSED.

Trisanku's speech the hundred heard,  
 And thus replied, to anger stirred -  
 ' Why, foolish King, by him denied,  
 Whose truthful lips have never lied,  
 Dost thou transgress his prudent rule,  
 And seek, for aid, another school ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Ikshvāku's sons have aye relied  
 Most surely on their holy guide  
 Then how dost thou, fond Monarch, dare  
 Transgress the rule his lips declare ?  
 ' Thy wish is vain,' the saint replied,  
 And bade thee cast the plan aside  
 Then how can we, his sons, pretend  
 In such a rite our aid to lend ?  
 O Monarch, of the childish heart,  
 Home to thy royal town depart  
 That mighty saint, thy priest and guide,

<sup>1</sup> ' It does not appear how Trisanku, in asking the aid of Vāsishtha's sons after applying in vain to their father, could be charged with resorting to another *sākhā* (School) in the ordinary sense of that word ; as it is not conceivable that the sons should have been of another *Śākhā* from the father, whose cause they espouse with so much warmth. The commentator in the Bombay edition explains the word *Śākhāntaram* as *Yājñādīna rakṣantaram*, "one who by sacrificing for thee, etc., will be another protector." Gorresio's Gauda text, which may often be used as a commentary on the older one, has the following paraphrase of the words in question, ch 60, 3 *Mūlam utsriṣya kasmāt tvam śākhāsv ichhasi lambitum* "Why, forsaking the root, dost thou desire to hang upon the branches?" *Muir, Sanskrit Texts Vol. I, p. 401*

At noblest rites may well preside  
 The worlds for sacrifice combined  
 A worthier priest could never find  
 Such speech of theirs the monarch heard  
 Though rage distorted every word  
 And to the hermits made reply  
 You like your sire my suit deny  
 For other aid I turn from you  
 So rich in penance Saints adieu !

Vaśiṣṭha's children heard and guessed  
 His evil purpose scarce expressed  
 And cried while rage their bosoms burned  
 Be to a vile Chandala<sup>1</sup> turned !  
 This said with lofty thoughts inspired  
 Each to his own retreat retired

That night Trisanku underwent  
 Sad change in shape and lineament  
 Next morn an outcast swart of hue  
 His dusky cloth he round him drew  
 His hair had fallen from his head  
 And roughness o'er his skin was spread  
 Such wreaths adorned him as are found  
 To flourish on the funeral ground  
 Each armlet was an iron ring  
 Such was the figure of the king  
 That every counsellor and peer  
 And following townsman fled in fear

Alone unyielding to dismay  
 Though burnt by anguish night and day

<sup>1</sup> A Chāṇḍāla was a man born of the illegal and impure union of a Śūdra with a woman of one of the three higher castes. The Chāṇḍāla was regarded as the vilest and most abject of the men sprung from wedlock forbidden by the law (Mānavadharmaśāstra Lib X 1<sup>o</sup>) a kind of social malediction weighed upon his head and rejected him from human society. GORPESIO

Great Viśvámitra's side he sought,  
Whose treasures were by penance bought  
The hermit with his tender eyes  
Looked on Tisanku's altered guise,  
And grieving at his ruined state  
Addressed him thus, compassionate .  
'Great King,' the pious hermit said,  
'What cause thy steps has hither led,  
Ayodhyá's mighty Sovereign, whom  
A curse has plagued with outcast's doom ?'  
In vile Chandála's shape, the king  
Heard Viśvámitra's questioning,  
And, suppliant palm to palm applied,  
With answering eloquence he cried  
'My priest and all his sons refused  
To aid the plan on which I mused  
Failing to win the boon I sought,  
To this condition I was brought  
I, in the body, Saint, would fain  
A mansion in the skies obtain  
I planned a hundred rites for this,  
But still was doomed the fruit to miss  
Pure are my lips from falsehood's stain,  
And pure they ever shall remain,  
Yea, by a Warrior's faith I swear,  
Though I be tried with grief and care  
Unnumbered rites to Heaven I paid,  
With righteous care the sceptre swayed,  
And holy priest and high-souled guide  
My modest conduct gratified  
But, O thou best of hermits, they  
Oppose my wish these rites to pay ;  
They one and all refuse consent,  
Not aid me in my high intent

Fate is I ween the power supreme  
Man's effort but an idle dream  
Fate whirls our plans our all away ,  
Fate is our only hope and stay  
Now deign O blessed Saint to aid  
Me even me by Fate betrayed  
Who come a suppliant sore distressed  
One grace O Hermit to request  
No other hope or way I see  
No other refuge waits for me  
Oh aid me in my fallen state  
And human will shall conquer Fate

## CANTO LIX.

*THE SONS OF VAŚISHTHA.*

Then Kuśik's son, by pity warmed,  
 Spoke sweetly to the king transformed .  
 'Hail ! glory of Ikshvāku's line  
 I know how bright thy virtues shine  
 Dismiss thy fear, O noblest Chief,  
 For I myself will bring relief  
 The holiest saints will I invite  
 To celebrate thy purposed rite  
 So shall thy vow, O King succeed,  
 And from thy cares shalt thou be freed  
 Thou in the form which now thou hast,  
 Transfigured by the curse they cast,  
 Yea, in the body, King, shalt flee,  
 Transported, where thou fain wouldst be.  
 O Lord of men, I ween that thou  
 Hast heaven within thy hand e'en now,  
 For very wisely hast thou done,  
 And refuge sought with Kuśik's son '

Thus having said, the sage addressed  
 His sons, of men the holiest,  
 And bade the prudent saints whate'er  
 Was needed for the rite prepare  
 The pupils he was wont to teach  
 He summoned next, and spoke this speech :  
 ' Go bid Vaśishtha's sons appear  
 And all the saints be gathered here  
 And what they one and all reply  
 When summoned by this mandate high,

To me with faithful care report  
Omit no word and none distort

The pupils heard and prompt obeyed  
To every side then way they made  
Then swift from every quarter sped  
The sages in the Vedas read  
Back to that saint the envoys came  
Whose glory shone like burning flame  
And told him in their faithful speech  
The answer that they bore from each

Submissive to thy word O Seer  
Thou holy men are gathering here  
By all was meet obedience shown  
Mahodaya<sup>1</sup> refused alone  
And now O Chief of hermits hear  
What answer chilling us with fear  
Vasishtha's hundred sons returned  
Thick speaking as with rage they burned

How will the Gods and saints partake  
The offerings that the prince would make—  
And he a vile and outcast thing  
His ministrant one born a king?  
Can we great Brahmans eat his food  
And think to win beatitude  
By Viśvamitra purified?

Thus sire and sons in scorn replied  
And as these bitter words they said  
Wild fury made their eyeballs red

Their answer when the arch hermit heard,  
His tranquil eyes with rage were blurred,  
Great fury in his bosom woke  
And thus unto the youths he spoke

<sup>1</sup> This appellation occurring nowhere else in the poem except as the name of a city appears twice in this Canto as a name of Vasishtha



‘Me, blameless me they dare to blame,  
And disallow the righteous claim  
My fierce austerities have earned.  
To ashes be the sinners turned  
Caught in the noose of Fate shall they  
To Yama’s kingdom sink to-day  
Seven hundred times shall they be born  
To wear the clothes the dead have worn.  
Diegs of the diegs, too vile to hate,  
The flesh of dogs their maws shall sate.  
In hideous form, in loathsome weed,  
A sad existence each shall lead.  
Mahodaya too, the fool who fain  
My stainless life would try to stain,  
Stained in the world with long disgrace  
Shall sink into a fowler’s place  
Rejoicing guiltless blood to spill,  
No pity through his breast shall thrill.  
Cursed by my wrath for many a day,  
His wretched life for sin shall pay’

Thus, girt with hermit saint, and priest,  
Great Viśvámitra spoke—and ceased.

## CANTO LX

*TRISANKU'S ASCENSION*

So with ascetic might in ire  
 He smote the children and the sire  
 Then Viśvamitra far renowned  
 Addressed the saints who gathered round  
 See by my side Trisanku stand  
 Ikshvāku's son of liberal hand  
 Most virtuous and gentle he  
 Seeks refuge in his woe with me  
 Now holy men with me unite  
 And order so his purposed rite  
 That in the body he may rise  
 And win a mansion in the skies

They heard his speech with ready ear  
 And every bosom filled with fear  
 Of Viśvamitra wise and great  
 Spoke each to each in brief debate  
 Tho' breast of Kuśika's son we know  
 With furious wrath is quick to glow  
 Whatever the words he wills to say  
 We must be very sure obey  
 Fierce is our lord as fire and straight  
 May curse us all infuriate  
 So let us in these rites engage  
 As ordered by the holy sage  
 And with our best endeavour strive  
 That King Ikshvāku's son alive  
 In body to the skies may go  
 By his great might who wills it so

Then was the rite begun with care .  
 All requisites and means were there  
 And glorious Viśvāmitra lent  
 His willing aid as president  
 And all the sacred rites were done  
 By rule and use, omitting none,  
 By chaplain-priest, the hymns who knew,  
 In decent form and order due  
 Some time in sacrifice had past,  
 And Viśvāmitra made, at last,  
 The solemn offering with the prayer  
 That all the Gods might come and share.  
 But the Immortals, one and all,  
 Refused to hear the hermit's call

Then red with rage his eyeballs blazed :  
 The sacred ladle high he raised,  
 And cried to King Ikshvāku's son -  
 ' Behold my power, by penance won :  
 Now by the might my merits lend,  
 Ikshvāku's child, to heaven ascend.  
 In living flame the skies attain,  
 Which mortals thus can scarcely gain.  
 My vows austere, so long endured,  
 Have as I ween, some fruit assured.  
 Upon its virtue, King, rely,  
 And in thy body reach the sky '

His speech had scarcely reached its close,  
 When, as he stood, the sovereign rose,  
 And mounted swiftly to the skies  
 Before the wondering hermits' eyes

But India, when he saw the king  
 His blissful regions entering,  
 With all the army of the Blest  
 Thus cried unto the unbidden guest :

‘With thy best speed Trisanku flee  
Here is no home prepared for thee  
By thy great master’s curse brought low  
Go falling headlong earthward go

Thus by the Lord of Gods addressed  
Trisanku fell from fancied rest  
And screaming in his swift descent

O save me Hermit! down he went  
And Visvāmitra heard his cry  
And marked him falling from the sky  
And giving all his passion sway  
Cried out in fury Stay O stay!

By penance power and holy lore  
Like Him who framed the worlds of yore  
Seven other saints he fixed on high  
To star with light the southern sky  
Girt with his sages forth he went  
And southward in the firmament  
New wreathed stars prepared to set  
In many a sparkling coronet  
He threatened blind with rage and hate  
Another Indra to create

On from his throne the ruler hurled  
All Indraless to leave the world  
Yet borne away by passion’s storm  
The sage began new Gods to form  
But then each Titan God and saint  
Confused with terror sick and faint  
To high souled Visvāmitra cried  
And with soft words to soothe him tried

Lord of high destiny this king  
To whom his master’s curses cling  
No heavenly home deserves to grieve  
Unpurged from curse and stain

The son of Kuśik, undeterred,  
 The pleading of the Immortals heard,  
 And thus in haughty words expressed  
 The changeless purpose of his breast.  
 'Content ye, Gods I soothly sware  
 Triśanku to the skies to bear  
 Clothed in his body, nor can I  
 My promise cancel or deny  
 Embodied let the king ascend  
 To life in heaven that ne'er shall end.  
 And let these new-made stars of mine  
 Firm and secure for ever shine  
 Let these, my work, remain secure  
 Long as the earth and heaven endure  
 This, all ye Gods, I crave do you  
 Allow the boon for which I sue'  
 Then all the Gods then answer made.  
 'So be it, Saint, as thou hast played  
 Beyond the sun's diurnal way  
 Thy countless stars in heaven shall stay  
 And 'mid them hung, as one divine,  
 Head downward shall Triśanku shine  
 And all thy stars shall ever fling  
 Then rays attendant on the king'<sup>1</sup>

The mighty saint, with glory crowned,  
 With all the sages compassed round,  
 Praised by the Gods, gave full assent,  
 And Gods and sages homeward went

<sup>1</sup> 'The seven ancient *rishis* or saints, as has been said before, were the seven stars of Ursa Major. The seven other new saints which are here said to have been created by Viśvámitra, should be seven new southern stars, a sort of new Ursa. Von Schlegel thinks that this mythical fiction of new stars created by Viśvámitra may signify that these southern stars, unknown to the Indians as long as they remained in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, became known to them at a later date when they colonized the southern regions of India.' GORRESIO

## CANTO LXI

*ŚUNAHŚPPHA*

Then Viśvámitra when the Blest  
 Had sought their homes of heavenly rest  
 Thus mighty Prince his counsel laid  
 Before the dwellers of the shade

The southern land where now we are  
 Offers this check our rites to bar<sup>1</sup>  
 To other regions let us speed  
 And ply our tasks from trouble freed  
 Now turn we to the distant west  
 To Pushkar's<sup>2</sup> wood where hermits rest  
 And there to rites austere apply  
 For not a grove with that can vie

The saint in glory's light arrayed  
 In Pushkar's wood his dwelling made  
 And living there on roots and fruit  
 Did penance stern and resolute

<sup>1</sup> This cannot refer to the events just related for Viśvámitra was successful in the sacrifice performed for Trisanku. And yet no other impediment is mentioned. Still his restless mind would not allow him to remain long in the same spot. So the character of Viśvámitra is ingeniously and skillfully shadowed forth as he had been formerly a most warlike and loving battle and glory bold active some times unjust and more frequently magnanimous such also he always shows himself in his character of anchorite and ascetic. SCHLEGEL

<sup>2</sup> Near the modern city of Ajmer. The place is sacred till and the name is preserved in the Hindu. Lassen however says that this Pushkala or Pushkara called by the Greek writers Πευκεῖς αἰρεῖς the best place of pilgrimage mentioned by name is not to be confounded with the modern Pushkara in Ajmer.

The king who filled Ayodhyá's throne,  
By Ambaísha's name far known,  
At that same time, it chanced, began  
A sacrificial rite to plan  
But India took by force away  
The charger that the king would slay  
The victim lost, the Bráhmaṇ sped  
To Ambaísha's side, and said  
'Gone is the steed, O King, and this  
Is due to thee, in care remiss  
Such heedless faults will kings destroy  
Who fail to guard what they enjoy  
The flaw is desperate we need  
The charger, or a man to bleed  
Quick ! bring a man, if not the horse,  
That so the rite may have its course'

The glory of Ikshváku's line  
Made offer of a thousand kine,  
And sought to buy at lordly price  
A victim for the sacrifice  
To many a distant land he drove,  
To many a people, town, and grove,  
And holy shades where hermits rest,  
Pursuing still his eager quest  
At length on Bhṛigu's sacred height  
The saint Richíka met his sight  
Sitting beneath the holy boughs,  
His children near him, and his spouse

The mighty lord drew near, assayed  
To win his grace, and reverence paid ,  
And then the sainted king addressed  
The Bráhmaṇ saint with this request  
'Bought with a hundred thousand kine,

Give me O Sage a son of thine  
To be a victim in the rite  
And thanks the favour shall requite  
For I have roamed all countries round  
Nor sacrificial victim found  
Then gentle Hermit deign to spare  
One child amid the number there

Then to the monarch's speech replied  
The hermit penance glorified

For countless kine for hills of gold  
Mine eldest son shall ne'er be sold  
But when she heard the saint's reply  
The children's mother standing nigh  
Words such as these in answer said  
To Amharishā monarch dread

My lord the saint has spoken well  
His eldest child he will not sell  
And know great Monarch that above  
The rest my youngest horn I love  
Tis ever thus the father's joy  
Is centred in his eldest boy  
The mother loves her darling best  
Whom last she rocked upon her breast  
My youngest I will ne'er forsake

As thus the sire and mother spake  
Young Sunahsephā of the three  
The midmost cried unurged and free  
My sire withholds his eldest son  
My mother keeps her youngest one  
Then take me with thee King I ween  
The son is sold who comes between  
The king with joy his home resought  
And took the prize his kine had bought



He bade the youth his car ascend,  
And hastened back the rites to end<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Ambarisha is the twenty-ninth in descent from Ishvaku, and is therefore separated by an immense space of time from Trisanku in whose story Visvámitra had played so important a part. Yet Richiśa, who is represented as having young sons while Ambarisha was yet reigning, being himself the son of Bhṛgu and to be numbered with the most ancient sages, is said to have married the younger sister of Visvámitra. But I need not again remark that there is a perpetual anachronism in Indian mythology.' SCHLEGEL

'In the mythical story related in this and the following Canto we may discover, I think, some indication of the epoch at which the immolation of lower animals was substituted for human sacrifice. So when Iphigenia was about to be sacrificed at Aulis, one legend tells us that a hind was substituted for the virgin.' GORDON

So the ram caught in the thicket took the place of Isaac or, as the Musalmáns say of Ishmael

## CANTO LXII

*AMBALĪSHĀS SACRIFICE*

As thus the king that youth conveyed  
 His weary steeds at length he staved  
 At height of noon their rest to take  
 Upon the bank of Pushkar's lake  
 There while the king enjoyed repose  
 The captive Sunahṣepa rose  
 And hasting to the water's side  
 His uncle Vāṣantra spied  
 With many a hermit north the trees  
 Engaged in stern austerities.

Distracted with the toil and thirst  
 With woeful mien away he burst  
 Swift to the hermit's breast he flew  
 And weeping thus began to sue  
 No sire have I no mother dear  
 No kith or kin my heart to cheer  
 As justice bids O Hermit deign  
 To save me from the threatened pain.  
 O thou to whom the wretched flee  
 And find a saviour Smit in thee  
 Now let the king obtain his will  
 And me my length of days fulfil  
 That rites austere I too may share  
 May rise to heaven and rest me there  
 With tender soul and gentle brow  
 Be guardian of the orphan thou  
 And as a father pities so  
 Preserve me from my fear and woe

When Viśvāmitra, glorious saint,  
Had heard the boy's heartrending plaint,  
He soothed his grief, his tears he dried,  
Then called his sons to him, and cried .  
'The time is come for you to show  
The duty and the aid bestow  
For which, regarding future life,  
A man gives children to his wife  
This hermit's son, whom here you see  
A suppliant, refuge seeks with me  
O sons, the friendless youth befriend,  
And, pleasing me, his life defend  
For holy works you all have wrought,  
True to the virtuous life I taught  
Go, and as victims doomed to bleed,  
Die, and Lord Agni's hunger feed  
So shall the rite completed end,  
This orphan gain a saving friend,  
Due offerings to the Gods be paid,  
And your own father's voice obeyed'

Then Madhushyand and all the rest  
Answered then sire with scorn and jest  
'What! aid to others' sons afford,  
And leave thine own to die, my lord!  
To us it seems a horrid deed,  
As 'twere on one's own flesh to feed'

The hermit heard his sons' reply,  
And burning rage inflamed his eye  
Then forth his words of fury burst  
'Audacious speech, by virtue cursed!  
It lifts on end each shuddering hair  
My charge to scorn! my wrath to dare!  
You, like Vāśishtha's evil brood,  
Shall make the flesh of dogs your food

A thousand years in many a birth  
And punished thus shall dwell on earth

Thus on his sons his curse he laid  
Then calmed again that youth dismayed  
And blessed him with his saving aid

When in the sacred fetters bound  
And with a purple garland crowned  
At Vishnu's post thou standest tied  
With lauds he Agni glorified  
And these two hymns of holy praise  
Forget not Hermit son to raise  
In the king's rite and thou shalt be  
Lord of thy wish preserved and free

He learnt the hymns with mind intent  
And from the hermit's presence went  
To Amburisha thus he spake

Let us our onward journey take  
Haste to thy home O King nor stay  
The lustral rite with slow delay

The boy's addressee the monarch cheered  
And soon the sacred ground he neared  
The convocation's high decree  
Declared the youth from blemish free  
Clothed in red raiment he was tied  
A victim at the pillar's side  
There bound the Fire God's hymn he raised  
And Indra and Upendra pruned  
Thousand-eyed Vishnu pleased to hear  
The mystic laid inclined his ear  
And won by worship swift to save  
Long life to Sunah'seph gave  
The king in bounteous measure gained  
The fruit of sacrifice ordained  
By grace of Him who rules the skies

Lord India of the thousand eyes.

And Viśvámitra evermore  
Pursued his task on Pushkar's shore  
Until a thousand years had past  
In fierce austerity and fast

## CANTO LXIII

## MEVANA

A thousand years had thus flown by  
 When all the Gods within the sky  
 Lingered that he the fruit might gain  
 Of fervent rite and holy pun  
 Approached the great ascetic now  
 Bathed after toil and ended vow  
 Then Brahmā speaking for the rest  
 With sweetest words the sage addressed  
 Hail Sūnt ! This high and holy name  
 Thy rites have won thy merits claim  
 Thus spoke the Lord whom Gods revere  
 And sought again his heavenly sphere  
 But Visvāmitra more intent  
 His mind to sterner penance bent  
 So many a season rolled away  
 When Menaka fair nymph one day  
 Came down from Paradise to live  
 Her perfect limbs in Pushkar's wave  
 The glorious son of Kuśik saw  
 That peerless shape without a flaw  
 Flash through the flood's translucent shroud  
 Like lightning gleaming through a cloud  
 He saw her in that lone retreat  
 Most beautiful from head to feet  
 And by Kāṇḍarpa's<sup>1</sup> might subdued  
 He thus addressed her as he viewed

<sup>1</sup> The Indian Cupid

'Welcome, sweet nymph ! O deign, I pray,  
In these calm shades awhile to stay  
To me some gracious favour show,  
For love has set my breast aglow'

He spoke    The fairest of the fair  
Made for awhile her dwelling there,  
While day by day the wild delight  
Stayed now austere and fervent rite  
There as the winsome charmer wove  
Her spells around him in the grove,  
And bound him in a golden chain,  
Five sweet years fled and five again  
Then Viśvámitra woke to shame,  
And, fraught with anguish, memory came,  
For quick he knew, with anger fired,  
That all the Immortals had conspired  
To lap his careless soul in ease,  
And mar his long austerities  
'Ten years have past, each day and night  
Unheeded in delusive flight  
So long my fervent rites were stayed,  
While thus I lay by love betrayed  
As thus long sighs the hermit heaved,  
And, touched with deep repentance, grieved,  
He saw the fair one standing nigh  
With suppliant hands and trembling eye  
With gentle words he bade her go,  
Then sought the northern hills of snow  
With firm resolve he vowed to beat  
The might of Love beneath his feet  
Still northward to the distant side  
Of Kauśikí<sup>2</sup>, the hermit hied,

<sup>2</sup> 'The same as she whose praises Viśvámitra has already sung in Canto XXXV, and whom the poet brings yet alive upon the scene in Canto LXI. Her proper name was *Satyavati* (Truthful), the patronym

And gave his life to penance there  
 With rites austere most hard to bear  
 A thousand years went by and still  
 He laboured on the northern hill  
 With pains so terrible and drear  
 That all the Gods were lulled with fear  
 And Gods and saints for swift advice  
 Met in the halls of Paradise

Let Kusik's son they counselled so  
 A Mighty saint by just decree  
 His ear to hear their counsel lent  
 The Sire of worlds omnipotent  
 To him enriched by rites severe  
 He spoke in accents sweet to hear  
 Hail Mighty Saint! dear son all hail!  
 Thy fervour wins thy toils prevail  
 Won by thy vows and zeal intense  
 I give this high preeminence  
 He to the General Sire replied  
 Not sad nor wholly satisfied

When thou O Brahman shalt declare  
 The title great beyond compare  
 Of Brahman saint my worthy meed  
 Hard earned by many a holy deed  
 Then may I deem in sooth I hold

the Gauhi was preserved by the river into which she is said to have  
 been changed and is still called in the corrupted forms Iu and  
 Ku: The river flows from the height of the Humliya toward the  
 Ganges bounding on the east the country of Vidha (Behar). The  
 name is no doubt half hidden in the Cosus of Pliny with Kosso-  
 anes of Arrian. But each author has fallen into the same error  
 in his enumeration of the rivers (Candochatem Linnoboam  
 Cosoam Sonum) The Eannohe (Haryah) and the Sonea are not  
 different streams but well known names of the same river. Moreover  
 the order is disturbed in which on the left and right they fall into the  
 Ganges. To be consistent with geography it should be written Eran-  
 noboam aive Sonum Candochatem (Gandaki) Cosogum. SCHLEGEL



Each sense of body well controlled '  
Then Biahmá cried, 'Not yet, not yet  
Toil on awhile O Anchorit ''

Thus having said to heaven he went  
The saint, upon his task intent,  
Began his labours to renew,  
Which sterner yet and fiercer grew  
His arms upraised, without a rest,  
With but one foot the earth he pressed ;  
The an his food, the hermit stood  
Still as a pillar hewn from wood  
Around him in the summer days  
Five mighty fires combined to blaze.  
In floods of rain no veil was spread  
Save clouds, to canopy his head  
In the dank dews both night and day  
Couched in the stream the hermit lay.  
Thus, till a thousand years had fled,  
He plied his task of penance dead  
Then Vishnu and the Gods with awe  
The labours of the hermit saw,  
And Śakra, in his troubled breast,  
Lord of the skies, his fear confessed,  
And brooded on a plan to spoil  
The merits of the hermit's toil  
Encompassed by his Gods of Storm  
He summoned Rambhá, fan of foam,  
And spoke a speech for woe and weal,  
The saint to mai, the God to heal.

## CANTO LXIV

## RAMBHA

A great emprise O lovely maid  
 To save the Gods awaits thine aid  
 To bind the son of Kusil sure  
 And take his soul with love's sweet lure  
 Thus ordered by the Thousand eyed  
 The suppliant nymph in fear replied  
 O Lord of Gods this mighty rage  
 Is very fierce and swift to rage  
 I doubt not he so dread and stern  
 On me his scorching wrath will turn  
 Of this my lord am I afraid  
 Have mercy on a timid maid  
 Her suppliant hands began to shake  
 When thus again Lord Indra spake  
 O Ramhha drive thy fears away  
 And as I bid do thou obey  
 In Kailas form who takes the heart  
 When trees in spring to blossom start  
 I with Kandarpa for my friend  
 Close to thy side mine aid will lend  
 Do thou thy beauteous splendour arm  
 With every grace and winsome charm  
 And from his awful rites seduce  
 Thus Kusil's son the stern recluse  
 Lord Indra ceased The nymph obeyed  
 In all her loveliest charms arrayed  
 With winning ways and witching smile  
 She sought the hermit to beguile

The sweet note of that tuneful bud  
The saint with ravished bosom heard,  
And on his heart a rapture passed  
As on the nymph a look he cast  
But when he heard the bud prolong  
His sweet incomparable song,  
And saw the nymph with winning smile,  
The hermit's heart perceived the wile  
And straight he knew the Thousand-eyed  
A plot against his peace had tried  
Then Kuśik's son indignant laid  
His curse upon the heavenly maid  
'Because thou wouldst my soul engage  
Who fight to conquer love and rage,  
Stand, till ten thousand years have flown,  
Ill-fated maid, transformed to stone  
A Bráhmaṇ then, in glory strong,  
Mighty through penance stern and long,  
Shall free thee from thine altered shape,  
Thou from my curse shalt then escape'  
But when the saint had cursed her so,  
His breast was bunt with fires of woe,  
Grieved that long effort to restrain  
His mighty wrath was all in vain  
Cursed by the angry sage's power,  
She stood in stone that selfsame hour.  
Kandaipa heard the words he said,  
And quickly from his presence fled  
His fall beneath his passion's sway  
Had left the hermit's meed away  
Unconquered yet his secret foes,  
The humbled saint refused repose  
'No more shall rage my bosom fill,  
Sealed be my lips, my tongue be still

My very breath henceforth I hold  
Until a thousand years are told  
Victorious o'er each erring sense  
I'll dry my frame with abstinence  
Until by penance duly done  
A Brahman's rank be bought and won  
For countless years as still as death  
I taste no food I draw no breath  
And as I toil my frame shall stand  
Unharm'd by time's destroying hand

## CANTO LXV.

*VIŚVĀMITRA'S TRIUMPH*

Then from Himālaya's heights of snow,  
 The glorious saint prepared to go,  
 And dwelling in the distant east  
 His penance and his toil increased  
 A thousand years his lips he held  
 Closed by a vow unparalleled,  
 And other marvels passing thought,  
 Unrivalled in the world, he wrought  
 In all the thousand years his flame  
 Dry as a log of wood became  
 By many a cross and check beset,  
 Rage had not stormed his bosom yet  
 With iron will that naught could bend  
 He plied his labour till the end  
 So when the weary years were o'er,  
 Freed from his vow so stern and sore,  
 The hermit, all his penance sped,  
 Sate down to eat his meal of bread  
 Then India, clad in Brāhman guise,  
 Asked him for food with hungry eyes  
 The mighty saint, with steadfast soul,  
 To the false Brāhman gave the whole,  
 And when no scrap for him remained,  
 Fasting and faint, from speech restrained  
 His silent vow he would not break  
 No breath he heaved, no word he spake  
 Then as he checked his breath, behold !  
 Around his brow thick smoke-clouds rolled,

And the three worlds as if o'erspread  
With ravening flames were filled with dread  
Then God and saint and bard convened  
And Naga lord and snake and fiend  
Thus to the General Father cried  
Distracted sad and terrified

Against the hermit sore assailed  
Lure scathe and scorn have naught availed  
Proof against rage and treacherous art  
He keeps his vow with constant heart  
Now if his toils assist him naught  
To gain the boon his soul has sought  
He through the worlds will ruin send  
That fixt and moving things shall end  
The regions now are dark with doom  
No friendly ray relieves the gloom  
Each ocean foams with maddened tide  
The shrinking hills in fear subside  
Trembles the earth with feverous throes  
The wind in fitful tempest blows  
No cure we see with troubled eyes  
An atheist brood on earth may rise  
The triple world is wild with cure  
Or spiritless in dull despair  
Before that saint the sun is dim  
His blessed light eclipsed by him  
Now ere the saint resolve to bring  
Destruction on each living thing  
Let us appease while yet we may  
Him bright as fire like fire to slay  
Yea as the fiery flood of Fate  
Lays all creation desolate  
He o'er the conquered Gods may reign  
O grant him what he longs to gain

Then all the Blest, by Brahmá led  
Approached the saint and sweetly said  
'Hail, Bráhmaṇ Saint' for such thy place  
Thy vows austere have won our grace  
A Bráhmaṇ's rank thy penance stern  
And ceaseless labour richly earn  
I with the Gods of Storm decree  
Long life, O Bráhmaṇ Saint, to thee  
May peace and joy thy soul possess  
Go where thou wilt in happiness'

Thus by the General Śne addressed,  
Joy and high triumph filled his breast  
His head in adoration bowed,  
Thus spoke he to the Immortal crowd  
'If I, ye Gods, have gained at last  
Both length of days and Bráhmaṇ caste,  
Giant that the high mysterious name,  
And holy Vedas, own my claim,  
And that the formula to bless  
The sacrifice, its lord confess  
And let Vaśishtha, who excels  
In Warriors' art and mystic spells,  
In love of God without a peer,  
Confirm the boon you promise here'

With Brahmá's son Vaśishtha, best  
Of those who pray with voice repressed,  
The Gods by earnest prayer prevailed,  
And thus his new-made friend he hailed -  
'Thy title now is sure and good  
To rights of saintly Bráhmaṇhood'  
Thus spake the sage The Gods, content,  
Back to their heavenly mansions went  
And Viśvámitra, pious-souled,  
Among the Bráhmaṇ saints enrolled,

On reverend Vāsishtha pressed  
The honours due to holy guest  
Successful in his high pursuit  
The sage in penance resolute  
Walked in his pilgrim wandering o'er  
The whole broad land from shore to shore  
Twas thus the saint O Rāghu's son  
His rank among the Brahmins won  
Best of all hermits Penance is he  
In him incarnate Penance see  
Friend of the right who shrinks from ill  
Heroic powers attend him still

The Brahman versed in ancient lore  
Thus closed his tale and said no more  
To Satānanda Kūśik's son  
Cried in delight Well done ! well done !  
Then Janak at the tale amazed  
Spoke thus with suppliant hands upraised  
High fate is mine O Sage I deem  
And thanks I owe for bliss supreme  
That thou and Rāghu's children too  
Have come my sacrifice to view  
To look on thee with blessed eyes  
Exalts my soul and purifies  
Yea thus to see thee face to face  
Enriches me with store of grace  
Thy holy labours wrought of old  
And mighty penance fully told  
Rāma and I with great delight  
Have heard O glorious Anechante  
Unrivalled thine ascetic deeds  
Thy might O Saint all might exceeds  
No thought may can no limit bound  
The virtues that in thee are found



The story of thy wondrous fate  
My thirsty ears can never sate  
The hour of evening rites is near :  
The sun declines in swift career  
At early dawn, O Hermit, deign  
To let me see thy face again  
Best of ascetics, part in bliss  
Do thou thy servant now dismiss.'

The saint approved, and glad and kind  
Dismissed the king with joyful mind.  
Around the sage King Janak went  
With priests and kinsmen reverent.  
Then Viśvāmitra, honoured so,  
By those high-minded, rose to go,  
And with the princes took his way  
To seek the lodging where they lay.

## CANTO LXVI

## JANAK'S SPEECH

With cloudless lustre rose the sun  
 The king his morning worship done  
 Ordered his heralds to invite  
 The princes and the anchorite  
 With honour as the laws decree  
 The monarch entertained the three  
 Then to the youths and saintly man  
 Videha's lord this speech began  
 O blameless Saint most welcome thou !  
 If I may please thee tell me how  
 Speak mighty lord whom all revere  
 'Tis thine to order mine to hear

Thus he on mighty thoughts intent ,  
 Then thus the sage most eloquent  
 King Daśaratha's sons this pair  
 Of warriors famous everywhere  
 Are come that best of bows to see  
 That lies a treasure stored by thee  
 This mighty Janak deign to show  
 That they may look upon the bow  
 And then contented homeward go  
 Then royal Janak spoke in turn  
 O best of Saints the story learn  
 Why this famed bow a noble prize,  
 A treasure in my palace lies  
 A monarch Devarát by name,  
 Who sixth from ancient Anantashayin,  
 Held it as ruler of the land

A pledge in his successive hand  
 This bow the mighty Rudra bore  
 At Daksha's<sup>1</sup> sacrifice of yore,  
 When carnage of the Immortals stained  
 The rite that Daksha had ordained  
 Then as the Gods sore wounded fled,  
 Victorious Rudra, mocking, said -  
 'Because, O Gods, ye gave me naught  
 When I my rightful portion sought,  
 Your dearest parts I will not spare,  
 But with my bow your flames will tear'

The Sons of Heaven, in wild alarm,  
 Soft flatteries tried his rage to charm  
 Then Bhava, Lord whom Gods adore,  
 Grew kind and friendly as before,  
 And every torn and mangled limb  
 Was safe and sound restored by him  
 Thenceforth this bow, the gem of bows,  
 That freed the God of Gods from foes,  
 Stored by our great forefathers lay  
 A treasure and a pride for aye  
 Once, as it chanced, I ploughed the ground,  
 When sudden, 'neath the share was found  
 An infant springing from the earth,  
 Named Sítá from her secret birth<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Daksha was one of the ancient Progenitors or Prajāpatis created by Brahmā. The sacrifice which is here spoken of and in which Śankar or Śiva (called also here Rudra and Bhava) smote the Gods because he had not been invited to share the sacred oblations with them, seems to refer to the origin of the worship of Śiva, to its increase and to the struggle it maintained with other older forms of worship.'  
 GORRESIO

<sup>2</sup> Sítá means a furrow

'Great Erechtheus swayed,  
 That owed his nurture to the blue eyed maid,  
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth'

In strength and grace the maiden grew  
 My cherished daughter fit to view  
 I vowed her of no mortal birth  
 Meet prize for noblest heroes worth  
 In strength and grace the maiden grew  
 And many a monarch came to woo  
 To all the princely suitors I  
 Gave mighty Saut the same reply  
     I give not thus my daughter she  
 Prize of heroic worth shall be  
 To Mithil the suitors pressed  
 Their power and might to manifest  
 To all who came with hearts aglow  
 I offered Siva wondrous bow  
 Not one of all the royal band  
 Could raise or take the bow in hand  
 The suitors puny might I spurned  
 And back the feeble princes turned  
 Enraged thereat the warriors met  
 With force combined my town beset  
 Stung to the heart with scorn and shame  
 With war and threats they madly came  
 Besieged my peaceful walls and loog  
 To Mithil did grievous wrong  
 There wasting all a year they lay  
 And brought my treasures to decay  
 Filling my soul O Hermit chief  
 With bitter woe and hopeless grief  
 At last by long wrought penance I  
 Won favour with the Gods on high  
 Who with my labours well content  
 A four fold host to aid me sent

The whole story of Sita as will be seen in the course of the poem has  
 a great analogy with the ancient myth of Proserpine      GORPESIO

Then swift the baffled heroes fled  
To all the winds discomfited  
Wrong-doers, with their lords and host,  
And all their valour's idle boast  
This heavenly bow, exceeding bright,  
These youths shall see, O Anchorite  
Then if young Ráma's hand can sting  
The bow that baffled lord and king,  
To him I give, as I have sworn,  
My Sítá, not of woman born'.

## CANTO LXVII

*THE BREAKING OF THE BOW*  

---

Then spole again the great recluse  
 This mighty bow O King produce  
 King Janak at the saint's request  
 This order to his train addressed  
 Let the great bow be hither borne  
 Which flowery wreaths and cents adorn  
 Soon as the monarch's words were said  
 His servants to the city sped  
 Five thousand youths in number all  
 Of manly strength and stature tall  
 The ponderous eight wheeled chest that held  
 The heavenly bow with toil propelled  
 At length they brought that iron chest  
 And thus the godlike king addre sed  
 This best of bows O lord we bring  
 Respected by each chief and king  
 And place it for these youths to see  
 If Sovereign such thy pleasure be  
 With suppliant palm to palm applied  
 King Janak to the strangers cried  
 This gem of bows O Brahman Sage  
 Our race has prized from age to age  
 Too strong for those who yet have reigned  
 Though great in might each nerve they strained  
 Titan and fiend its strength defies  
 God spirit minstrel of the skies  
 And bard above and snail below  
 Are baffled by this glorious bow

Then how may human prowess hope  
With such a bow as this to cope?  
What man with valour's choicest gift  
This bow can draw, or sting, or lift?  
Yet let the princes, holy Seer,  
Behold it—it is present here'

Then spoke the hermit pious-souled  
'Râma, dear son, the bow behold'  
Then Râma at his word unclosed  
The chest wherein its might reposed,  
Thus crying, as he viewed it—'Lo'  
I lay mine hand upon the bow  
May happy luck my hope attend  
Its heavenly strength to lift or bend'  
'Good luck be thine', the hermit cried  
'Assay the task!' the king replied  
Then Raghu's son, as if in sport,  
Before the thousands of the court,  
The weapon by the middle raised  
That all the crowd in wonder gazed  
With steady arm the string he drew  
Till burst the mighty bow in two  
As snapped the bow, an awful clang,  
Loud as the shriek of tempests, rang  
The earth, affrighted, shook amain  
As when a hill is rent in twain  
Then, senseless at the fearful sound,  
The people fell upon the ground  
None save the king, the princely pair,  
And the great saint, the shock could bear  
When woke to sense the stricken train,  
And Janak's soul was calm again,  
With suppliant hands and reverent head,  
These words, most eloquent, he said

O Saint Prince Rama stands alone  
His peerless might be well has shown  
A marvel has the hero wrought  
Beyond belief surpassing thought  
My child to royal Purnaved  
New glory on our line will shed  
And true my promise will remain  
That hero's worth the bride should gain  
Dearer to me than light and life  
My Sitā shall be Rama's wife  
If thou O Brahman leave concede  
My counsellors with eager speed  
Borne in their flying cars to fur  
Ayodhya's town the news shall bear  
With courteous message to entreat  
The king to grace my royal seat  
Thus to the monarch shall they tell  
The bride is his who won her well  
And his two sons are resting here  
Protected by the holy seer  
So at his pleasure let them lead  
The sovereign to my town with speed

The hermit to his prayer inclined  
And Janak lord of virtuous mind  
With charges to Ayodhya sent  
His ministers and forth they went



## CANTO LXVIII.

*THE ENVOYS' SPEECH.*

Three nights upon the road they passed  
 To rest the steeds that bore them fast,  
 And reached Ayodhyá's town at last.  
 Then straight at Daśaratha's call  
 They stood within the royal hall,  
 Where, like a God, inspiring awe,  
 The venerable king they saw  
 With suppliant palm to palm applied,  
 And all their terror laid aside,  
 They spoke to him upon the throne  
 With modest words, in gentle tone.  
 'Janak, Videha's king, O Sire,  
 Has sent us hither to inquire  
 The health of thee his friend most dear,  
 Of all thy priests and every peer  
 Next Kuśik's son consenting, thus  
 King Janak speaks, dread hege, by us :  
 'I made a promise and decree  
 That valour's prize my child should be  
 Kings, worthless found in worth's assay,  
 With men dejected turned away.  
 Thy sons, by Viśvámitra led,  
 Ununged, my city visited,  
 And peerless in their might have gained  
 My daughter, as my vow ordained.  
 Full in a vast assembly's view  
 Thy hero Ráma broke in two  
 The gem of bows, of monstrous size,

That ermo a treasure from the shies  
 Ordained the prize of hero's might  
 Sitá my child is his by right  
 Fain would I keep my promise made  
 If thou O King approve and aid  
 Come to my town thy son to see  
 Bring holy guide and priest with thee  
 O lord of kings my suit allow  
 And let me keep my promised vow  
 So joying for thy children's sale  
 Their triumph too shalt thou partake  
 With Viśvámitra's high consent  
 Such words with friendship eloquent  
 Spoke Janak fair Videha's king  
 By Satananda's counselling

The envoys thus the king addressed  
 And mighty joy his heart possessed  
 To Vamadeva quick he cried  
 Vaśishṭha and his lords beside  
 Lakshman and he my princely boy  
 Who fills Kauśalyá's soul with joy  
 By Viśvámitra guarded well  
 Among the good Videhans dwell  
 Their ruler Janak prompt to own  
 Tho peerless might my child has shown,  
 To him would knit in holy ties  
 His daughter's valour's lovely prize  
 If Janak's plan seem good to you  
 Come speed we to his city too  
 Nor let occasion idly by

He ceased There came a glad reply  
 From priest and mighty suet and all  
 The councillors who thronged the hall  
 Then cried the king with joyous heart

‘To-morrow let us all depart’

That night the envoys entertained  
With honour and all care remained

## CANTO LXIX

*DAŚAPATHAS VISIT*

Soon as the shades of night had fled  
 Thus to the wise Sumantra said  
 The happy king while priest and peer,  
 Each in his place were standing near

Let all my treasurers to-day  
*Set foremost in the long array*  
 With gold and precious gems supplied  
 In hounteous store together ride  
 And send you out a mighty force  
 Foot chariot, elephant and horse  
 Besides let many a car of state  
 And noblest steeds my will await  
 Vaśishtha Vamadeva sage  
 And Markandeya's reverend age  
 Javāli Kaśyapa's godlike seed  
 And wise Katyāyana shall lead  
 Thy care Sumantra let it be  
 To yoke a chariot now for me,  
 That so we part without delay  
 These envoys hasten me away

So fared he forth That host with speed,  
 Quadruple as the king decreed  
 With priests to head the bright array  
 Followed the monarch on his way  
 Four day they travelled on the road,  
 And eve Videha's kingdom showed  
 Janaka had left his royal seat  
 The venerable king to greet

And, noblest, with these words addressed  
That noblest lord, his happy guest :  
‘ Hail, best of kings a blessed fate  
Has led thee, Monarch, to my state.  
Thy sons, supreme in high empire,  
Will gladden now their father’s eyes.  
And high my fate, that hither leads  
Vasishtha, bright with holy deeds,  
Gut with these sages far-renowned,  
Like India with the Gods around  
Joy ! joy ! for vanquished are my foes :  
Joy ! for my house in glory grows,  
With Raghu’s noblest sons allied,  
Supreme in strength and valour’s pride  
To-morrow with its early light  
Will shine on my completed rite  
Then, sanctioned by the saints and thee,  
The marriage of thy Rāma see ’

Then Daśaratha, best of those  
Whose speech in graceful order flows,  
With gathered saints on every side,  
Thus to the lord of earth replied :  
‘ A truth is this I long have known,  
A favour is the giver’s own.  
What thou shalt bid, O good and true,  
We, as our power permits, will do.’

That answer of the truthful lord,  
With virtuous worth and honour stored,  
Janak, Videha’s noble king,  
Heard gladly, greatly marvelling.  
With bosoms filled with pleasure met  
Long-parted saint and anchoret,  
And linked in friendship’s tie they spent  
The peaceful night in great content.

Rama and Lakshman thither sped  
By sainted Viśvámitra led  
And bent in filial love to greet  
Their father and embraced his feet  
The aged king rejoiced to hear  
And see again his children dear  
Honoured by Janak's thoughtful care  
With great enjoyment rested there  
King Janak with attentive heed  
Consulted first his daughters' need  
And ordered all to speed the rite,  
Then rested also for the night

## CANTO LXX.

*THE MAIDENS SOUGHT*

Then with the morn's returning sun,  
 King Janak, when his rites were done,  
 Skilled all the charms of speech to know,  
 Spoke to wise Śatánanda so  
 ' My brother, lord of glorious fame,  
 My younger, Kuśadhway by name,  
 Whose virtuous life has won renown,  
 Has settled in a lovely town,  
 Sánkáśyá, decked with grace divine,  
 Whose glories bright as Pushpak's shine,  
 While Ikshumatí rolls her wave  
 Her lofty rampart's foot to lave  
 Him, holy priest, I long to see :  
 The guardian of my rite is he  
 That my dear brother may not miss  
 A share of mine expected bliss '

Thus in the presence of the priest  
 The royal Janak spoke, and ceased  
 Then came his henchmen, prompt and brave,  
 To whom his charge the monarch gave  
 Soon as they heard his will, in haste  
 With fleetest steeds away they raced,  
 To lead with them that lord of kings,  
 As India's call Lord Vishnu brings  
 Sánkáśyá's walls they duly gained,  
 And audience of the king obtained  
 To him they told the news they brought  
 Of marvels past and Janak's thought.





In every need, whate'er befall,  
 The saint Vaśishtha speaks for all  
 If Viśvāmitra so allow,  
 And all the saints around me now,  
 The sage will speak, at my desire,  
 An order and the truth require'

Soon as the king his lips had stilled,  
 Up rose Vaśishtha speaker skilled,  
 And to Videha's lord began  
 In flowing words that holy man  
 'From viewless Nature Brahṁā rose,  
 No change, no end, no waste he knows  
 A son had he Mañichī styled,  
 And Kaśyap was Mañichī's child  
 From him Virasvat sprang from him  
 Manu whose fame shall ne'er be dim  
 Manu, who life to mortals gave,  
 Begot Ikshvāku good and brave  
 First of Ayodhyā's kings was he,  
 Pride of her famous dynasty  
 From him the glorious Kukshi sprang,  
 Whose fame through all the regions rang  
 Rival of Kukshi's ancient fame,  
 His heir, the great Vikukshi, came.  
 His son was Vāna, lord of might,  
 His Anaranya, strong to fight  
 His son was Pūthu, glorious name,  
 From him the good Tisanku came.  
 He left a son renowned afar,  
 Known by the name of Dhundhumār.  
 His son, who drove the mighty car,  
 Was Yuvanāśva, feared in war  
 He passed away Hun followed then  
 His son Māndhātā, king of men

His son was blest in high emprise,  
Susandhi fortunate and wise  
Two noble sons had he to wit  
Dhruvasandhi and Prasenjit  
Bharat was Dhruvasandhi's son  
And glorious fame that monarch won  
The warrior Asit he begot  
Asit had warfare fierce and hot  
With rival kings in many a spot  
Hahayarsa and Janghas styled  
And Sasivindhus strong and wild  
Long time he strove but forced to yield  
Fled from his kingdom and the field  
With his two wife away he fled  
Where high Himalaya lifts his head  
And all his wealth and glory past  
He paid the dues of Fate at last  
The wives he left had both conceived—  
So is the ancient tale believed—  
One of her rival's hopes afraid  
Fell poison in her wounds laid  
It chanced that Chyavan Bhrgu's child,  
Had wandered to that pathless wild  
And there Himalaya's lovely height  
Detained him with a strange delight  
There came the other widowed queen  
With lotus eyes and beauteous mien  
Longing a noble son to bear  
And wooed the saint with earnest prayer  
When thus Kalmishi's fairest dame  
With reverent supplication came  
To her the holy sage replied

<sup>1</sup> A different lady from the Goddess of the Jumna who bears the same name

'Born with the poison from thy side,  
 O happy Queen, shall spring ere long  
 An infant fortunate and strong  
 Then weep no more, and check thy sighs,  
 Sweet lady of the lotus eyes'  
 The queen, who loved her perished lord,  
 For meet reply, the saint adored,  
 And, of her husband long bereaved,  
 She bore a son by him conceived.  
 Because her rival mixed the bane  
 To render her conception vain,  
 And fruit unripened to destroy,  
 Sagar<sup>1</sup> she called her darling boy.  
 To Sagar Asamanj was heir.  
 Bright Anśumán his consort bare.  
 Anśumán's son, Dilípa famed,  
 Begot a son Bhagínath named  
 From him the great Kakutstha rose.  
 From him came Raghu, feared by foes.  
 Of him sprang Purushádak bold,  
 Fierce hero of gigantic mould  
 Kalmáshapáda's name he bore,  
 Because his feet were spotted o'er.<sup>2</sup>  
 From him came Śankan, and from him  
 Sudarśan, fair in face and limb  
 From beautiful Sudarśan came  
 Prince Agnivaina, bright as flame  
 His son was Śíghriaga, for speed  
 Unmatched, and Maru was his seed  
 Praśuśiuka was Maru's child.  
 His son was Ambaísha styled.

<sup>1</sup> This is another fanciful derivation, *Sa*—with, and *ga* *a*—poison

<sup>2</sup> *Purushádak* means a cannibal. First called *Kalmáshapáda* on account of his spotted feet he is said to have been turned into a cannibal for killing the son of Vāsishtha.

Nahush was Ambarisha's heir  
The mighty lord of regions fair  
Nahush begot Yayati he  
Nábhág of happy destiny  
Son of Nabhag was Aja his  
The glorious Daśaraṭha is  
Whose noble children boast to be  
Rama and Lal shman whom we see  
Thus do those kings of purest race  
Their lineage from Ikshvaku trace  
Their hero lives the right maintained  
Their lips with falsehood ne'er were stained  
In Rama's and in Lakshman's name  
Thy daughters as their wives I claim  
So shall in equal bands be tied  
Each peerless youth with peerless bride

## CANTO LXXI.

*JANAK'S PEDIGREE.*

Then to the saint supremely wise  
 King Janak spoke in suppliant guise :  
 ' Deign, Hermit, with attentive ear,  
 My race's origin to hear  
 When kings a daughter's hand bestow,  
 'Tis right their line and fame to show  
 There was a king whose deeds and worth  
 Spread wide his name through heaven and earth,  
 Nimi, most virtuous e'en from youth,  
 The best of all who love the truth.  
 His son and heir was Mithi, and  
 His Janak, first who ruled this land.  
 He left a son Udávasu,  
 Blest with all virtues, good and true.  
 His son was Nandivaidhan, dear  
 For pious heart and worth sincere.  
 His son Suketu, hero brave,  
 To Devarát existence gave  
 King Devarát, a royal sage,  
 For virtue, glory of the age,  
 Begot Vihadiatha, and he  
 Begot, his worthy heir to be,  
 The splendid hero Mahabí  
 Who long in glory governed here  
 His son was Sudhriti, a youth  
 Firm in his purpose, brave in sooth.  
 His son was Dhristaketu, blest  
 With pious will and holy breast

The fame of royal saint he won  
 Haryaśva was his princely son.  
 Haryaśva's son was Maru who  
 Begot Pratindhak wise and true  
 Next Kirtiratha held the throne  
 His son for gentle virtues known  
 Then followed Devamidha then  
 Vibudh Mahandhak kings of men  
 Mahandhak's son of boundless might  
 Was Kutirāt who loved the night  
 He passed away a sainted king  
 And Mahuoma following  
 To Swarnaromā left the state  
 Then Hrasvaromā good and great,  
 Succeeded and to him a pur  
 Of sons his royal consort bare  
 Elder of the e I boast to be  
 Brave Kuśadhway is next to me<sup>1</sup>  
 Mo then the elder of the twain  
 My sire anointed here to reign  
 He bade me tend my brother well  
 Then to the forest went to dwell  
 He sought the heavens and I sustained  
 The burden as by law ordained  
 And noble Kuśadhway the peer  
 Of Gods I ever held mo t dear  
 Then came Sanlāsya's mighty lord  
 Sudhanvā threatening siege and sword  
 And bade me swift on him bestow

<sup>1</sup> In the setting forth of these royal genealogies the Bengal recension varies but slightly from the Northern. The first six names of the genealogy of the Kings of Ayodhyā are partly the oonical and partly cosmogonical the other names are no doubt in accordance with tradition and deserve the same amount of credence as the ancient traditional genealogies of other nations      GORRESIO

Śiva's incomparable bow,  
 And Sītā of the lotus eyes  
 But I refused each peerless prize  
 Then, host to host, we met the foes,  
 And fierce the din of battle rose  
 Sudhanvá, foremost of his band,  
 Fell smitten by my single hand.  
 When thus Sánkáśyá's lord was slain,  
 I sanctified, as laws ordain,  
 My brother in his stead to reign  
 Thus are we brothers, Saint most high,  
 The younger he, the elder I  
 Now, mighty Sage, my spirit joys  
 To give these maidens to the boys  
 Let Sītā be to Rāma tied,  
 And Urmilā be Lakshman's bride  
 First give, O King, the gift of cows,  
 As dowry of each royal spouse,  
 Due offerings to the spirits pay,  
 And solemnize the wedding-day  
 The moon to-night, O royal Sage,  
 In Maghá's<sup>1</sup> House takes harbourage,  
 On the third night his rays benign  
 In second Phálguní<sup>2</sup> will shine  
 Be that the day, with prosperous fate,  
 The nuptial rites to celebrate '

<sup>1</sup> 'The tenth of the lunar asterisms, composed of five stars

<sup>2</sup> There are two lunar asterisms of this name, one following the other immediately, forming the eleventh and twelfth of the lunar mansions

## CANTO LXXII

*THE GIFT OF KINE*

When royal Janak's words were done  
 Joined with Vasiṣṭha Kuśik's son  
 The mighty sage began his speech  
 No mind may scan no thought can reach  
 The glories of Ikshvaku's line  
 Or great Videha's King of thine  
 None in the whole wide world may vie  
 With them in fame and honours high  
 Well matched I ween in holy bands  
 These peerless pairs will join their hands  
 But hear me as I speak once more  
 Thy brother skilled in duty's lore  
 Has at his home a royal pan  
 Of daughters most divinely fair  
 I for the hands of these sweet two  
 For Bharat and Satrugna sue  
 Both princes of heroic mould  
 Wise fair of form and lofty souled  
 All Daśaratha's sons I ween  
 Own each young grace of form and mien  
 Brave as the Gods are they nor yield  
 To the great Lords the worlds who shield  
 By these good Prince of merits high  
 Ikshvaku's house with thine ally  
 The suit the holy sage preferred  
 With willing ear the monarch heard  
 Vasiṣṭha's lips the counsel praised  
 Then spake the King with hands upraised



‘ Now blest indeed my race I deem,  
Which your high will, O Saints supreme,  
With Daśaratha’s house unites  
In bonds of love and marriage rites.  
So be it done My nieces twin  
Let Bharat and Śatrughna gain,  
And the four youths the selfsame day  
Four maiden hands in thine shall lay  
No day so lucky may compare,  
For marriage so the wise declare  
With the last day of Phālgunī  
Ruled by the genial deity’  
Then with raised hands in reverence due  
To those arch-saints he spoke anew :  
‘ I am your pupil, ever true  
To me high favour have ye shown,  
Come, sit ye on my royal throne,  
For Daśaratha rules these towers  
E’en as Ayodhyá now is ours  
Do with your own whate’er ye choose.  
Your lordship here will none refuse’

He spoke, and to Videha’s king  
Thus Daśaratha, answering :  
‘ Boundless your virtues, lords, whose sway  
The realms of Mithilá obey  
With honouring care you entertain  
Both holy sage and royal train  
Now to my house my steps I bend .  
May blessings still on you attend  
Due offerings to the shades to pay’  
Thus spoke the king, and turned away :  
To Janak first he bade adieu,  
Then followed fast those holy two  
The monarch reached his palace where

The rites were paid with solemn care  
When the next sun began to shine  
He rose and made his gift of line  
A hundred thousand cows prepared  
For each young prince the Brahmans shared  
Each had her horns adorned with gold  
And duly was the number told  
Four hundred thousand perfect tale  
Each brought a calf each filled a pail  
And when that glorious task was o'er  
The monarch with his children four  
Showed like the Lord of Life divine  
When the world's guardians round him shine

## CANTO LXXIII.

*THE NUPTIALS*

On that same day that saw the king  
 His gift of kine distributing,  
 The lord of Kekaya's son, by name  
 Yudhájít, Bharat's uncle, came,  
 Asked of the monarch's health, and then  
 Addressed the reverend king of men  
 'The lord of Kekaya's realm by me  
 Sends greeting, noble King, to thee  
 Asks if the friends thy prayers would bless  
 Uninterrupted health possess  
 Right anxious, mighty King, is he  
 My sister's princely boy to see  
 For this I sought Ayodhyá fair  
 The message of my sue to bear  
 There learning, O my liege, that thou  
 With sons and noble kinsmen now  
 Wast resting here, I sought the place  
 Longing to see my nephew's face'  
 The king with kind observance cheered  
 His friend by tender ties endeared,  
 And every choicest honour pressed  
 Upon his honourable guest

That night with all his children spent,  
 At morn King Daśaratha went,  
 Behind Vāsishtha and the rest,  
 To the fair ground for rites addressed  
 Then when the lucky hour was nigh  
 Called Victory, of omen high,

Came Rāma after vow and prayer  
 For nuptial bliss and fortune fair  
 With the three youths in bright attire  
 And stood beside his royal sire  
 To Jaak then Vāsishtha sped  
 And to Vidhas monarch said  
 O King Ayodhya's ruler now  
 Has breathed the prayer and vowed the vow  
 And with his sons expecting stands  
 The giver of the maidens' hands.  
 The giver and the taker both  
 Must ratify a mutual oath  
 Perform the part for which we wait  
 And rites of marriage celebrate

Skilled in the laws which Scriptures teach  
 He answered thus Vāsishtha's speech

O Saint what warder bars the gate?  
 Whose bidding can the king await?  
 In one's own house what doubt is shown?  
 This kingdom Sage is all thine own  
 Even now the maidens may be found  
 Within the sacrificial ground  
 Each vow is vowed and prayed each prayer  
 And they like fire are shining there  
 Here by the shrine my place I took  
 Expecting thee with eager look  
 No bar the nuptial rites should stay  
 What can we have for more delay?  
 When Janak's speech the monarch heard,  
 To soons and salets he gave the word  
 And set them in the holy ring  
 Then to Vāsishtha spoke the king  
 Of Mithilā O mighty Sage,  
 Now let this task thy care engage

And lend thine aid and counsel wise  
The nuptial rites to solemnize'

The saint Vaśiṣṭha gave assent,  
And quickly to the task he went,  
With Viśvāmitra, nothing loth,  
And Śatānanda aiding both  
Then, as the rules pre-scribe, they made  
An altar in the midst, and laid  
Fresh wreaths of fragrant flowers thereon.  
The golden ladles round it shone,  
And many a vase, which branches hid  
Fixed in the perforated lid,  
And sprays, and cups, and censers there  
Stood filled with incense rich and rare.  
Shell-bowls, and spoons, and saucers dressed  
With gifts that greet the honoured guest,  
Piles of parched rice some dishes bore,  
Others with corn prepared ran o'er,  
And holy grass was duly spread  
In equal lengths, while prayers were said  
Next, chief of saints, Vaśiṣṭha came  
And laid the offering in the flame  
Then by the hand King Janak drew  
His Sītā, beautiful to view,  
And placed her, bright in rich attire,  
Rāma to face, before the fire,  
Thus speaking to the royal boy  
Who filled Kauśalyā's heart with joy.  
'Here Sītā stands, my daughter fair,  
The duties of thy life to share  
Take from her father, take thy bride;  
Join hand to hand, and bliss betide'  
A faithful wife, most blest is she,  
And as thy shade will follow thee'

Thus as he spoke the monarch threw  
O'er her young limbs the holy dew  
While Gods and saints were heard to swell  
The joyous cry 'Tis well! 'Tis well!  
His daughter Sitā thus bestowed  
O'er whom the sacred drops had flowed  
King Janak's heart with rapture glowed  
Then to Prince Lakshman thus he cried  
Take Urmila thine offered bride  
And clasp her hand within thine own  
Ere yet the lucky hour be flown  
Then to Prince Bharat thus cried he  
Come take the hand of Mandavī  
Then to Satrughna In thy grasp  
The hand of Sṛtākṛtī clasp  
Now Raghu's sons may all of you  
Be gentle to your wives and true  
Keep well the vows you make to day  
Nor let occasion slip away

King Janak's word the youths obeyed  
The maidens' hands in theirs they laid  
Then with their brides the princes went  
With ordered steps and reverent  
Round both the fire and Janak round  
The sages and the sacred ground

A flowery flood of lucid dyes  
In rain descended from the skies  
While with celestial voices blent  
Sweet strains from many an instrument  
And the nymphs danced in joyous throng  
Responsive to the minstrel's song  
Such signs of exultation they  
Saw on the prince's wedding day  
Still rang the heavenly music's sound

When Raghu's sons thrice circled round  
The five, each one with reverent head,  
And homeward then their brides they led  
They to the sumptuous palace hied  
That Janak's care had seen supplied  
The monarch gait with saint and peer  
Still fondly gazing followed near.

## CANTO LXIV

*RAMA WITH THE AXE*<sup>1</sup>

Soon as the night had reached its close  
 The hermit Viśvámitra rose  
 To both the kings he bade adieu  
 And to the northern hill withdrew  
 Ayodhya's lord of high renown  
 Received farewell and sought his town  
 Then as each daughter left her tower  
 King Janak gave a splendid dower  
 Rugs precious silks and warrior force  
 Cars elephants and foot and horse  
 Divine to see and well arrayed  
 And many a skilful tiring maid  
 And many a young and trusty slave  
 The father of the ladies gave  
 Silver and coral gold and pearls  
 He gave to his beloved girls  
 These precious gifts the king bestowed  
 And sped his guest upon his road  
 The lord of Mithila's sweet town  
 Rode to his court and lighted down  
 Ayodhya's monarch glad and gay  
 Led by the seers pursued his way  
 With his dear sons of lofty mind  
 The royal army marched behind

<sup>1</sup> This is another Rama son of Jamdagni called Paraurama or Rama with the ax from the sword upon which he carried. He was while he lived the terror of the Warrior caste and his name is still long and fierce struggles between the sacerdotal and military orders in which the latter suffered severely at the hands of their implacable enemy



As on he faired the voice he heard  
Around of many a dismal bird,  
And every beast in wild affright  
Began to hurry to the night  
The monarch to Vāsishtha cried .  
' What do these evil signs betide ?  
Why do the beasts in terror fly,  
And birds of evil omen cry ?  
What is it shakes my heart with dread ?  
Why is my soul disquieted ?'

Soon as he heard, the mighty saint  
Thus answered Daśaratha's plaint  
In sweetest tone ' Now, Monarch, mark,  
And learn from me the meaning dark  
The voices of the birds of air  
Great peril to the host declare .  
The moving beasts the dread allay,  
So drive thy whelming fear away '

As he and Daśaratha spoke  
A tempest from the welkin broke,  
That shook the spacious earth amain  
And hurled high trees upon the plain  
The sun grew dark with murky cloud,  
And o'er the skies was cast a shroud,  
While o'er the army, faint with dread,  
A veil of dust and ashes spread  
King, princes, saints their sense retained,  
Fear-stupified the rest remained  
At length, their wits returning, all  
Beneath the gloom and ashy pall  
Saw Jamadagni's son with dread,  
His long hair twisted round his head,  
Who, sprung from Bhrigu, loved to beat  
The proudest kings beneath his feet.

Firm as Kailāsa's hill he showed  
Fierce as the fire of doom he glowed  
His axe upon his shoulder lay  
His bow was ready for the fray  
With thirsty arrows wont to fly  
Like lightnings from the angry sky  
A long keen arrow forth he drew  
Invincible like those which flew  
From Śiva's ever conquering bow  
And Tripura in death laid low

When his wild form that struck with awe  
Fearful as ravening flame they saw  
Vāsiṣṭha and the saints whose care  
Was sacrifice and muttered prayer  
Drew close together each to each,  
And questioned thus with hated speech

Indignant at his father's fate  
Will he on warriors vent his hate  
The slayers of his father slay  
And sweep the loathed race away?  
But when of old his fury raged  
Seas of their blood his wrath assuaged  
So doubtless now he has not planned  
To slay all warriors in the land

Then with a gift the saints drew near  
To Bhrigu's son whose look was fear  
And Rama! Rama! soft they cried  
The gift he took no word replied  
Then Bhrigu's son his silence broke  
And thus to Rama Rama spoke



And thy fierce axo was cast aside  
 Thou turnedst to thy rites away  
 Leaving the earth to Kaśyap's sway  
 And wentest far a grove to seek  
 Beneath Mahendras' mountain peak  
 Now mighty Hermit art thou here  
 To slay us all with doom ever?  
 For if alone my Ráma fall  
 We share his fate and perish all

As thus the aged sire complained  
 The mighty chief no answer deigned  
 To Ráma only thus he cried

Two bows the Heavenly Artist's pride  
 Celestial peerless vast and strong  
 By all the worlds were honoured long  
 One to the Threeyed God was given  
 By glory to the conflict driven  
 Thus armed fierce Tripura he slew  
 And then by thee twas burst in two  
 The second bow which few may brave  
 The highest Gods to Vishnu gave  
 This bow I hold before it fall  
 The foeman's fenced tower and wall  
 Then prayed the Gods the Sire Most High  
 By some unerring proof to try

<sup>1</sup> The author of the *Raghuvaṃśa* places the mountain Mahendra in the territory of the King of the Kalingas who therefore commanded a view of the ocean. It is well known that the country along the coast to the south of the mouths of the Ganges was the seat of this people. Hence it may be suspected that this Mahendra is what Pliny calls promontorium Celingum. The modern name *Cape Palmjras* from the palmjras (*Boassus flabelliformis*) which abounded there agrees remarkably with the description of the poet who speaks of the groves of these trees. *Raghuvaṃśa* VI 51

Were praise for might Lord Vishnu's due,  
Or his whose Neck is stained with Blue<sup>1</sup>  
The mighty Sire their wishes knew,  
And he whose lips are ever true  
Caused the two Gods to meet as foes  
Then fierce the rage of battle rose.  
Bristled in dread each starting hair  
As Śiva strove with Vishnu there  
But Vishnu raised his voice amain,  
And Śiva's bowstring twanged in vain;  
Its master of the Three bright Eyes  
Stood fixt in fury and surprise.  
Then all the dwellers in the sky,  
Minstrel, and saint, and God drew nigh,  
And prayed them that the strife might cease,  
And the great rivals met in peace  
'Twas seen how Śiva's bow had failed  
Unnerved, when Vishnu's might assailed,  
And Gods and heavenly sages thence  
To Vishnu gave preeminence  
Then glorious Śiva in his rage  
Gave it to Devarāt the sage  
Who ruled Videha's fertile land,  
To pass it down from hand to hand  
But this my bow, whose shafts smite down  
The foeman's fenced tower and town,  
To great Richika Vishnu lent  
To be a pledge and ornament  
Then Jamadagni, Bráhmaṇ dread,  
My sire, the bow inherited  
But Arjun stooped to treachery vile  
And slew my noble sire by guile,  
Whose penance awful strength had gained,

<sup>1</sup> Śiva, God of the Azure Neck.

Whose hand the God given bow retained  
I heard indignant how he fell  
By mournful fate too sad to tell  
My vengeful fury since that time  
Scourges all Warriors for the crime  
As generations spring to life  
I war them down in endless strife  
All earth I brought beneath my sway  
And gave it for his meed and pay  
To holy Kaśyap when of yore  
The rites performed by him were o'er  
Then to Mahendra's hill I turned  
Strong in the strength that penance earned,  
And toiled upon his lofty head  
By Gods immortal visited  
The breaking of the bow I knew  
From startled Gods conversing through  
The airy regions of thy deed  
And hither came with swiftest speed  
Now for thy Warriors honour sake  
This host of bows O Rama take  
This owned by Vishnu's self of old  
My sire and grandsire loved to hold  
Drawn to its head upon the string  
One town destroying arrow bring  
If this thou can O hero I  
In single fight thy strength will try

## CANTO LXXVI

*DEBARRED FROM HEAVEN*

The haughty challenge, undeterred  
 The son of Daś uatha heard,  
 And cried, while reverence for his sire  
 Checked the full torrent of his ire  
 'Before this day have I been told  
 The deed that stuned thy hands of old  
 But pity bids my soul forget  
 Thy father, murdered, clumed the debt  
 My strength, O Chief, thou deemest slight,  
 Too feeble for a Warrior's might  
 Now will I show thy wondering eyes  
 The prowess which they dare despise'

He hastened then with graceful ease  
 That mighty bow and shaft to seize  
 His hand the weapon strung and swayed  
 The arrow on the string was laid  
 Then Jamadagni's son he eyed,  
 And thus in words of fury cried  
 'Thou art a Bráhmaṇ, still to be  
 Most highly honoured, Chief, by me  
 For Viśvámitra's sake beside  
 Shall reverence due be ne'er denied  
 Though mine the power, I would not send  
 A dart at thee thy life to end  
 But thy great power to wander free  
 Which penance-rites have won for thee,  
 Or glorious worlds from thee to wrest,

Is the firm purpose of my breast  
 And Vishnu's dart which now I strain  
 Can ne'er be shot to fall in vain  
 It strikes the mighty and it stuns  
 The madness of the haughty ones

Then Gods and saints and heavenly choir  
 Preceded by the General Sire  
 Met in the air and gazed below  
 On Rāma with that wondrous how  
 Nymph minstrel angel all were there  
 Snake God and spirit of the air  
 Giant and hard and gryphon met  
 Their eyes upon the marvel set  
 In senseless hush the world was chained  
 While Rāma's hand the bow retuned  
 And Jāmadāgni's son amazed  
 And powerless on the hero gazed  
 Then when his swelling heart had shrunk  
 And his proud strength in torpor sunk  
 Scarce his voice ventured low and weak  
 To Rāma lotus eyed to speak

When long ago I gave away  
 The whole broad land to Kāśyapa's sway  
 He charged me never to remain  
 Within the limits of his reign  
 Obedient to my guide's behest  
 On earth by night I never rest  
 My choice is made I will not dim  
 Mine honour and be false to him  
 So son of Raghu leave me still  
 The power to wander where I will  
 And swifter than the thought my flight  
 Shall place me on Mahendra's height  
 My mansions of eternal joy



By penance won, thou mayst destroy  
My path to these thy shaft may stay.  
Now to the work ! No more delay !  
I know thee Lord of Gods , I know  
Thy changeless might laid Madhu low.  
All other hands would surely fail  
To bend this bow All hail ! all hail !  
See ! all the Gods have left the skies  
To bend on thee their eager eyes,  
With whose achievements none compete,  
Whose arm in war no God can meet  
No shame is mine, I ween, for thou,  
Lord of the Worlds, hast dimmed my brow.  
Now, pious Ráma, 'tis thy part  
To shoot afar that glorious dart.  
I, when the fatal shaft is shot,  
Will seek that hill and tarry not '

He ceased The wondrous arrow flew,  
And Jamadagni's offspring knew  
Those glorious worlds to him were barred,  
Once gained by penance long and hard.  
Then straight the airy quarters cleared,  
And the mid regions bright appeared,  
While Gods and saints unnumbered praised  
Ráma, the mighty bow who raised  
And Jamadagni's son, o'erawed,  
Extolled his name with highest laud,  
With reverent steps around him strode,  
Then hastened on his airy road  
Far from the sight of all he fled,  
And rested on Mahendia's head

## CANTO LXXVII

*BHAPAT S DEPARTURE*

Then Rama with a cheerful mind  
 The how to Varun's hand resigned  
 Due reverence to the saints he paid  
 And thus addressed his sire dismayed

As Bhrigu's son is far from view  
 Now let the host its march pursue  
 And to Ayodhya's town proceed  
 In four fold bands with thee to lead

King Daśaratha thus addressed  
 His lips to Rama's forehead pressed  
 And held him to his aged breast  
 Rejoiced in sooth was he to know  
 That Bhrigu's son had parted so  
 And hailed a second life begun  
 For him and his victorious son  
 He urged the host to speed renewed  
 And soon Ayodhya's gates he viewed  
 High o'er the roofs gay pennons played  
 Tabour and drum loud music made  
 Fresh water cooled the royal road  
 And flowers in bright profusion glowed  
 Glad crowds with garlands thronged the ways  
 Rejoicing on their king to gaze  
 And all the town was bright and gay  
 Exulting in the festive day  
 People and Bráhmans flocked to meet  
 Their monarch ere he gained the street  
 The glorious king amid the throng

Rode with his glorious sons along,  
And passed within his den abroad  
That like Hîmālaya's mountain hovered  
And there Kauśalyâ, noble queen,  
Sumitrâ with her lovely men,  
Kaikeyî of the dainty waist,  
And other dames her bowers who graced,  
Stood in the palace side by side,  
And welcomed home each youthful bride  
Fair Sîtâ, lofty-sited dame,  
Urmilâ of the glorious fame,  
And Kuśadhvaja's children fair,  
With joyous greeting and with prayer,  
As all in linen robes arrayed  
With offerings at the altars prayed  
Due reverence paid to God above  
Each prince's gave her soul to love,  
And hidden in her inmost bower  
Passed with her lord each blissful hour  
The royal youths, of spirit high,  
With whom in valour none could vie,  
Lived each within his palace bounds  
Bright as Kuvera's pleasure-grounds,  
With riches, troops of faithful friends,  
And bliss that wedded life attends  
Brave princes, trained in warlike skill,  
And dutious to their father's will  
At length the monarch called one morn  
Prince Bharat, of Kaikeyî born,  
And cried 'My son, within our gates  
Lord Yudhâjit thine uncle waits  
The son of Kekaya's king is he,  
And came, my child, to summon thee'  
Then Bharat for the road prepared,

And with Sātrughna forth he fared  
First to his sire he bade adieu  
Brave Rāma and his mothers too  
Lord Yudhyat with joyful pride  
Went forth the brothers by his side  
And reached the city where he dwelt  
And mighty joy his father felt

Rama and Lakshman honoured still  
Their godlike sire with dutious will  
Two constant guides for Rama stood  
His father's wish the people's good  
Attentive to the general weal  
He thought and wrought to please and heal  
His mothers too he strove to please  
With love and sonly courtesies  
At every time in every spot  
His holy guides he ne'er forgot  
So for his virtues kind and true  
Dearer and dearer Rāma grew  
To Daśaratha Brahmans all  
In town and country great and small  
And Rāma by his darlings side  
Saw many a blissful season glide  
Lodged in her soul each thought on her  
Lover and friend and worshipper  
He loved her for his father's voice  
Had given her and approved the choice  
He loved her for each charm she wore  
And her sweet virtues more and more  
So he her lord and second life  
Dwelt in the home of his wife  
In double form that e'en apart  
Each heart could commune free with heart  
Still grew that child of Janak's race

More goddess-fair in form and face,  
The loveliest wife that e'er was seen,  
In mortal mould sweet Beauty's Queen  
Then shone the son Kauśalyā bore,  
    With this bright dame allied,  
Like Vishnu whom the Gods adore,  
    With Lakshmi by his side

## BOOK II

## CANTO I

*THE HEIR APPARENT*

So Bharat to his grandsire went  
 Obedient to the message sent  
 And for his fond companion chose  
 Satrughna slayer of his foes '   
 There Bharat for a time remained  
 With love and honour entertained  
 King Áśvapati's constant care  
 Beloved as a son and heir  
 Yet ever as they lived at ease  
 While all around combined to please  
 The aged sire they left behind  
 Was present to each hero's mind  
 Nor could the king's fond memory stray  
 From his brave children far away  
 Dear Bharat and Satrughna dear  
 Each Varun's match or Indra's peer

To all the princes young and brave  
 His soul with fond affection gave  
 Around his loving heart they clung  
 Like arms from his own body sprung '

' Satrughna means slayer of foes and the word is repeated as an intensive epithet

' Alluding to the images of Vāchana which have four arms the four princes being portions of the substance of that God

But best and noblest of the four,  
Good as the God whom all adore,  
Lord of all virtues, undefiled,  
His darling was his eldest child.  
For he was beautiful and strong,  
From envy free, the foe of wrong,  
With all his father's virtues blest,  
And peerless in the world confessed.  
With placid soul he softly spoke  
No harsh reply could taunts provoke.  
He ever loved the good and sage  
Revered for virtue and for age,  
And when his martial tasks were o'er  
Sate listening to their peaceful lore  
Wise, modest, pure, he honoured eld,  
His lips from lying tales withheld,  
Due reverence to the Bráhmans gave,  
And ruled each passion like a slave  
Most tender, prompt at duty's call,  
Loved by all men he loved them all.  
Proud of the duties of his race,  
With spirit meet for Warrior's place,  
He strove to win by glorious deed,  
Throned with the Gods, a priceless meed.  
With him in speech and quick-reply  
Vishaspati might hardly vie,  
But never would his accents flow  
For evil or for empty show  
In art and science duly trained,  
His student vow he well maintained,  
He learnt the lore for princes fit,  
The Vedas and their Holy Writ,  
And with his well-drawn bow at last  
His mighty father's fame surpassed

Of birth exalted truthful just  
With vigorous hand with noble trust  
Well taught by aged twice born men  
Who gain and right could clearly ken  
Full well the claims and bounds he knew  
Of duty gain, and pleasure too  
Of memory keen of ready tact  
In civil business prompt to act  
Reserved his features ne'er disclosed  
What counsel in his heart reposed  
All idle rage and mirth controlled  
He knew the times to give and hold  
Firm in his faith of steadfast will  
He sought no wrong he spoke no ill  
Not rashly swift not idly slow  
His faults and others keen to know  
Each merit, by his subtle sense  
He matched with proper recompense  
He knew the means that wealth provide  
And with keen eye expense could guide  
Wild elephants could he reclaim  
And mettled steeds could mount and tame  
No arm like his the bow could wield  
Or drive the chariot to the field  
Skilled to attack to deal the blow  
Or lead a host against the foe  
Yea even infuriate Gods would fear  
To meet his arm in full career  
As the great sun in noontide blaze  
Is glorious with his world of rays  
So Rāma with these virtues shone  
Which all men loved to gaze upon

The aged monarch fain would rest  
And said within his weary breast



'Oh that I might, while living yet,  
My Rāma o'er the kingdom set,  
And see, before my course be run,  
The hallowed drops anoint my son ,  
See all this spacious land obey,  
From side to side, my first-born's sway,  
And then, my life and joy complete,  
Obtain in heaven a blissful seat !'  
In him the monarch saw combined  
The fairest form, the noblest mind,  
And counselled how his son might share  
The throne with him as Regent Heir  
For fearful signs in earth and sky,  
And weakness warned him death was nigh .  
But Rāma to the world endeared  
By every grace his bosom cheered,  
The moon of every eye, whose ray  
Drove all his grief and fear away  
So duty urged that hour to seize,  
Himself, his realm, to bless and please.

From town and country, far and near,  
He summoned people, prince, and peer.  
To each he gave a meet abode,  
And honoured all and gifts bestowed  
Then, splendid in his king's attire,  
He viewed them, as the general Sire,  
In glory of a God arrayed,  
Looks on the creatures he has made  
But Kekaya's king he called not then  
For haste, nor Janak lord of men ,  
For after to each royal friend  
The joyful tidings he would send  
Mid crowds from distant countries met  
The king upon his throne was set ,

Then honoured by the people all  
The rulers thronged into the hall  
On thrones assigned each king in place  
Looked silent on the monarch's face  
Then girt by lords of high renown  
And throngs from hamlet and from town  
He showed in regal pride  
As honoured by the radiant band  
Of blessed Gods that round him stand  
Lord Indra Thousand eyed

## CANTO II.

*THE PEOPLE'S SPEECH.*

Then to the full assembly bowed  
 The monarch, and addressed the crowd  
 With gracious speech, in accents loud  
 As heavenly drum or thunder-cloud ·  
 'Needs not to you who know declare  
 How ever with paternal care  
 My fathers of Ikshváku's line  
 Have ruled the realm which now is mine.  
 I too have taught my feet to tread  
 The pathway of the mighty dead,  
 And with fond care that never slept  
 Have, as I could, my people kept  
 So toiling still, and ne'er remiss  
 For all my people's weal and bliss,  
 Beneath the white umbrella's <sup>1</sup> shade,  
 Old age is come and strength decayed  
 Thousands of years have o'er me flown,  
 And generations round me grown  
 And passed away I crave at length  
 Repose and ease for broken strength.  
 Feeble and worn I scarce can bear  
 The ruler's toil, the judge's care,  
 With royal dignity, a weight  
 That tries the young and temperate.  
 I long to rest, my labour done,  
 And in my place to set my son,  
 If to the twice-born gathered here

<sup>1</sup> Chief of the insignia of imperial dignity.

My counsel wise and good appear  
For greater gifts than mine adorn  
Rama my son my eldest born  
Like Indra brave before him fall  
The foe's cities tower and wall  
Him prince of men for power and might  
The best maintainer of the right  
Fair as the moon when nothing bars  
His glory close to Pushya's stars  
Him with to-morrow's light I fain  
Would throne the consort of my reign  
A worthy lord for you I ween  
Marked as her own by Fortune's Queen  
The triple world itself would be  
Well ruled by such a king as he  
To such high bliss and happy fate  
Will I the country dedicate  
And my sad heart will cease to grieve  
If he the precious charge receive  
Thus is my careful plan matured  
Thus for myself is rest secured  
Liesges approve the words I say  
Or point ye out some wiser way  
Devise your prudent plan My mind  
Is fondly to this thought inclined  
But men by keen debating move  
Some middle course which all approve  
The monarch ceased In answer came  
The joyous princes glad acclaim  
So peacocks in the rain rejoice  
And hail the cloud with lifted voice  
Murmurs of joy from thousands round  
Shook the high palace with the sound  
Then when the gathered throng had learned

His will who right and gain discerned,  
Peasant and townsman, priest and chief,  
All met in consultation brief,  
And soon agreed with one accord  
Gave answer to their sovereign lord -  
'King of the land, we know thee old :  
Thousands of years have o'er thee rolled.  
Ráma thy son, we pray, anoint,  
And at thy side his place appoint  
Our gallant pince, so brave and strong,  
Riding in royal state along,  
Our eyes with joyful pride will see  
Screened by the shade that shelters thee'  
Then spoke the king again, as though  
Their hearts' true wish he sought to know :  
'These prayers for Ráma's rule suggest  
One question to my doubting breast  
This thing, I pray, with truth explain -  
Why would ye, while I justly reign,  
That he, mine eldest son, should bear  
His part with me as ruling heir ?'  
Then all the people made reply,  
Peasant and townsman, low and high :  
'Each noblest gift of form and mind,  
O Monarch, in thy son we find  
Do thou the godlike virtues bear  
Which Ráma to our hearts endear.  
So richly blest with graces, none  
In all the earth excels thy son  
Nay, who to match with him may claim  
In truth, in justice, and in fame ?  
1 - He to his promise, gentle, kind,  
And vious, of grateful mind,  
If to thine the law and firm of soul

He keeps each son e with strict control  
With duteous care he loves to sit  
By Brahmans skilled in Holy Writ  
Hence brightest glory ne'er to end  
And matchless fame his youth attend  
Skilled in the use of spear and shield  
And arms which heavenly warriors wield  
Supremo in war unconquered yet  
By man fiend God in battle met  
Whene'er in pomp of war he goes  
Gunst town or city of the foes  
He ever comes with Lakshman back  
Victorious from the fierce attack  
Returning homeward from afar  
Borne on his elephant or car  
He ever to the townsmen hends  
And greets them as beloved friends  
Asks how each son each servant thrives  
How fare our pupils offerings wives  
And like a father bids us tell  
Each for himself that all is well  
If pain or grief the city tries  
His heart is swift to sympathize  
When festive scenes our thoughts employ  
He like a father shares the joy  
High is the fate O King that gave  
Thy Rāma born to bless and save  
With filial virtues fair and mild  
Like Kaśyap old Marichī's child  
Hence to the kingdoms distant ends  
One general prayer for him ascends  
Each man in town and country prays  
For Rāma's strength health length of days  
With hearts sincere their wish the same

The tender girl, the aged dame,  
Subject and stranger, peasant, hind,  
One thought impressed on every mind,  
At evening and at dawning day  
To all the Gods for Ráma pray  
Do thou, O King, of grace comply,  
And hear the people's longing cry,  
And let us on the throne by thee  
The lotus-tinted Ráma see

O thou who givest boons, attend ;  
A gracious ear, O Monarch, lend  
And for our weal install,  
Consenting to our earnest prayer,  
Thy godlike Ráma Regent Hen,  
Who seeks the good of all '

## CANTO III

*DAŚARATHA'S PRECEPTS*

The monarch with the prayer complied  
 Of suppliant hands on every side  
 Uplifted like a lotus bed  
 And then these gracious words he said  
 Great joy and mighty fame are mine  
 Because your loving hearts incline  
 In full assembly clearly shown  
 To place my Rāma on the throne  
 Then to Vaśishtha standing near  
 And Vāmadeva loud and clear  
 The monarch spoke that all might hear  
 'Tis pure and lovely Chaitra now  
 When flowers are sweet on every bough  
 All needful things with haste prepare  
 That Rāma be appointed heir  
 Then hurst the people's rapture out  
 In loud acclaim and joyful shout  
 And when the tumult slowly ceased  
 The king addressed the holy priest  
 Give order Saint with watchful heed  
 For what the coming rite will need  
 This day let all things ready wait  
 Mine eldest son to consecrate  
 Best of all men of second birth  
 Vaśishtha heard the lord of earth  
 And gave commandment to the hands  
 Of servitors with lifted hands  
 Who waited on their master's eye



‘ Now by to-morrow’s dawn supply  
Rich gold and herbs and gems of price  
And offerings for the sacrifice,  
Wreaths of white flowers and roasted rice,  
And oil and honey, separate ,  
New garments and a car of state,  
An elephant with lucky signs,  
A fourfold host in ordered lines,  
The white umbrella, and a pair  
Of chowries,<sup>1</sup> and a banner fair ;  
A hundred vases, row on row,  
To shine like fire in splendid glow,  
A tiger’s mighty skin, a bull  
With gilded horns most beautiful.  
All these, at dawn of coming day,  
Around the royal shrine array,  
Where burns the fire’s undying ray  
Each palace door, each city gate  
With wreaths of sandal decorate,  
And with the garlands’ fragrant scent  
Let clouds of incense-smoke be blent  
Let food of noble kind and taste  
Be for a hundred thousand placed ,  
Fresh curds with streams of milk bedewed  
To feed the Bráhmaṇ multitude  
With care be all their wants supplied,  
And mid the twice-born chiefs divide  
Rich largess, with the early morn,  
And oil and curds and roasted corn.  
Soon as the sun has shown his light  
Pronounce the prayer to bless the rite,  
And then be all the Bráhmans called  
And in their ordered seats installed

<sup>1</sup> Whisks, usually made of the long tails of the Yak

Let all musicians skilled to play  
And dancing girls in bright array  
Stand ready in the second ring  
Within the palace of the king  
Each honoured tree each holy shrine  
With leaves and flowery wreaths entwine  
And here and there beneath the shade  
Be food prepared and presents laid.  
Then brightly clad in warlike guise  
With long swords girt upon their thighs  
Let soldiers of the nobler sort  
March to the monarch's splendid court

Thus gave command the twice born pair  
To active servants stationed there  
Then hastened to the king and said  
That all their task was duly sped  
The king to wise Sumantra spake  
Now quick my lord thy chariot take  
And hither with thy swiftest speed  
My son my noble Rāma lead

Sumantra ere the word was given  
His chariot from the court had driven  
And Rāma best of all who ride  
In cars came sitting by his side  
The lords of men had hastened forth  
From east and west and south and north  
Aryan and stranger, those who dwell  
In the wild wood and on the fall  
And as the Gods to Indra then  
Showed honour to the king that day

Like Vāsavi when his glorious form  
Is circled by the Gods of storm  
Girt in his hall by kings he saw  
His car borne Rāma near him draw

Like him who rules the minstrel band  
Of heaven <sup>1</sup>, whose valour filled the land,  
Of mighty arm and stately pride  
Like a wild elephant in stride,  
As fair in face as that fair stone  
Dear to the moon, of moonbeams grown,<sup>2</sup>  
With noble gifts and grace that took  
The hearts of all, and chained each look,  
World-cheering as the Lord of Rain  
When floods relieve the parching plain.  
The father, as the son came nigh,  
Gazed with an ever-thirstier eye.  
Sumantra helped the prince alight  
From the good chariot passing bright,  
And as to meet his sire he went  
Followed behind him reverent.  
Then Ráma clomb, the king to seek,  
That terrace like Kailása's peak,  
And reached the presence of the king,  
Sumantra closely following.  
Before his father's face he came,  
Raised suppliant hands and named his name,<sup>3</sup>  
And bowing lowly as is meet  
Paid reverence to the monarch's feet.  
But soon as Daśaratha viewed  
The prince in humble attitude,  
He raised him by the hand in haste  
And his beloved son embraced,  
Then signed him to a glorious throne,  
Gem-decked and golden, near his own

<sup>1</sup> Chitraratha, King of the Gandharvas.

<sup>2</sup> The Chandrakánta or Moonstone, a sort of crystal supposed to be composed of congealed moonbeams

<sup>3</sup> A customary mark of respect to a superior

Then Rāma best of Rāghu's line  
Made the fur-eat with lustre shine  
As when the orient sun upsprings  
And his pure beam on Meru flings  
The glory flashed on roof and wall  
And with strange sheen suffused the hall,  
As when the moon's pure rays are sent  
Through autumn's star-lit firmament  
Then swelled his breast with joy and pride  
As his dear son the father eyed  
Even as himself more fair arrayed  
In some clear mirror's face displayed  
The aged monarch gazed awhile  
Then thus addressed him with a smile  
As Kaśyap whom the worlds revere  
Speaks for the Lord of Gods to hear  
O thou of all my sons most dear  
In virtue best thy father's peer  
Child of my consort first in place  
Mine equal in her pride of race  
Because the people's hearts are bound  
To thee by graces in thee found  
Be thou in Pushya's favouring hour  
Made partner of my royal power  
I know that thou by nature's bent  
Both modest art and excellent  
But though thy gifts no counsel need  
My love suggests the friendly rede  
Mine own dear son be modest still  
And rule each sense with earnest will  
Keep thou the evils far away  
That spring from love and anger's sway  
Thy noble course alike pursue  
In secret as in open view

And every nerve, the love to gain  
Of ministers and subjects, strain  
The happy prince who sees with pride  
His thriving people satisfied ,  
Whose arsenals with arms are stored,  
And treasury with golden hoard,  
His friends rejoice as joyed the Blest  
When Amrit crowned then eager quest  
So well, my child, thy course maintain,  
And from all ill thy soul refrain '

The friends of Ráma, gathered nigh,  
Longing their lord to gratify,  
Ran to Kauśalyá's bower to tell  
The tidings that would please her well  
She, best of dames, with many a gem,  
And gold, and kine rewarded them

Then Ráma paid the reverence due,  
Mounted the chariot, and withdrew,  
And to his splendid dwelling drove  
While crowds to show him honour strove  
The people, when the monarch's speech  
Their willing ears had heard,  
Were wild with joy as though on each  
Great gifts had been conferred  
With meek and low salute each man  
Turned to his home away,  
And there with happy heart began  
To all the Gods to pray.

## CANTO IV

*RAVA SUMMONED*

The crowd dismissed to high debate  
 The monarch called his peers of state  
 And counsel from their lips obtained  
 Firm in his will his will explained

To-morrow with auspicious ray  
 The moon in Pushya's sign will stay  
 Be that the time with happy fate  
 Mine eldest son to consecrate  
 And let my Rama lotus eyed  
 As Regent o'er the state preside

He sought within his charioteer  
 And cried Again bring Rama here  
 To Ráma's home Sumantra hied  
 Again to be the prince's guide  
 His coming told to Ráma's ear  
 Suggested anxious doubt and fear  
 He bade the messenger he led  
 That instant in and thus he said

Tell me the cause omitting naught  
 Why thou again my house hast sought

The envoy answered Prince thy sire  
 Has sent thy presence to require  
 My sender known 'tis thine to say  
 If thou wilt go or answer nay  
 Then Rama when he heard his speech  
 Made haste the royal court to reach  
 Soon as the monarch was aware

His dearest son was waiting there,  
Eager the parley to begin  
He bade them lead the prince within  
Soon as he passed the chamber door  
The hero bent him to the floor,  
And at a distance from his seat  
Raised his joined hands his sire to greet  
The monarch raised him from the ground,  
And loving arms about him wound,  
Then pointed to a seat that shone  
With gold for him to rest upon  
'Aged am I,' he said, 'and worn ;  
In life's best joys my share have borne ;  
Rites to the Gods, in hundreds, paid,  
With gifts of corn and largess made  
I yearned for sons my life is blest  
With them and thee of sons the best  
No debt to saints or Bráhamans no,  
Nor spirits, Gods, or self I owe  
One duty now remains alone,  
To set thee on thy father's throne  
Now therefore, Ráma, hear my rede,  
And mark my words with duteous heed .  
This day the people's general voice  
Elects thee king of love and choice,  
And I, consenting to the prayer,  
Will make thee, darling, Regent Heir.  
Dread visions, each returning night,  
With evil omens scare my sight  
Red meteors with a fearful sound  
Shoot wildly downward to the ground,  
While tempests lash the troubled air ;  
And they who read the stars declare  
That, leagued against my natal sign,

Rahu<sup>1</sup> the Sun<sup>2</sup> and Mars combine  
 When portents dire as these appear  
 A monarch's death or woe is near  
 Then while my senses yet are spared  
 And thought and will are unimpaired  
 Be thou my son anointed king  
 Men's fancy is a fickle thing  
 To-day the moon in order due  
 Entered the sign Punarvasu,<sup>3</sup>  
 To-morrow as the wise foretell  
 In Pushya's favouring stars will dwell  
 Then on the throne shalt thou be placed  
 My soul, prophetic counsel haste  
 Thee O my son to-morrow I  
 As Regent Heir will anetise  
 So till the coming night be passed  
 Do thou and Sita strictly fast  
 From worldly thoughts thy soul refrain  
 And couched on holy grass remain  
 And let thy trusted lords attend  
 In careful watch upon their friend  
 For unexpected check and bar  
 Our weightiest counsels often mar  
 While Bharat too is far away  
 Making with royal kin his stay  
 I deem the fittest time of all  
 Thee chosen Regent to install  
 It may be Bharat still has stood

<sup>1</sup> Rahu the ascending node is in mythology a demon with the tail of a dragon whose head was severed from his body by Vishnu but being immortal the head and tail retained their separate existence and being transferred to the stellar sphere became the authors of eclipses the first especially by endeavouring to swallow the sun and moon

<sup>2</sup> In eclipse

<sup>3</sup> The seventh of the lunar asterisms.



True to the counsels of the good,  
Faithful to thee with tender trust,  
With governed senses, pure and just  
But human minds, too well I know,  
Will sudden changes undergo,  
And by their constant deeds alone  
The virtue of the good is shown  
Now, Rāma, go My son, good night !  
Fest is to-morrow for the rite'

Then Rāma paid the reverence due,  
And quickly to his home withdrew  
He passed within, nor lingered there,  
But sought his mother's mansion, where  
The dame in linen robes arrayed  
Devoutly in the chapel prayed  
To Fortune's Queen, with utterance checked,  
That she her Rāma would protect  
There was Sumitrā too, and there  
Was Lakshman led by loving care ,  
And when the royal choice they knew  
Sītā in haste was summoned too  
Absorbed, with half-shut eyes, the queen  
Attended by the three was seen  
She knew that Pushya's lucky hour  
Would raise her son to royal power,  
So fixed with bated breath each thought  
On God supreme, by all men sought  
To her, as thus she knelt and prayed,  
Rāma drew near, due reverence paid,  
And then to swell his mother's joy,  
Thus spoke her own beloved boy  
' O mother dear, my sire's decree  
Entrusts the people's weal to me  
To-morrow I, for so his will,

Anointed king, the throne shall fill  
The few last hours till night shall end  
Sitā with me must fasting spend  
For so my father has decreed  
And holy priests with him agreed  
What vows so ever thou mayst deem  
My consecration's eve be eem  
Do thou sweet mother for my sake  
And for beloved Sitā's sake

When the glad news Kausalyā heard  
So long desired so long deferred  
While tear of joy her utterance broke  
In answer to her son she spoke

Long be thy life my darling nor  
Thy prostrate form before thee bow  
Live long and with thy bright success  
My friends and dear Sumitrā's blest  
Surely the stars were wondrous fair  
When thou sweet son thy mother bare  
That thy good gifts such love inspire  
And win the favour of thy sire  
With thee I travelled not in vain  
Those lotus eyes reward my pain  
And all the glory of the line  
Of old Ikshvāku will be thine.

He smiled and on his brother gazed  
Who sat with reverent hands upraised  
And said My brother thou must be  
Joint ruler of this land with me  
My second self thou Lakshman art  
And in my fortune bearest part  
Be thine Sumitrā's son to I now  
The joys from regal power that flow  
My life itself the monarch's seat

For thy dear sake to me are sweet'

Thus Ráma to his brother said  
To both his mothers<sup>1</sup> bowed his head,  
And then with Sítá by his side  
To his own house the hero hied

<sup>1</sup> Kausalya and Sumitrá

## CANTO V

*PAMA S FAST*

Then Saint Vasiṣṭha to the king  
Came ready at his summoning

Now go exclaimed the monarch thou  
Enriched by fervent rites and vow  
For Rāma and his wife ordain  
The fast that joy may bless his reign

The best of those who Scripture know  
Said to the king My lord I go  
To Rāma's house Vasiṣṭha hied  
The hero's fast by rule to guide  
And skilled in sacred texts to tell  
Each step to him instructed well  
Straight to Prince Rāma's higo abode  
That like a cloud pale tinted shod  
Borne in his priestly car he rode  
Two courts he passed and in the third  
He stayed his car Then Rāma heard  
The holy sage was come and flew  
To honour him with honour due  
He hastened to the car and lent  
His hand to aid the priest's descent  
Then spoke Vasiṣṭha words like these  
Pleased with his reverent courtesies  
With pleasant things his heart to cheer  
Who best deserved glad news to hear  
Prince thou hast won thy father's grace  
And thou wilt be the Regent's place

Now with thy Sítá, as is right,  
In strictest fasting spend the night,  
For when the morrow's dawn is fair  
The king will consecrate his heir.  
So Nahush,<sup>1</sup> as the wise relate,  
Yayáti joyed to consecrate'

Thus having said, Vaśishtha next  
Ordained the fast by rule and text,  
For Ráma faithful to his vows  
And the Videhan dame his sponse  
Then from the prince's house he hied  
With courteous honours gratified  
Round Ráma gathered every friend  
In pleasant talk a while to spend  
He bade good night to all at last,  
And to his inner chamber passed  
Then Ráma's house shone bright and gay  
With men and maids in glad array,  
As in the morning some fan lake  
When all her lotuses awake,  
And every bird that loves the flood  
Flits joyous round each opening bud

Forth from the house Vaśishtha drove,  
That with the king's in splendour strove,  
And all the royal street he viewed  
Filled with a mighty multitude  
The eager concourse blocked each square,  
Each road and lane and thoroughfare,  
And joyous shouts on every side  
Rose like the roar of Ocean's tide,  
As streams of men together came  
With loud huzza and glad acclaim  
The ways were watered, swept, and clean,

<sup>1</sup>A king of the Lunar race, and father of Yayáti.

And decked with flowers and garlands green  
 And all Arrayed in a graceful  
 With lances on their feet they played  
 Men women too with eager eyes  
 Expecting when the sun should rise  
 Scolding and fighting with their  
 Of the same sort as when  
 To see a new scene of joy to all  
 The people here and there

The priest advanced gently the  
 The ruler came with the  
 Next to the ruler the priest  
 He said to the ruler by the  
 Like a wheel of the  
 The ruler said to the  
 Who are you and what  
 Thus will I do for you  
 To meet the ruler of the  
 But when the ruler came  
 He said to the ruler  
 Queen of the ruler  
 That all his work was done  
 The ruler said to the  
 And the ruler said to the  
 And the ruler said to the  
 And all the ruler  
 Then a ruler  
 His car beneath the ruler  
 So to the chambers where  
 His consort Dasya

Full through the delightful  
 With women richly  
 And splendid as the radiant  
 Where Indra loves to rest

Then brighter flashed a thousand eyes  
    With the light his presence lent,  
As, when the moon begins to rise,  
    The star-thronged firmament

## CANTO VI

*THE CITY DECORATED*

Then Rama bethled in order due  
 His mind from worldly thoughts withdrew  
 And with his large eyed wife besought  
 Narayan as a votary ought  
 Upon his head the brimming cup  
 Of holy oil he lifted up  
 Then placed within the kindled fire  
 The offering to that heavenly Sire  
 And as he sipped the remnant prayed  
 To Him for life sung and for aid  
 Then with still lip and tranquil mind  
 With his Vidhan he reclined  
 In Vishnu's chapel on a bed  
 Where holy gases was duly spread  
 While till the prince's every thought  
 The God supreme Narayan sought  
 One watch remained the night to close  
 When Rama from his couch arose  
 And bade the men and maids adorn  
 His palace for the solemn morn  
 He heard the birds and heralds raise  
 Auspicious strains of joy and praise  
 And breathed devout with voice restrained  
 The hymn for morning rites ordained  
 Then with his head in reverence bowed  
 Praised Madhus conquering foe aloud  
 And in pure linen robes arrived



The priests to raise their voices prayed  
Obedient to the summons they  
Proclaimed to all the festal day  
The Bráhmans' voices, deep and sweet,  
Resounded through the crowded street,  
And echoed through Ayodhyá went  
By many a loud-toned instrument  
Then all the people joyed to hear  
That Ráma with his consort dear  
Had fasted till the morning light  
In preparation for the rite  
Swiftly the joyful tidings through  
Ayodhyá's crowded city flew,  
And soon as dawn appeared, each man  
To decorate the town began  
In all the temples bright and fair  
As white clouds towering in the air,  
In streets, and where the cross-ways met,  
Where holy fig-trees had been set,  
In open square, in sacred shade,  
Where merchants' shops their wealth displayed,  
On all the mansions of the great,  
And householders of wealth and state,  
Where'er the people loved to meet,  
Where'er a tree adorned the street,  
Gay banners floated to the wind,  
And ribands round the staves were twined  
Then clear the singers' voices rang,  
As, charming mind and ear, they sang  
Here players shone in bright attire,  
There dancing-women swelled the quire  
Each with his friend had much to say  
Of Ráma's consecration-day,  
Yea, even children, as they played

At cottage doors beneath the shado  
The royal street with flowers was strown  
Which loving hands in heaps had thrown  
And here and there rich incense lent  
Its fragrance to the garland's scent  
And all was fresh and fair and bright  
In honour of the coming rite  
With careful foresight to illumine  
With borrowed blaze the midnight gloom  
The crowds erected here and there  
Trees in each street gay lamps to bear  
The city thus from side to side  
In festal guise was beautified  
The people of the town who longed  
To view the rite together thronged  
And filling every court and square  
Praised the good king in converse there  
Our high souled king! He throws a grace  
On old Ikshvaku's royal race  
He feels his years increasing weight  
And makes his son associate  
Great joy to us the choice will bring  
Of Rama for our lord and king  
The good and bad to him are known  
And long will he protect his own  
No pride his prudent breast may swell  
Most just he loves his brothers well  
And to us all that love extends  
Cherished as brothers and as friends  
Long may our lord in life remain  
Good Dasaratha free from stain  
By whose most gracious favour we  
Rama anointed king shall see

Such were the words the townsmen spoke

Heard by the gathering countryfolk,  
Who from the south, north, east, and west,  
Stirred by the joyful tidings, pressed  
For by their eager longing led  
To Ráma's consecration sped  
The villagers from every side,  
And filled Ayodhyá's city wide  
This way and that way strayed the crowd,  
While rose a murmur long and loud,  
As when the full moon floods the skies  
And Ocean's waves with thunder rise  
That town, like India's city fair,  
While peasants thronged her ways,  
Tumultuous roared like Ocean, where  
Each flood-born monster plays

## CANTO VII

## MANTHARA'S LAMENT

It chanced a slave born handmaid bred  
 With Queen Kaikeyi fancy led  
 Mounted the stair and stood upon  
 The terrace like the moon that shone  
 Thence Manthara at ease surveyed  
 Ayodhyá to her eyes displayed  
 Where water cooled the royal street  
 Where heaps of flowers were fresh and sweet  
 And costly flags and pennons hung  
 On roof and tower their shadow flung  
 With covered ways prepared in haste  
 And many an awning newly placed  
 With sandal scented streams bedewed  
 Thronged by a new hatched multitude  
 Whose streets were full of Brahman bands  
 With wreaths and sweetmeats in their hands  
 Loud instruments their music raised  
 And through the town where'er she gazed  
 The doors of temples glittered white  
 And the maid marvelled at the sight  
 Of Ráma's nurse who standing by  
 Gazed with a joy expanded eye  
 In robes of purest white attired  
 The wondering damsel thus inquired  
 Does Rama's mother give away  
 Rich largess to the crowds to day  
 On some dear object fondly bent  
 Or hlest with measureless content?

What mean these signs of rare delight  
On every side that meet my sight?  
Say, will the king with joy elate  
Some happy triumph celebrate?

The nurse, with transport uncontrolled,  
Her glad tale to the hump-back told  
‘Our lord the king to-morrow morn  
Will consecrate his eldest-born,  
And raise, in Pushya’s favouring hour,  
Prince Rāma to the royal power’  
As thus the nurse her tidings spoke,  
Rage in the hump-back’s breast awoke  
Down from the terrace, like the head  
Of high Kailāsa’s hill, she sped  
Sin in her thoughts, her soul aflame,  
Where Queen Kaikeyī slept, she came -  
‘Why sleepest thou?’ she cried, ‘arise.  
Peril is near, unclosethine eyes  
Ah, heedless Queen, too blind to know  
What floods of sin above thee flow!  
Thy boasts of love and grace are o’er;  
Thine is the show and nothing more  
His favour is an empty cheat,  
A torrent dried by summer’s heat’

Thus by the artful maid addressed  
In cruel words from raging breast,  
The queen, sore troubled, spoke in turn  
‘What evil news have I to learn?  
That mournful eye, that altered cheek  
Of sudden woe or danger speak’

Such were the words Kaikeyī said  
Then Manthará, her eyeballs red  
With fury, skilled with treacherous art  
To grieve yet more her lady’s heart,

From Rama in her wicked hate  
Kaikeyi's love to alienate  
Upon her evil purpose bent  
Began again most eloquent  
Peril awaits thee swift and sure  
And utter woe defying cure  
King Daśaratha will create  
Prinee Rāma Heir Associate  
Plunged in the depths of wild despair  
My soul a prey to pain and care  
As though the flames consumed me zeal  
Has brought me for my lady's weal  
Thy grief, my Queen is grief to me  
Thy gain my greatest gain would be  
Proud daughter of a princely line  
The rights of consort queen are thine  
How art thou born of royal race  
Blind to the crimes that kings debase?  
Thy lord is gracious to deceive  
And flatters but thy soul to grieve  
While thy pure heart that thinks no sin  
Knows not the snares that hem thee in  
Thy husband's lips on thee bestow  
Soft soothing words an empty show  
The wealth the substance and the power  
This day will be Kaśalya's dower  
With crafty soul thy child he sends  
To dwell among thy distant friends  
And every rival far from sight  
To Rāma gives the power and might  
Ah me! for thou unhappy dame  
Deluded by a husband's name  
With more than mother's love hast pressed  
A serpent to thy heedless breast,

That might the younger two advance  
Yes, Queen, 'tis Rāma that I dread,  
Wise, prompt, in warlike science bled,  
And oh, I tremble when I think  
Of thy dear child on ruin's brink  
Blest with a lofty fate is she,  
Kauśalyā, for her son will be  
Placed, when the moon and Pushva meet,  
By Brāhmans on the royal seat  
Thou as a slave in suppliant guise  
Must wait upon Kauśalyā's eyes,  
With all her wealth and bliss secured  
And glorious from her foes assured  
Her slave with us who serve thee, thou  
Wilt see thy son to Rāma bow,  
And Sītā's friends exult o'er all,  
While Bharat's wife shares Bharat's fall'

As thus the maid in wrath complained,  
Kaikeyī saw her heart was pained,  
And answered eager in defence  
Of Rāma's worth and excellence -  
'Nay, Rāma born the monarch's heir,  
By holy fathers trained with care,  
Virtuous, grateful, pure, and true,  
Claims royal sway as rightly due  
He, like a sire, will long defend  
Each brother, minister, and friend  
Then why, O hump-back, art thou pained  
To hear that he the throne has gained?  
Be sure when Rāma's empire ends,  
The kingdom to my son descends,  
Who, when a hundred years are flown,  
Shall sit upon his father's throne  
Why is thine heart thus sad to see

The joy that is and long shall be  
 This fortune by possession sure  
 And hopes which we may count secure ?  
 Dear as the darling son I bore  
 Is Rāma yet, or even more  
 Most dutious to Kausalyā he  
 Is yet more dutiful to me  
 What though he rule we need not fear  
 His brethren to his soul are dear  
 And if the throne Prince Rāma fill  
 Bharat will share the empire still

She ceased    The troubled damsel sighed  
 Sighs long and hot and thus replied  
 What madness has possessed thy mind  
 To warnings deaf to dangers blind ?  
 Canst thou not see the floods of sorrow  
 That threaten o'er thine head to flow ?  
 First Rāma will the throne acquire  
 Then Rāma's son succeed his sire  
 While Bharat will neglected pine  
 Excluded from the royal line  
 Not all his sons O lady fair  
 The kingdom of a monarch share  
 All ruling when a sovereign dies  
 Wild tumult in the state would rise  
 The eldest be he good or ill  
 Is ruler by the father's will  
 Know tender mother that thy son  
 Without a friend and all undone  
 Far from the joyous ease of home  
 An alien from his race will roam  
 I sped to thee for whom I feel  
 But thy fond heart mistakes my zeal  
 Thy hand a present would bestow



Because thy rival triumphs so  
When Ráma once begins his sway  
Without a foe his will to try,  
Thy darling Bharat he will drive  
To distant lands if left alive  
By thee the child was sent away  
Beneath his grandfather's roof to stay  
Even in stools and stones perforce  
Will friendship spring from intercourse  
The young Śatrughna too would go  
With Bharat, for he loved him so  
As Lakshman still to Ráma cleaves,  
He his dear Bharat never leaves  
There is an ancient tale they tell  
A tree the foresters would fell  
Was saved by reeds that round it stood,  
For love that sprang of neighbourhood  
So Lakshman Ráma will defend,  
And each on each for aid depend  
Such fame on earth then friendship wins  
As that which binds the Heavenly Twins  
And Ráma ne'er will purpose wrong  
To Lakshman, for their love is strong  
But Bharat, Oh, of this be sure,  
Must evil at his hands endure  
Come, Ráma from his home expel  
An exile in the woods to dwell  
The plan, O Queen, which I advise  
Secures thy weal if thou be wise  
So we and all thy kith and kin  
Advantage from thy gain shall win.  
Shall Bharat, meet for happier fate,  
Born to endure his rival's hate,  
With all his fortune ruined cower

And dread his brother's mightier power ?  
Up Queen to save thy son, arise  
Prostrate at Rama's feet he lies  
So the proud elephant who leads  
His trooping consorts through the reeds  
Falls in the forest shade beneath  
The lion's spring and murderous teeth  
Scorned by thee in thy bliss and pride  
Kauśalyā was of old defied  
And will she now forbear to show  
The vengeful rancour of a foe ?  
O Queen thy darling is undone  
When Rama's hand has once begun  
Ayodhyā's realm to sway  
Come win the kingdom for thy child  
And drive the alien to the wild  
In banishment to-day

## CANTO IX.

## THE PLOT

—

As fury lit Kaikeyí's eyes  
 She spoke with long and burning sighs :  
 'This day my son enthroned shall see,  
 And Ráma to the woods shall flee.  
 But tell me, damsel, if thou can,  
 A certain way, a skilful plan  
 That Bharat may the empire gain,  
 And Ráma's hopes be nursed in vain.'

The lady ceased    The wicked maid  
 The mandate of her queen obeyed,  
 And darkly plotting Ráma's fall  
 Responded to Kaikeyí's call

'I will declare, do thou attend,  
 How Bharat may his throne ascend.  
 Dost thou forget what things befell ?  
 Or dost thou feign, remembering well ?  
 Or wouldst thou hear my tongue repeat  
 A story for thy need so meet ?  
 Gay lady, if thy will be so,  
 Now hear the tale of long ago,  
 And when my tongue has done its part  
 Ponder the story in thine heart  
 When Gods and demons fought of old,  
 Thy lord, with royal saints enrolled,  
 Sped to the war with thee to bring  
 His might to aid the Immortals' King.  
 Far to the southern land he sped

Where Dandak's mighty wilds are spread,  
To Vajayanta's city swayed  
By Sambara whose flag displayed  
The hugest monster of the sea  
Lord of a hundred wiles was he  
With might which Gods could never blame  
Against the King of Heaven he came  
Then raged the battle wild and dread,  
And mortal warriors fought and bled  
The fiends by night with strength renewed  
Charged slew the sleeping multitude.  
Thy lord King Dasaratha long  
Stood fighting with the demon throng  
But long of arm unmatched in strength  
Fell wounded by their darts at length  
Thy husband senseless by thine aid  
Was from the battle field conveyed  
And wounded nigh to death thy lord  
Was by thy care to health restored  
Well pleased the grateful monarch sware  
To grant thy first and second prayer  
Thou for no favour then wouldst sue  
The gifts reserved for season due  
And he thy high souled lord agreed  
To give the boons when thou shouldst need.  
Myself I knew not what befell  
But oft the tale have heard thee tell  
And close to thee in friendship knit  
Deep in my heart have treasured it.  
Remind thy husband of his oath  
Recall the boons and claim them both  
That Bharat on the throne be placed  
With rites of consecration graced  
And Rama to the woods he sent

For twice seven years of banishment.  
Go, Queen, the mourner's chamber<sup>1</sup> seek,  
With angry eye and burning cheek ;  
And with disordered robes and hair  
On the cold earth lie prostrate there.  
When the king comes still mournful lie,  
Speak not a word nor meet his eye,  
But let thy tears in torrents flow,  
And lie enamoured of thy woe  
Well do I know thou long hast been,  
And ever art, his darling queen  
For thy dear sake, O well-loved dame,  
The mighty king would brave the flame,  
But ne'er would anger thee, or brook  
To meet his favourite's wrathful look.  
Thy loving lord would even die  
Thy fancy, Queen, to gratify,  
And never could he aim his breast  
To answer nay to thy request  
Listen and learn, O dull of sense,  
Thine all-resistless influence  
Gems he will offer, pearls, and gold  
Refuse his gifts, be stern and cold  
Those proffered boons at length recall,  
And claim them till he grants thee all  
And O my lady, high in bliss,  
With heedful thought forget not this  
When from the ground his queen he lifts  
And grants again the promised gifts,  
Bind him with oaths he cannot break  
And thy demands, unflinching, make,

<sup>1</sup> Literally *the chamber of wrath*, a 'growling,' a small, dark, unfurnished room to which it seems, the wives and ladies of the king betook themselves when offended and sulky

That Ramn travel to the wild  
Five years and nine from home exiled  
And Bharat best of all who reign  
The empire of the land obtain  
For when this term of years has fled  
Over the banished Rama's head  
Thy royal son to vigour grown  
And rooted firm will stand alone  
The king I know is well inclined  
And this the hour to move his mind  
Be bold the threatened rite prevent  
And force the king from his intent

She ceased So counselled to her bane  
Disguised beneath a show of gain  
Kaikeyi in her joy and pride  
To Manthara again replied  
Thy sense I envy prudent maid  
With sagest lore thy lips persuade  
No hump back maid in all the earth  
For wise resolve can match thy worth  
Thou art alone with constant zeal  
Devoted to thy lady's weal  
Dear girl without thy faithful aid  
I had not marked the plot he laid  
Full of all guile and sin and spite  
Missbappen hump backs shock the sight  
But thou art fair and formed to please  
Bent like a lily by the breeze  
I look thee over with wntchful eye  
And in thy frame no fault can spy  
The chest so deep the waist so trim  
So round the lines of breast and limb<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In these four lines I do not translate faithfully and I do not venture to follow Kaikeyi farther in her eulogy of the hump-back's charms

Thy cheeks with moonlike beauty shine,  
And the warm wealth of youth is thine  
Thy legs, my girl, are long and neat,  
And somewhat long thy dainty feet,  
While stepping out before my face  
Thou seemest like a crane to pace  
The thousand wiles are in thy breast  
Which Śambara the fiend possessed,  
And countless others all thine own.  
O damsel sage, to thee are known.  
Thy very hump becomes thee too,  
O thou whose face is fair to view,  
For there reside in endless store  
Plots, wizard wiles, and warrior lore  
A golden chain I'll round it fling  
When Rāma's flight makes Bharat king.  
Yea, polished links of finest gold,  
When once the wished for prize I hold  
With naught to fear and none to hate,  
Thy hump, dear maid, shall decorate  
A golden frontlet wrought with care,  
And precious jewels shalt thou wear :  
Two lovely robes around thee fold,  
And walk a Goddess to behold,  
Bidding the moon himself compare  
His beauty with a face so fair  
With scent of precious sandal sweet  
Down to the nails upon thy feet,  
First of the household thou shalt go  
And pay with scorn each baffled foe'

Kaikeyi's praise the damsel heard,  
And thus again her lady starred,  
Who lay upon her beauteous bed  
Like fire upon the altar fed

Dear Queen they build the bridge in vain  
When swollen streams are dry again  
Arise thy glorious task complete  
And draw the king to thy retreat

The large-eyed lady left her bower  
Exulting in her pride of power  
And with the hump-back sought the gloom  
And silence of the mourner's room  
The string of priceless pearls that hung  
Around her neck to earth she flung  
With all the wealth and lustre lost  
By precious gem and ornament,  
Then listening to her slave's advice  
Lay like a nymph from Paradise  
As on the ground her limbs she laid  
Once more she cried unto the maid

Soon must thou to the monarch say  
Kaikya's soul has past away  
Or Rama hani'ed as we planned  
My son made king shall rule the land  
No more for gold and gems I care  
I or brave attire or duntly fare  
If Rama should the throne ascend  
That very hour my life will end

The royal lady wounded through  
The bosom with the darts that flew  
Launched from the hump-back's tongue  
Pressed both her hands upon her side  
And o'er and o'er again she cried  
With wildering fury stung  
'Yes it shall be thy task to tell  
That I have hurried hence to dwell  
In Yama's realms of woe  
Or happy Bharat shall be king



And doomed to years of wandering  
    Kauśalyá's son shall go  
I heed not dainty viands now,  
Fair wreaths of flowers to twine my brow.  
    Soft balm on precious scent  
My very life I count as naught,  
Nothing on earth can claim my thought  
    But Rāma's banishment'

She spoke these words of cruel me,  
Then, stripping off her gay attire,  
    The cold bare floor she pressed  
So, falling from her home on high,  
Some lovely daughter of the sky  
    Upon the ground might rest  
With darkened brow and furious mien,  
Stripped of her gems and wreath, the queen  
    In spotless beauty lay,  
Like heaven obscured with gathering clouds,  
When shades of midnight darkness shroud  
    Each star's expiring ray

## CANTO X

*DAŚARATHA'S SPEECH*

As Queen Kaikeyi thus obeyed  
 The sinful counsel of her maid  
 She sank upon the chamber floor  
 As sinks in anguish wounded sore  
 An elephant beneath the smart  
 Of the wild hunter's venom'd dart  
 The lovely lady in her mind  
 Revolved the plot her maid designed  
 And prompt the gain and risk to scan  
 She step by step approved the plan  
 Misguided by the hump back's guile  
 She pondered her resolve awhile  
 As the fair path that bliss secured  
 The miserable lady lured  
 Devoted to her queen and swayed  
 By hopes of gain and bliss the maid  
 Rejoiced her lady's purpose known  
 And deemed the prize she sought her own  
 Then bent upon her purpose dire  
 Kaikeyi with her soul on fire  
 Upon the floor lay languid down  
 Her brows contracted in a frown  
 The bright hued wreath that bound her hair  
 Chains, necklets jewels rich and rare  
 Stripped off by her own fingers lay  
 Spread on the ground in disarray  
 And to the floor a lustre lent

As stars light up the firmament  
'Thus prostrate in the mourner's cell,  
In garb of woe the lady fell,  
Her long hair in a single braid,  
Like some fair nymph of heaven dismayed.<sup>1</sup>

The monarch, Rāma to install,  
With thoughtful care had ordered all,  
And now within his home withdrew,  
Dismissing first his retinue  
Now all the town has heard, thought he,  
What joyful sight the morn will see,  
So turned he to her bower to cheer  
With the glad news his darling's ear  
Majestic, as the Lord of Night,  
When threatened by the Dragon's might,  
Bursts radiant on the evening sky  
Pale with the clouds that wander by,  
So Daśaratha, great in fame,  
To Queen Kaikeyī's palace came  
There parrots flew from tree to tree,  
And gorgeous peacocks wandered free,  
While ever and anon was heard  
The note of some glad water-bird  
Here loitered dwarf and hump-backed maid,  
There lute and lyre sweet music played  
Here, rich in blossom, creepers twined  
O'er grotts with wondrous art designed,  
There Champac and Aśoka flowers  
Hung glorious o'er the summer bowers,

<sup>1</sup> These verses are evidently an interpolation. They contain nothing that has not been already related: the words only are altered. As the whole poem could not be recited at once, the rhapsodists at the beginning of a fresh recitation would naturally remind their hearer of the events immediately preceding.

And mid the waving verdure rose  
Gold silver ivory porticoes  
Through all the months in ceaseless store  
The trees both fruit and blossom bore  
With many a lake the grounds were graced  
Seats gold and silver here were placed ,  
Here every viand wooed the taste  
It was a garden meet to vie  
Even with the home of Gods on high  
Within the mansion rich and vast  
The mighty Dasaratha passed  
Not there was his beloved queen  
On her fair couch reclining seen  
With love his eager pulses beat  
For the dear wife he came to meet  
And in his blissful hopes deceived  
He sought his absent love and grieved  
For never had she missed the hour  
Of meeting in her sumptuous bower  
And never had the king of men  
Entered the empty room till then  
Still urged by love and anxious thought  
News of his favourite queen he sought  
For never had his loving eyes  
Found her or selfish or unwise  
Then spoke at length the warder maid  
With hands upraised and sore afraid  
My Lord and King the queen has sought  
The mourner's cell with rage distraught

The words the warder maiden said  
He heard with soul disquieted  
And thus as fiercer grief assailed  
His troubled senses wellnigh failed  
Consumed by torturing fires of grief

The king, the world's imperial chief,  
His lady lying on the ground  
In most unqueenly posture, found  
The aged king, all pure within,  
Saw the young queen resolved on sin,  
Low on the ground, his own sweet wife,  
To him far dearer than his life,  
Like some fan creeping plant upturn,  
Or like a maid of heaven forlorn,  
A nymph of air or Goddess sent  
From Swarga down in banishment.

As some wild elephant who tries  
To soothe his consort as she lies  
Struck by the hunter's venom'd dart,  
So the great king, disturbed in heart,  
Strove with soft hand and fond caress  
To soothe his darling queen's distress,  
And in his love addressed with sighs  
The lady of the lotus eyes  
'I know not, Queen, why thou shouldst be  
Thus angered to the heart with me  
Say, who has slighted thee, or whence  
Has come the cause of such offence  
That in the dust thou liest low,  
And rendest my fond heart with woe,  
As if some goblin of the night  
Had struck thee with a deadly blight,  
And cast foul influence on her  
Whose spells my loving bosom stir?  
I have physicians famed for skill,  
Each trained to cure some special ill:  
My sweetest lady, tell thy pain,  
And they shall make thee well again  
Whom, darling, wouldst thou punished see?

Or whom enriched with lordly fee?  
 Weep not my lovely Queen and stay  
 This grief that wears thy frame away  
 Speak and the guilty shall be freed  
 The guiltless be condemned to bleed  
 The poor enriched the rich abused  
 The low set high the proud disgraced  
 My lords and I thy will obey  
 All slaves who own thy sovereign sway  
 And I can ne'er my heart incline  
 To check in ought one wish of thine  
 Now by my life I pray thee tell  
 The thoughts that in thy bosom dwell  
 The power and might thou knowest well  
 Should from thy breast all doubt expel  
 I swear by all my merit won  
 Speak and thy pleasure shall be done  
 Far as the world's wide bounds extend  
 My glorious empire knows no end  
 Mine are the tribes in eastern lands  
 And those who dwell on Sindhu's sands  
 Mine is Suráshṭra far away  
 Svára's realm admits my sway  
*My best the southern nations fear*  
 The Angas and the Vangas hear  
 And as lord paramount I reign  
 O'er Magadh and the Matsyas plain  
 Kośal and Káśi's wide domain<sup>1</sup>  
 All rich in treasures of the mine  
 In golden corn sheep goats and kine  
 Choose what thou wilt Kaikeyi thence  
 But tell me O my darling whence

<sup>1</sup> The *Śloka* or distich which I have been forced to expand into these nine lines is evidently spurious but is found in all the commented MSS which Schlegel consulted.

Arose thy grief, and it shall fly  
Like hoar-frost when the sun is high '

She by his loving words consoled,  
Longed her due purpose to unfold  
And sought with sharper pangs to wing  
The bosom of her lord the king

## CANTO VI

## THE QUEEN'S DEMAND

To him enthralled by love and blind  
 Pierced by his darts who shakes the mind<sup>1</sup>  
 Ruken with remorseless bier t  
 Her cruel purpose thus expressed  
 O King no insult or neglect  
 Have I endured or disrespect  
 One with I have and fain would see  
 That long may grant d lord by thee  
 Now pledge thy word if thou incline  
 To listen to this prayer of mine  
 Then I with confidence will speak  
 And thou shalt hear the boon I seek

For she had ceased the monarch tell  
 A victim to the lady's spell  
 And to the deadly snare she set  
 Sprang like a roebuck to the net  
 Her lover raised her drooping head  
 Smiled playing with her hair and said  
 Hast thou not learnt wild dame till now  
 That there is none so dear as thou  
 To me thy loving husband save  
 My Rama brave t of the brave?  
 By him my voice's high-souled heir  
 By him whom none can match I swear  
 Now speak the wish that on thee weighs  
 For him whose right is length of days  
 Whom if my fond paternal eve

<sup>1</sup> Mammal - Mind di turk - name of K. ma o - Lov



Saw not one hour I needs must die,  
I swear by Ráma my dear son,  
Speak, and thy bidding shall be done  
Speak, darling, if thou choose, request  
To have the heart from out my breast :  
Regard my words, sweet love, and name  
The wish thy mind thinks fit to frame  
Nor let thy soul give way to doubt  
My power should drive suspicion out  
Yea, by my merits won I swear,  
Speak, darling, I will grant thy prayer '

The queen, ambitious, overjoyed  
To see him by her plot decoyed,  
More eager still her aims to reach,  
Spoke her abominable speech  
' A boon thou grantest, nothing loth,  
And swearest with repeated oath  
Now let the thirty Gods and three  
My witnesses, with India, be  
Let sun and moon and planets hear,  
Heaven, quarters, day and night, give ear  
The mighty world, the earth outspread,  
With bards of heaven and demons dread ,  
The ghosts that walk in midnight shade,  
And household Gods, our present aid,  
And every being great and small  
To hear and mark the oath I call '

When thus the acher king was bound  
With treacherous arts and oaths enwound,  
She to her bounteous lord subdued  
By blinding love, her speech renewed  
' Remember, King, that long-past day  
Of Gods' and demons' battle fray,  
And how thy foe in doubtful strife

Had nigh bereft thee of thy life  
Remember it was only I  
Preserved thee when about to die  
And thou for watchful love and care  
Wouldst grant my first and second prayer  
Those offered boons pledged with thee then  
I now demand O King of men  
Of thee O Monarch good and just  
Whose righteous soul observes each trust.  
If thou refuse thy promise sworn  
I die despised before the morn  
These rites in Ráma's name begun—  
Transfer them and enthrone my son  
The time is come to claim at last  
That double boon of days long past  
When Gods and demons met in fight  
And thou wouldst fain my care requite  
Now forth to Dandak's forest drive  
Thy Ráma for nine years and five  
And let him dwell a hermit there  
With deerskin coat and matted hair  
Without a rival let my boy  
The empire of the land enjoy  
And let mine eyes ere morning see  
Thy Ráma to the forest flee

## CANTO XII.

*DAŚARATHA'S LAMENT.*

The monarch, as Kaikeyí pressed  
 With cruel words her due request,  
 Stood for a time absorbed in thought  
 While anguish in his bosom wrought  
 'Does some wild dream my heart assail?  
 Or do my troubled senses fail?  
 Does some dire portent scare my view?  
 Or frenzy's stroke my soul subdue?'  
 Thus as he thought, his troubled mind  
 In doubt and dread no rest could find,  
 Distressed and trembling like a deer  
 Who sees the dreaded tigress near  
 On the bare ground his limbs he threw,  
 And many a long deep sigh he drew,  
 Like a wild snake, with fury blind,  
 By charms within a ring confined  
 Once as the monarch's fury woke,  
 'Shame on thee!' from his bosom broke,  
 And then in sense-bewildering pain  
 He fainted on the ground again  
 At length, when slowly strength returned,  
 He answered as his eyeballs burned  
 With the wild fury of his ire  
 Consuming her, as 'twere, with fire  
 'Fell traitress, thou whose thoughts design  
 The utter ruin of my line,  
 What wrong have I or Ráma done?  
 Speak murderess, speak thou wicked one.

Seeks he not evermore to please  
Thee with all soulike courtesie ?  
By what persuasion art thou led  
To bring this ruin on his head ?  
Ah me that fondly unaware  
I brought thee home my life to snare  
Called daughter of a king in truth  
A serpent with a venom'd tooth !  
What fault can I pretend to find  
In Rama prais'd by all mankind  
That I my darling should forsake ?  
No take my life my glory take  
Let either queen be from me torn  
But not my well loved eldest born  
Him but to see is highest bliss  
And death itself his face to miss  
The world my sunless stand the grain  
May thrive without the genial rain  
But if my Rama be not nigh  
My spirit from its frame will fly  
Enough thine impious plan forgo  
O thou who plottest sin and woe  
My head before thy feet I kneel  
And pray thee some compassion feel  
O wicked dame what can have led  
Thy heart to dare a plot so dread ?  
Perchance thy purpose is to sound  
The grace thy son with me has found  
Perchance the words that all these days  
Thou still hast said in Rama's praise  
Were only feigned designed to cheer  
With flatteries a father's ear  
Soon as thy grief my Queen I knew  
My bosom felt the anguish too

In empty halls art thou possessed,  
And subject to another's hest ?  
Now on Ikshváku's ancient race  
Falls foul disorder and disgrace,  
If thou, O Queen, whose heart so long  
Has loved the good should choose the wrong.  
Not once, O large-eyed dame, hast thou  
Been guilty of offence till now,  
Nor said a word to make me grieve,  
Nor will I now thy sin believe  
With thee my Ráma used to hold  
Like place with Bharat lofty-souled,  
As thou so often, when the pair  
Were children yet, wouldst fain declare  
And can thy righteous soul endure  
That Ráma glorious, pious, pure,  
Should to the distant wilds be sent  
For fourteen years of banishment ?  
Yea, Ráma Bharat's self exceeds  
In love to thee and sonlike deeds,  
And, for deserving love of thee,  
As Bharat, even so is he  
Who better than that chieftain may  
Obedience, love, and honour pay,  
Thy dignity with care protect,  
Thy slightest word and wish respect ?  
Of all his countless followers none  
Can breathe a word against my son,  
Of many thousands not a dame  
Can hint reproach or whisper blame  
All creatures feel the sweet control  
Of Ráma's pure and gentle soul  
The pride of Manu's race, he binds  
To him the people's grateful minds

He wins the subjects with his truth  
The poor with gifts and gentle ruth  
His teachers with his docile will  
The foemen with his archer skill  
Truth, purity religious zeal  
The hand to give the heart to feel  
The love that ne'er betrays a friend  
The rectitude that naught can bend  
Knowledge and meek obedience grace  
My Rama pride of Raghu's race  
Canst thou thine impious plot design  
Gainst him in whom these virtues shine  
Whose glory with the sages vies  
Peer of the Gods who rule the skies?  
From him no harsh or bitter word  
To pain one creature have I heard  
And how can I my son address  
For thee with words of bitterness?  
Have mercy Queen some pity show  
To see my tears of anguish flow  
And listen to my mournful cry  
A poor old man who soon must die  
Whate'er this sea girt land can boast  
Of rich and rare from coast to coast  
To thee my Queen I give it all  
But O thy deadly words recall  
O see my suppliant hands entreat  
Again my lips are on thy feet  
Save Rama save my darling child  
Nor kill me with this sin defiled  
He grovelled on the ground and lay  
To burning grief a senseless prey  
And ever and anon assailed  
By floods of woe he wept and wailed

Striving with eager speed to gain  
The margent of his sea of pain

With fiercer words she fiercer yet  
The hapless father's pleading met  
'O Monarch, if thy soul repent  
Thy promise and thy free consent,  
How wilt thou in the world maintain  
Thy fame for truth unsmirched with stain?  
When gathered kings with thee converse,  
And bid thee all the tale rehearse,  
What wilt thou say, O truthful King,  
In answer to their questioning?  
'She to whose love my life I owe,  
Who saved me smitten by the foe,  
Kaikeyí, for her tender care,  
Was cheated of the oath I swore'  
Thus wilt thou answer, and forsworn  
Wilt draw on thee the princes' scorn  
Learn from that tale, the Hawk and Dove,<sup>1</sup>  
How strong for truth was Saivya's love  
Pledged by his word the monarch gave  
His flesh the suppliant bid to save  
So King Alarka gave his eyes,  
And gained a mansion in the skies  
The Sea himself his promise keeps,  
And ne'er beyond his limit sweeps  
My deeds of old again recall,  
Nor let thy bond dishonoured fall  
The rights of truth thou wouldst forget,  
Thy Ráma on the throne to set,  
And let thy days in pleasure glide,  
Fond King, Kauśalyá by thy side

<sup>1</sup> This story is told in the *Mahabharat*. A free version of it may be found in *Scenes from the Ramayan, Etc*

Now call it by what name thou wilt  
Justice injustice virtue guilt  
Thy word and oath remain the same  
And thou must yield what thus I claim  
If Rama be anointed I  
The very day will surely die  
Before thy face will poison drink  
And lifeless at thy feet will sink  
Yea better far to die than stay  
Alive to see one mingle day  
The crowd before Kanak's stand  
And hail her queen with reverent hand  
Now by my son myself I swear  
No gift no promise whatsoever  
My straitest soul shall now content  
But only Rama's punishment

So far he spoke by rage impelled  
And then the queen deep silence held  
He heard her speech full fraught with ill  
But spoke no word bewildered still  
Gazed on his lover once held so dear  
Who pale unlovely rode to hear  
Then to his lowly pondered o'er  
The queen resolve and oath she swore  
Out sighing forth Ah Rama he  
Fell prone to fill a smitten tree  
His senses lost like one insane  
Faint as a sick man weak with pain  
Or like a wounded snake dismayed  
So lay the king whom earth obeyed  
Long burning sighs he slowly heaved  
A conqueror by his woe he grieved  
And thus with tears and sob between  
His sad furt word addressed the queen



‘By whom, Kaikeyí, wast thou taught  
This flattering hope with ruin fraught?  
Have goblins seized thy soul, O dame,  
Who thus canst speak and feel no shame?  
Thy mind with sin is sicklied o’er,  
From thy first youth ne’er seen before  
A good and loving wife wast thou,  
But all, alas! is altered now  
What terror can have seized thy breast  
To make thee frame this dire request,  
That Bharat o’er the land may reign,  
And Ráma in the woods remain?  
Turn from thine evil ways, O turn,  
And thy perfidious counsel spurn,  
If thou wouldst gain a favour do  
To people, lord, and Bharat too.  
O wicked traitress, fierce and vile,  
Who lovest deeds of sin and guile,  
What crime or grievance dost thou see,  
What fault in Ráma or in me?  
Thy son will ne’er the throne accept  
If Ráma from his rights be kept,  
For Bharat’s heart more firmly yet  
Than Ráma’s is on justice set  
How shall I say, Go forth, and brook  
Upon my Ráma’s face to look,  
See his pale cheek and ashy lips  
Dimmed like the moon in sad eclipse?  
How see the plan so well prepared  
When prudent friends my counsels shared,  
All ruined, like a host laid low  
Beneath some foeman’s murderous blow?  
What will these gathered princes say,  
From regions near and far away?

O'erlong endures the monarch's reign,  
For now he is a child again  
When many a good and holy sage  
In Scripture versed revered for age  
Shall ask for Rāma what shall I  
Unhappy what shall I reply?  
By Queen Kaikeyī long distressed  
I drove him forth and dispossessed  
Although herein the truth I speak  
They all will hold me false and weak  
What will Kauśalyā say when she  
Demands her son exiled by me?  
Alas! what answer shall I frame  
Or how console the injured dame?  
She like a slave on me attends  
And with a sister's care she blends  
A mother's love a wife's a friend's  
In spite of all her tender care  
Her noble son her face most fair  
Another queen I could prefer  
And for thy sake neglected her  
But now O Queen my heart is grieved  
For love and care by thee received  
Even as the sickening wretch repents  
His dainty meal and condiments  
And how will Queen Sumitra trust  
The husband whom she finds unjust  
Seeing my Rama driven hence  
Dishonoured and for no offence?  
Ah! the Videhan bride will hear  
A double woe a double fear  
Two whelming sorrows at one breath  
Her lord's disgrace his father's death  
Mine aged bosom she will wring

And kill me with her sorrowing,  
Sad as a fair nymph left to weep  
Deserted on Himálaya's steep  
For short will be my days, I ween,  
When I with mournful eyes have seen  
My Ráma wandering forth alone  
And heard dear Sítá sob and moan  
Ah me ' my fond belief I rue,  
Vile traitress, loved as good and true,  
As one who in his thirst has quaffed,  
Deceived by looks, a deadly draught  
Ah ' thou hast slain me, murderess, while  
Soothing my soul with words of guile,  
As the wild hunter kills the deer  
Lured from the brake his song to hear.  
Soon every honest tongue will fling  
Reproach on the dishonest king,  
The people's scorn in every street  
The seller of his child will meet,  
And such dishonour will be mine  
As whelms a Bráhman drunk with wine  
Ah me, for my unhappy fate,  
Compelled thy words to tolerate '  
Such woe is sent to scourge a crime  
Committed in some distant time  
For many a day with sinful care  
I cherished thee, thou sin and snare,  
Kept thee, unwitting, like a cord  
Destined to bind its hapless lord  
Mine hours of ease I spent with thee,  
Nor deemed my love my death would be  
While like a heedless child I played,  
On a black snake my hand I laid  
A cry from every mouth will burst

And all the world will hold me curst  
Because I saw my high souled son  
Unkinged, unfathered and undone  
The king by power of love beguiled  
Is weaker than a foolish child  
His own beloved son to make  
An exile for a woman's sake  
By chaste and holy vows restrained  
By reverend teachers duly trained  
When he his virtues fruit should taste  
He falls by sin and woe disgraced  
Two words will all his answer be  
When I pronounce the stern decree  
Hence Ram to the woods away  
All he will say is I obey  
O if he would my will withstand  
When banished from his home and land  
This were a comfort in my woe  
But he will ne'er do this I know  
My Rama to the forest fled  
And curses thick upon my head  
Grim Death will hear me hence away  
His world ahominated prey  
When I am gone and Rama too  
How wilt thou thou I love pursue?  
What vengeful sin will be designed  
Against the queens I leave behind?  
When thou hast slain her son and me  
Kausalya soon will follow she  
Will sink beneath her sorrows weight  
And die like me disconsolate  
Exult Kaikeyi in thy pride  
And let thy heart be gratified  
When thou my queens and me hast hurled

And children, to the under world  
Soon wilt thou rule as empress o'er  
My noble house unvext before,  
But then to wild confusion left,  
Of Ráma and of me bereft  
If Bharat to thy plan consent  
And long for Ráma's banishment,  
Ne'er let his hands presume to pay  
The funeral honours to my clay  
Vile foe, thou cause of all mine ill  
Obtain at last thy cursed will  
A widow soon shalt thou enjoy  
The sweets of empire with thy boy  
O Princess, sure some evil fate  
First brought thee here to devastate,  
In whom the night of ruin lies  
Veiled in a consort's fair disguise  
The scorn of all and deepest shame  
Will long pursue my hated name  
And due disgrace on me will press,  
Misled by thee to wickedness  
How shall my Ráma, whom, before,  
His elephant or chariot bore,  
Now with his feet, a wanderer, tread  
The forest wilds around him spread ?  
How shall my son, to please whose taste,  
The deftest cooks, with earrings graced  
With rivalry and jealous care  
The dainty meal and cates prepare  
How shall he now his life sustain  
With acid fruit and woodland grain ?  
He spends his time unvext by cares  
And robes of precious texture wears,  
How shall he, with one garment round

His limbs recline upon the ground?  
 Whose was this plan this cruel thought  
 Unheard till now with ruin fraught  
 To make thy son Ayodhya's king  
 And send my Rama wandering?  
 Shame shame on women! Vile untrue  
 Their selfish ends they still pursue  
 Not all of womankind I mean  
 But more than all this wicked queen  
     O worthless cruel selfish dame  
     I brought thee home my plague and woe  
     What fault in me hast thou to blame  
     Or in my son who loves thee so?  
 Fond wives may from their husbands flee  
     And fathers may their sons desert  
 But all the world would have to see  
     My Rama touched with deadly hurt  
 I joy his very step to hear  
     As though his godlike form I viewed  
 And when I see my Rama near  
     I feel my youth again renewed  
 There might be life without the sun  
     Yea even if Indra sent no rain  
 But were my Rama banished none  
     Would so I think alive remain  
 A foe that long my life to take  
     I brought thee here my death to be  
 Cursed thee long a venomous snake  
     And through my folly die Ah me  
 Rama and me and Lakshman slay  
     And then with Bharat rule the state  
 So bring the kingdom to decay  
     And fawn on those thy lord who hate  
 Plotter of woe for evil bred

For such a speech why do not all  
Thy teeth from out thy wicked head  
Split in a thousand pieces fall ?  
My Ráma's words are ever kind,  
He knows not how to speak in ire .  
Then how canst thou presume to find  
A fault in him whom all admire ?  
Yield to despair, go mad, or die,  
Or sink within the rifted earth ,  
Thy fell request will I deny,  
Thou slayer of thy royal birth  
Thy longer life I scarce can bear  
Thou ruin of my home and race,  
Who wouldst my heart and heartstrings tear,  
Keen as a razor, false and base.  
My life is gone, why speak of joy ?  
For what, without my son, were sweet ?  
Spare, lady, him thou canst destroy ;  
I pray thee as I touch thy feet '  
He fell and wept with wild complaint,  
Heart-struck by her presumptuous speech,  
But could not touch, so weak and faint,  
The cruel feet he strove to reach.

## APPENDIX A

## CAPUT XXXVII

*UMAE MAGNANIMITAS*

Vix finito istius sermone ambo juvenes fortes Raghuides et Laxmanus narrationem cum plausu excipientes vatū principem compellarunt Narrata nobis est a te Brachmana sanctissima rerum divinarum memoria, nunc exponere velis de filia montium regis natu maiore quam ob causam mundi lustratrix illa tres tramites fluctibus proluat? Quatenam opera vir sancte eadem in tribus mundis perfecit? Talia dicente Cacutstbide Visvāmitras religiosissimus in anacoretarum coetu totam narrationem a principio explicuit. Olim mi Rama inquit post nuptias factas sanctus Caerulicervicus et Uma dea aemulatione mutua ad concubitum se converterunt Dum sollers Caerulicervicus numen potentissimum in Deae sinu delectabatur centum anni divini clapsi sunt In tali cupidinis certamine neuter conjugum vinci semet passus est nec vero etiam diva progeniem inde concepit O Rama hostium domitor Tunc Superi turbati Magno Parente duce *secum reputabant* Quae hic generatur proles quis eam sustinere poterit? Omnes igitur adierunt deum qui juvenum in vexillo gestat et humiliter adorantes magnanimum Caerulicervicum his verbis allocuti sunt Divum Dive fauste qui omnium animalium salute gaudes! Superum supplicationi propitium esse te decet Non tolerare poterunt mundi seminis tui progeniem Caelitum praestantissime sanctis votis ad



strictus cum conjuge tua Diva castimonias exerce    Tri-  
 plicis mundi servandi studio motus, vigorem masculum  
 tuum ipso vigore cohibe    Sospita hancce animantium  
 universitatem, noli naturae vastitatem efficere    Audito  
 Superum sermone potentissimus mundi dominus, hac  
 voce    Fiat! prolata, is annuit, ac porro ita loqui ordi-  
 tui    Cohibebo equidem conjunctum cum Uma vigorem  
 meum masculum ipso vigore    Tum Caelites, tum terra,  
 placida quiete fiantur.    Sed dicant mihi Superum pri-  
 mores, semen meum, vigoris plenissimum, quod e sede  
 sua excitatum est, quis hoc sustinebit?    Ita interrogati  
 Superi responderunt deo juvenum in vexillo gestanti.  
 Quod semen hodie tibi excitatum est, id tellus sustinebit.  
 His dictis admonitus Caelitum princeps vigorem suum  
 masculum in terrae solum effudit, quo tellus cum mon-  
 tibus silvisque plane penetrata est    Tunc Superi denuo  
 hunc in modum Ignem adhortari    Aggredere tu cum  
 Aere consociatus munificum Rudii semen    *Ambobus*  
*haec deum iussa alacriter exsequentibus*, id ab Igne  
 rursus penetratum est, inde exstitit mons Candidus,  
 nec non divina silva arundinea, flammae solisque iubar  
 referens, ubi natus est strenuissimus Canticerus, ex igne  
 ortus    Deinde Superi pariterque Sapientum coetus tum  
 Umam tum Sivam magnopere venerati sunt summo  
 gaudio affecti    At montis nata Caelites intuens, oculos  
 prae ira rubore suffusa, indignabunda diis omnibus  
 imprecari    Quoniam ego, prohis desiderio congressa cum  
 marito, impedita sum a vobis, vestrae quoque uxores ab  
 hoc inde die steriles sunt    His dictis quum superos omnes  
 obviigasset, tellurem quoque detestata est    “O Terra,  
 tu varias conditiones patiens, multorumque uxor eis,  
 ac mea indignatione contaminata laetitia filiorum pai-  
 tu non es adeptura, maligna, quae mihi prolem mas-  
 culam invidisti    Tunc deorum princeps (*Sivus*) quum

Superos pudore confusos videret accinxit se ad proficiscendum versus plagam *coeli a Varuno custoditam* Ibi dominus potentissimus consociatus cum Diva ad latus septentrionale montis in excelso Himavantis vertice castimonius sese dicavit Ita tibi exposui narrationem de dea Montigena O Rama nunc tu cum Laxmano Gangae originem quoque a me traditam accipe

## CAPUT XXXVIII.

## CARTICEII GENERATIO.

Dum deorum princeps Tinoculus castimonias exercebat, Caelites, exercitus sui ducem desiderantes, Magnum Parentem adierunt, et supplicum habitu, uno ore, cum ducibus suis, Indra atque Igne, alium rerum Parentem faustis hisce verbis affati sunt Qui nostri exercitus dux olim a te, venerande, nobis datus fuerat, is ad eximias castimonias exercendas cum Uma secessit Quid interim faciendum sit salutis animantium gratia, moderare tu, utpote moderaminis gnarus. tu ultimum nobis es perfugium Intellecto deorum sermone Magnus mundi universi Parens, placidis dictis consolatus Caelites, haec respondit Quod a dea Montigena dictum est, vos ex uxoribus vestris prolem non esse generaturos, id effatum fatale, ne dubitetis, initum fieri nequit Sed adest, ecce! Ganga aethera perambulans, ex qua Ignis, qui sacris vescitur, generabit exercitus deorum ducem, hostium domitorem Natu maiori montium regis filia hunc filium fovebit, neque dubitandum est, hoc magnopere ab Uma probatum esse Quo sermone audito Superi, optati compotes, venerabundi Magnum Parentem adorant Cuncti igitur profecti ad Montem Carlâsum metallis gemmatum, Igni mandant, ut filium generandum curaret "Tu, qui sacris vesci soles, hocce deorum negotium perficiendum suscipe Emitte semen potentissimum in montis filiam Gangam" Ignis Superis opem suam pollicitus, Gangam adiit, et, Concipe foetum ex me, Diva! inquit, quandoquidem Superis ita placet Quibus dictis auditis illa formam aethera assumpsit *et undarum aestu-*

antium ambagibus eius impetum elusit. Ignis autem visa nymphe superbia quoquo versus sese dilatavit et undique eam irroravit. Quum omnes Gangae torrentes ab eo oppleti essent divinorum sacrorum antistitem (*Ignem*) ei protinus affatur. Non sufficio. Dico tolerando vigori tuo masculo nimis vehementi, uxor flammis hisce et plane animi angor. Tunc Iguis qui omnium deorum sacris vescitur Gangae respondit. Hic ad Himavantis radices hinc foetus deponatur. Illa, Ignis dicto intellecto foetum splendidissimum semen mirabile torrentibus suis effudit. Quod ex illa effluerat purum micans sicut nreñ Jambhūñadi fluvii<sup>1</sup> quum primum terram contigit in aurum mutatum est. Ex acritudine porro acs ac metillum ferrugineum nascebatur quae luces sordes inerant eae in stannum et plumbum convertebantur. Vix autem electo foetu radius eius illuminatum totum istud nemus monte cinctum aureum est factum. Aurum purum pulero colore effulsit ex Iguis vigore natum quasi corporeus Ignis forma JATARUPA ab eo inde tempore dictum. O Raghuñde. Deinde puerum conspiciat. Ventorum greges Indra duce ut lae ei suppedarent. CRITTICAS accessivere nutrices eius futuras. Hic consilio capto postquam egregiam sibi conditionem pepigerant ut ipsarum in communo filius diceretur vix nato lae praebuere. Diu universi illis assentientes. Ne dubitetis! inquam, puer hic per triplicem mundum CARTILFIJ nomine celebrabitur quasi CRITTICARUM filius. Quorum sermone audito nutrices foetum abortu ex utero elapsam abluerunt summa cum venustate ignis instar radiantem. Superi vero quoniam abortu ex utero elapsus fuerat Creutstinde SCANDUM quoque dixerunt Carticeum validis lacertis praeditum

<sup>1</sup> Est fluvius aurifer ex mont. Mēñ quem fabulabantur scaturiens unde unum et multis aurum manibus deducitur.

flammaeque similem Praesto deinde fuit lac praestantissimum sex Critticarum, quem laticem ex mammis enatum pueri sex oia gerens imbibit Quo lacte hausto is uno die iuveniliter protinus adolevit, et bellica fortitudine sua Ditidarum agmina devicit Hunc splendidissimum Immortales universi, Igne duce congregati, coelestis exercitus imperatorem aqua lustrali inaugurarunt Sic tibi, mi Râma, nymphae Gangae propaginem declaravi, nec non felicem sanctamque Cumâi originem'

<sup>1</sup> Haud difficilis est ad divinandum allegoria quae haec fabula subest Deus Martius Siva filius fertur, numinis potentissimi, a cuius nutu hominum fata alternaeque vitae et mortis vices pendent Idem tamen ignis ope in lucem prodit, quia acerrimo tum animorum, tum corporum impetu bella geruntur Simul cum eo gignuntur metalli aes, ferrum, reliqua, e quibus similiter ignis ope fusis et excoctis tela et arma, loricae, scuta, galeae, proeuduntur Gangis nympha deponit haec metalla in montium sinu, quia in his plerumque eorum venae reperiuntur Sex Critticae sunt totidem Pleridum stellae, septimam enim Indi non curant Pingitur autem hoc sidus apud eosdem sub specie novaculae (Sanskrite *Krittika*), et inter domos lunares tertium locum occupat Cf AS RES II, p 293 Critticae significant igitur tela varii generis, ad pungendum aut secandum apta sagittas, gladios, veni-ces, jacula, hastas, secures Lac, quod haec nutrices puero martio praebent, est sanguis e vulneribus effusus, quo bellum magis magisque crudescit Similis est fabula de Heieule, cui Iuno, ignara quis pueri pater esset, mammam praebuerat, unde is subito ex infante in adolescentem excrevit, quam fabulam paterae Tuscae elegantissime incisam vidimus

## CAPUT XLVI

*FOETUS DITIDIS DIFFISSUS*

## SLOKA 16

Haec effata diva sole circa medium coelum vorsanto,  
 somno abrepta est atque inter dormiendum pedes in  
 statione capitis posuit Quam quum ita pollutam  
 videret Indras pedibus in capitis statione positos capillos  
 contingentem in risum gaudiumque effusus est Pene  
 travit itaque urbium eversor sollertia eminens, per cor  
 poris foramen in eius uterum foetumque septies discidit  
 At foetus dum centuplici fulminis acie diffindebatur  
 clara voce eiulavit quo facto Ditis expergefata est  
 Indras vero Noli eiulare<sup>1</sup> inquit foetum increpans ao  
 viribus pollens quamvis eiulantem diffidit Ditis contra  
 Parce huic<sup>1</sup> parce obsecro<sup>1</sup> clamabat Tunc Indras  
 venerandae matris vocem reformidans exsiluit manibus  
 que quibus fulmen tenebat suppliciter protensis hunc  
 in modum Ditum compellavit Contaminata obdormivisti  
 O Diva pedibus capillos contingens hanc occasionem  
 nactus septies discidi istum qui Indrae interfector futu  
 us erat cuius facinoris te mihi veniam dare aequum est

## CAPUT XLIX.

*ANALYAE LIBERATIO A DIRIS.*

At Sacrus spado factus deos Igne duce congregatos, tum agmen Sapientum, coelitumque Praecones, oculis prae pavore deiectis ita alloquitur. Equidem, dum Gaudami magnanimi sanctimoniam impedire studeo, iram eius concitando vestrum re vera, Superi, negotium peregi. Spado factus sum ab irato, illa quoque (*uxor eius*) est deformata; attamen eripui ipsi castimoniarum fructum vehementi, quam effudit, dirarum imprecatione. Quamobrem aequum est ut vos omnes, Superum principes, cum Sapientum agmine Praeconibusque, me vestri commodi gratia emasculatum denuo masculum reddatis. Sermone dei Sacrifici audito Superi, Ignem ducem secuti, cum Ventorum cohorte PROGENITORES divinos adeuntes, uno ore talia protulere. Aliquando speculatus anachoretæ uxorem deus Sacrificus libidinis impotens eam vitiauit quapropter vatis diris illico spado est factus. Nunc divis ille succenset Coelitum princeps, urbium evensor. En! aries hicce coleatus est, Sacrus vero coleis privatus. Eleptos igitur arietis coleos Sacro sine mora tradite, quo facto aries castiatus in summis deliciis vobis erit, et quicumque homines vos recreandi gratia talem arietem vobis offerent, his vosmet praemia perennia ac praeclara concedetis. Audito Ignis sermone, Progenitores congressi arietis coleos comparatos deo mille oculis praedito accommodarunt. Ab eo inde tempore, Cacutsthide, Progenitores, quandocunque conveniunt, arietum castratorum carne vescuntur, quorum coleis





## APPENDIX B.

## RĀVAN DOOMED

## SECTION XIII.

Afterwards Rishya-shringa said again to the King, "I will perform another sacrificial act to secure thee a son" Then the son of Vibhanduka, of subdued passions, seeking the happiness of the king, proceeded to perform the sacrifice for the accomplishment of his wishes. Hither were previously collected the gods, with the Gundhruvas, the Siddhas and the sages, for the sake of receiving their respective shares, Brahma too, the sovereign of the gods, with Sthanoo, and Narayana, chief of beings and the four supporters of the universe, and the divine mothers of all the celestials, met together there. To the Ushwa-medha, the great sacrifice of the magnanimous monarch, came also India the glorious one, surrounded by the Munis. Rishya-shringa then supplicated the gods assembled for their share of the sacrifice (saying), "This devout king Dusha-rutha, who, through the desire of offspring, confiding in you, has performed sacred austerities, and who has offered to you the sacrifice called Ushwa-medha is about to perform another sacrifice for the sake of obtaining sons. To him thus desirous of offspring be pleased to grant the blessing. I supplicate you all with joined hands. May he have four sons, renowned through the universe." The gods replied to the sage's son supplicating with joined hands, "Be it so thou, O brahman, art ever to be regarded by us as the king is

in a peculiar manner. The lord of men by this sacrifice shall obtain the great object of his desires. Having thus said the gods preceded by *Indra* disappeared.

They all then having seen that (sacrifice) performed by the great sage according to the ordinance went to *Prusapati* the lord of mankind and with joined hands addressed *Brahma* the giver of blessings. O *Brahma* the *Rakshas* *Ravana* by name to whom a blessing was awarded by thee through pride troubleth all of us the gods and even the great sages who perpetually practise sacred austerities. We O glorious one regarding the promise formerly granted by thy kindness that he should be invulnerable to the gods the *Danavas* and the *Yukshas* have born (sic) all (his oppression) this lord of *Rakshas* therefore distresses the universe and inflated by this promise unjustly vexes the divine sages the *Yukshas* and *Gundhurvas* the *Usooras* and men where *Ravana* remains there the sun loses his force the winds through fear of him do not blow the fire ceases to burn the rolling ocean seeing him ceases to move its waves. *Visbravana* distressed by his power has abandoned *Lanka* and fled. O divine one save us from *Ravana* who fills the world with noise and tumult. O giver of desired things he pleased to contrive a way for his destruction.

*Brahma* thus informed by the *devas* reflecting replied Oh! I have devised the method for slaying this outrageous tyrant. Upon his requesting May I be invulnerable to the divine sages the *Gundhurvas* the *Yukshas* the *Rakshuses* and the serpents. I replied 'Be it so. This *Rakshas* through contempt said nothing respecting man therefore this wicked one shall be destroyed by man. The gods preceded by *Shukra* hearing these words spoken by *Brahma* were filled with joy.

At this time *Vishnoo* the glorious, the lord of the world, arrayed in yellow, with hand ornaments of glowing gold, riding on *Vinuteya*, as the sun on a cloud, arrived with his conch, his discus, and his club in his hand. Being adored by the excellent celestials, and welcomed by *Brihma*, he drew near and stood before him. All the gods then addressed *Vishnoo*, "O *Mudhoo-sooduna*, thou art able to abolish the distress of the distressed. We intreat thee, be our sanctuary, O *Uchyoota*." *Vishnoo* replied, "Say, what shall I do?" The celestials hearing these his words added further, "The virtuous, the encourager of excellence eminent for truth, the firm observer of his vows, being childless, is performing an *Ushwa-medha* for the purpose of obtaining offspring. For the sake of the good of the universe, we intreat thee, O *Vishnoo*, to become his son. Dividing thyself into four parts, in the wombs of his three consorts equal to *Huri*, *Shree*, and *Keertee*, assume the sonship of king *Dusha-rutha*, the lord of *Uyodhya*, eminent in the knowledge of duty, generous and illustrious, as the great sages. Thus becoming man, O *Vishnoo*, conquer in battle *Ravana*, the terror of the universe, who is invulnerable to the gods. This ignorant *Rakshus Ravana*, by the exertion of his power, afflicts the gods, the *Gundhurvas*, the *Siddhas*, and the most excellent sages, these sages, the *Gundhurvas*, and the *Upsaras*, sporting in the forest *Nunduna* have been destroyed by that furious one. We, with the sages, are come to thee seeking his destruction. The *Siddhas*, the *Gundhurvas*, and the *Yukshas* betake themselves to thee, thou art our only refuge, O *Deva*, afflicter of enemies, regard the world of men, and destroy the enemy of the gods."

*Vishnoo*, the sovereign of the gods, the chief of the

celestials adored by all beings being thus supplicated replied to all the assembled gods (standing) before Bruhma 'Abandon fear peace be with you, for your benefit having killed Ravuna the cruel destructively active the cause of fear to the divine sages together with all his posterity his courtiers and counsellors and his relations and friends protecting the earth I will remain incarnate among men for the space of eleven thousand years

Having given this promise to the gods the divine Vishnoo ardent in the work sought a birth place among men Dividing himself into four parts he whose eyes resemble the lotos and the pulasī the lotos petal eyed chose for his father Dusha rathā the sovereign of men The divine sages then with the Gundhurvās the Roodra and the (different sorts of) Up-aras in the most excellent strains praised the deity of Mudhoo (saying) Root up Ravunā of fluid energy the devastator the enemy of Indra swollen with pride Destroy him who causes universal lamentation the annoyer of the holy ascetics terrible the terror of the devout Tapaswees Having destroyed Ravuna tremendously powerful who causes universal weeping together with his army and friends dismissing all sorrow return to heaven the place free from stain and sin and protected by the sovereign of the celestial powers

Thus far the Section containing the plan for the death of Ravuna

*Carey and Marshman*

## CAPUT XIV.

*RATIO NECANDI RAVANAE EXCOGITATA.*

Prudens ille, voluminum sacrorum gnarus, responsum quod dederat aliquamdiu meditatus, mente ad se revocata regem denuo est effatus Parabo tibi aliud sacrum, gentile, prohs masculae adipiscendae gratia, cum carminibus in ATHARVANIS exordio expressis rite peragendum Tum coepit modestus Vibhândaci filius, regis commodis intentus, parare sacrum, quo eius desiderium expleiet Iam antea eo convenerant, ut suam quisque portionem acciperent, Dî cum fidicinum coelestium choris, Beatique cum Sapientibus, Brachman Superûm regnator, Sthânus, nec non augustus Nârâyanus, Indiasque almus, coram visendus Ventorum cohorte circumdatus, in magno isto sacrificio equino regis magnanimi Ibidem vates ille deos, qui portiones suas accipiendi gratia advenerant, apprecatus, En! inquit, hicce rex Dasarathus filiorum desiderio castimonis adstrictus, fidei plenus, vestium numen adoravit sacrificio equino Nunc iterum accingit se ad aliud sacrum peragendum quamobrem aequum est, ut filios cupienti vos faveatis Ille ego, qui manus supplices tendo, vos universos pro eo apprecor: nascantur ei filii quatuor, fama per triplicem mundum clari Divi supplicem vatis filium invicem affari Fiat quod petis! Tu nobis, vir sancte, imprimis es venerandus, nec minus rex ille; compos fiet voti sui egregii hominum princeps Ita locuti Dî, India duce, ex oculis evanuerunt

Superi vero, legitime in concilio congregati, BRACH-

MANEM mundi creatorem his verbis compellarunt Tuo munere auctus O Brachman<sup>1</sup> gigas nomine Râvanas prae superbia nos omnes vexat pariterque Sapientes castimonius gaudentes A te propitio olim ex voto ei hoc munus concessum fuit ut ne et dñs Danuidis Genusve necari posset Nos oraculum tuum reveriti facinora eius qualiacunque toleramus At ille gigantum tyrannus ternos mundos gravibus iniuriis vexat Deos Sapientes Genios Fideiines coelestes Titanes mortales denique exsuperat ille aegre cohibendus tuoque munere demens Non ibi calet sol neque Ventus prae timore spirat nec flagrat ignis ubi Râvanas versatur Ipse oceanus vagis fluctibus redimitus isto viso stat immotus, electus fuit e sede sua Cuius huius robore vexatus Ergo ingens nobis periculum imminet ab hoc gigante visu horribili tuum est alme Parens<sup>1</sup> auxilium parare quo hic deleatur Ita admonitus ille et dñs universis paulisper meditatus Ehem<sup>1</sup> inquit hancce inveni rationem nefarium istum necandi Petierat is a me ut et Gandharvis a Geniis a Divis Danuibz Gigantibusque necari non posset et me annuente voto suo potitus est Prae contemptu vero monstrum illud homines non commemoravit ideo ab homine est necandus nullum aliud exstat leti genus quod ei sit fatale Postquam audiverant gratum hunc sermonem BRACHMANIS ore prolatum Di cum duce suo Indra summopere gaudio erecti sunt Eodem temporis momento Vishnus istuo accessit splendore insignis concham discum et clavum manibus gestans croceo vestitu mundi dominus, vulturis Vinatam dorso sicuti sol nimbo vectus armillas ex auro candente gerens salutatus a Superum primoribus Quem laudibus celebratum reverenter Dî universi compellarunt Tu animantium afflictorum es vindex Madhûs interfector<sup>1</sup> quamohrem nos afflictum

te apprecamur. Sis praesidio nobis numine tuo inconcusso Dicite, inquit Vishnus, quid pro nobis facere me oporteat. Audito eius sermone, Dî hunc in modum respondit. Rex quidam, nomine Dasarathus, austeris castimonis sese castigavit, litavit sacrificio equino, prolis cupidus et prole carens. Nostro hortatu tu, Vishnus, conditionem natorum eius subeas, ex tribus eius uxoribus, Pudicitiae, Venustatis et Famae similibus, nasci velis, temetipsum quadrifariam dividens. Ibi tu in humanam naturam conversus Râvanam, gravissimam mundi pestem, diis insuperabilem, O Vishnus! proelio caede Gigas ille vecors Râvanas Deos cum Fidicinum choris, Beatos et Sapientes praestantissimos vexat, audacia superbiens. Etenim ab hoc furioso Sapientes, Fidicines et nymphae, ludentes in Naudano viudano, sunt proculcati. Tu es nostrum omnium summa salus, divine bellator! Ut deorum hostes extinguas, ad sortem humanam animum converte. Augustus ille Nârâyanus, diis hunc in modum corum hortantibus, eosdem apto hoc sermone compellavit. Quare, quaeso, hac in re negotium vestrum a me potissimum, corporea specie palam facto, est peragendum? aut unde tantus vobis terror fuit iniectus? His verbis a Vishnû interrogati Dî talia proferre. Terrior nobis instat, O Vishnus! a Râvana mundi dueptore, a quo nos vindicare, corpore humano assumpto, tuum est. Nemo alius coelicolarum praeter te hunc scelestum enecare potis est. Nimum ille, O hostium domitor! per diuturnum tempus sese excruciaverat severissima abstinentia, qua magnus hicce reum Parens propitius ipsi redditus est. Itaque almi, votorum sponso olim ei concessit securitatem ab omnibus annantibus, hominibus tamen exceptis. Hinc illum, voti compotem, non aliunde quam ab homine necis periculum urget tu ergo, humanitate as-

sumpta cum interfice Sic monitus Vishnus Superum princeps quem mundus universus adorat magnam Parentem ceterosque deos in concilio congregatos rectauctores affatur Mittite timorem bene volus eveniat Vestre salutis gratia postquam pracho necvero Ravanam cum filis nepotibusque cum amicis munus cognatis sociis que crudelium et tum regre colubendum qui divinus Sapientibus terrorem incutit per decem milia annorum decem centem milia enumerabit in mortalium sedibus orbem terrarum impertiet regem Iam hinc sapientes et Filium comminet cum Rauris nympharumque choris celebrare Madhus interfectorem hymanos quales sedem aetherram decent

‘ Ravanam illum insolentem aeri impetu actum superbia elatum Superum hoc temet tumultu scientem bonorum prorumque pestem, humanitate assumpta persum dare tuum est

SCHLEGEL



## CAPITOLO XIV.

*IL MEZZO STABILITO PER UCCIDERE RÁVANO.*

Ma Rascyasíngo soggiunse poscia al re T' appiesterò io un altro rito santissimo, genitale, onde tu conseguisca la piole che tu biami. E in quel punto stesso il saggio figliuolo di Vibhândaco, intento alla prosperità del re, pose mano al sacro rito per condurlo ad effetto il suo desiderio. Già erano prima, per ricevere ciascuno la sua parte, quì convenuti al gran sacrificio del re magnanimo l'Asvamedha, i Devi coi Gandharvi, i Siddhi e i Muni, Brahma Signor dei Suni, Sthânu e l' Augusto Nâîâyana, i quattor custodi dell' universo e le Madri degli Iddi, i Yasci insieme cogli Dei, e il sovrano, venerando India, visibile, circondato dalla schiera dei Maruti. Quivi così parlò Rascyasíngo agli Dei venuti a partecipare del sacrificio. Questo è il re Dasaratha, che per desiderio di progenie già s' astringe ad osservanze austere, e testè pieno di fede ha a voi, O eccelsi, sacrificato con un Asvamedha. Ora egli, sollecito d' aver figli, si dispone ad adempiere un nuovo rito, vogliate essere favorevole a lui che sospira progenie. Io alzo a voi supplici le mani, e voi tutti per lui imploro nascano a lui quattor figli degni d'essere celebrati per tre mondi. Risposero gli Dei al supplichevole figliuolo del Risci. Sia fatto ciò che chiedi, a te ed al re parimente si debbe da noi, O Brahmano, sommo pregio, conseguirà il re per questo sacro rito il suo supremo desiderio. Ciò detto disparvero i Numi preceduti da India.

Poichè videro gli Dei compiersi debitamente dal gran Risci l'oblazione, venuti al cospetto di Brahma facitor

del mondo signor delle creature così parlarono reverenti a lui dator di grazie O Brahma un Racso per nome Ravano cui tu fosti largo del tuo favore e per superbia infeso a noi tutti e ai grandi Saggi penitenti Un dì O Nume augusto tu propizio a lui gli accordasti il favore ch' egli bramava di non poter essere ucciso dagli Dei dai Danavi nè dai Yaci noi venerando i tuoi oracoli ogni cosa sopportiamo da costui Quindi il signor dei Racsi infesta con perpetue offese i tuo mondi i Dei i Raci i Yaci ed i Gandharvi gli Asuri e gli uomini tutti egli opprime indegnamente inorgogliuto pel tuo dono Colà dove si trova Ravano più non isfavilla per timore il sole più non spira il vento più non fiammeggia il fuoco l'oceano stesso cui fan corona i vasti flutti veggendo costui tutto si turba e si commuove Stretto dalla forza di costui e ridotto allo stremo dovette Vaisravano abbandonare Lanca Da questo Ravano terror del mondo tu ne proteggi O almo Nume degna O dator d'ogni bene trovar modo ad estirpar costui Fatto di queste cose conscio dei Dei stette alquanto meditando poi rispose Brahma Orsù! e stabilito il modo onde distruggere questo iniquo Egli a me chiese ed io gl'el concessi di non poter essere ucciso dai Dei dai Raci dai Gandharvi dai Yaci dai Racsi nè dai Serpenti, ma per disprezzo non fece menzione degli uomini quel Racso or bene, sarà quell'empio ucciso da un uomo Udate le fauste parole profferte da Brahma furono per ogni parte hetì gli Iddi col loro duce Indra In questo mezzo quì sopravvenne raggianti d'immensa luce il venerando Visnu pensato da Brahma nell'immortal sua mente siccome atto ad estirpar colui Allora Brahma colla schiera de' Celesti così parlò a Visnu Tu sei il conforto delle gente oppresse O distruttor di Madhu noi quindi a te supplichiamo afflitti io tu nostro

sostegno, O Acuto Dite, loro rispose Visnu, quale cosa io debba far per voi ; e gli Dei, udite queste parole, così soggiunsero Un re per nome Dasaratha, giusto, virtuoso, vendico e pio, non ha progenie e la desidera. ei già s' impose durissime penitenze, ed ora ha sacrificato con un Asvamedha tu, per nostro consiglio, O Visnu, consenti a divenir suo figlio fatte di te quattro parti, ti manifesta, O invocato dalle genti, nel seno delle quattro sue consorti, simili alla venusta Dea Così esortato dagli Dei quivi presenti, l'augusto Nârâyana loro rispose queste opportune parole: Quale opia s'ha da me, fatto visibile nel mondo, a compiere per voi, O Devi? e d'onde in voi cotal terrore? Intese le parole di Visnu, così risposero gli Dei. Il nostro terrore, O Visnu, nasce da un Racsaso per nome Râvano, spavento dell' universo. Vestendo umano corpo, tu debbi esterminali costui Nessuno fra i Celesti, fuorchè tu solo, è valevole ad uccidere quell' iniquo Egli, O domator de' tuoi nemici, sostenne per lungo tempo acerbissime macerazioni per esse fu di lui contento l'augusto sommo Genitore, e un dì gli accordò propizio la sicurezza da tutti gli esseri, eccettuatine gli uomini Per questo favore a lui concesso non ha egli a temere offesa da alcuna parte, fuorchè dall' uomo, perciò, assumendo la natura umana, costui tu uccidi Egli, il peggior di tutti i Racsasi, insano per la forza che gli infonde il dono avuto, da travaglio ai Dei ed ai Gandharvi, ai Risci, ai Muni ed ai mortali Egli, sicuro da morte pel favore ottenuto, è turbatore dei sacrificj, nemico ed uccisor dei Brahami, divoratore degli uomini, peste del mondo Da lui furono assaliti re coi loro carri ed elefanti, altri percossi e fuggati si disperse per ogni dove Da lui furono divorati Risci ed Apsarase egli insomma oltracotato continuamente e quasi per ischezzo tutti travaglia i sette mondi Perciò,

O terribile ai nemici è stabilita la morte di costui per  
opra d'un uomo poich' egli un dì per superbia del dono  
tutti sprezzò gli uomini Tu O supremo fra i Numi  
dei umaudoti estirpare questo tremendo superbo  
Ràvano oltiacotato a noi nemico terrore e flagello dei  
penitenti.

GORRESIO <sup>7</sup> <sup>v</sup>

## XIV.

De nouveau Rishyaçingha tint ce langage au Monarque "Je vais célébrer un autre sacrifice, afin que le ciel accorde à tes vœux les enfants que tu souhaites" Cela dit, cherchant le bonheur du roi et pour l'accomplissement de son désir, le fils puissant de Vibhândaka se mit à célébrer ce nouveau sacrifice

Là, auparavant, étaient venus déjà recevoir une part de l'offrande les Dieux, accompagnés des Gandharvas, et les Siddhas avec les Mounis divins, Brahma, le monarque des Souvas, l'immuable Śiva, et l'auguste Nârâyana, et les quatre gardiens vigilants du monde, et les mères des Immortels, et tous les Dieux, escortés des Yakshas, et le maître éminent du ciel, Indra, qui se manifestait aux yeux, environné par l'essaim des Maïoutes. Alors ce jeune anachorète avait supplié tous les Dieux, que le désir d'une part dans l'offrande avait conduits à l'açwamédha, cette grande cérémonie de ce roi magnanime, *et, dans ce moment, l'époux de Śântâ les conjurant ainsi pour la seconde fois* "Cet homme en prières, c'est le roi Daçaratha, qui est privé de fils. Il est rempli d'une foi vive, il s'est infligé de pénibles austérités, il vous a déjà servi, divinités augustes, le sacrifice d'un açwa-médha, et maintenant il s'étudie encore à vous plaire avec ce nouveau sacrifice dans l'espérance que vous lui donnerez les fils, où tendent ses désirs. Versez donc sur lui votre bienveillance et daignez soumettre à son vœu pour des fils. C'est pour lui que moi ici, les mains jointes, je vous adresse à tous mes

suppliections envoyez lui quatre fils qui soient vantes dans les trois mondes !

Où <sup>1</sup> répondent les Dieux au fils suppliant du rishi tu mérites que nous t'écoutions avec faveur toi brahme saint et même en premier lieu ce roi Comme récompense de ces différents sacrifices le monarque obtendra cet objet le plus cher de ses désirs !

Ayant aussi parlé et vu que le grand saint avait mis fin suivant les rites à son pieux sacrifice les Dieux Indra à leur tête s'évanouissent dans le vide des airs et se rendent vers l'architecte des mondes le souverain des créatures le donateur des biens vers Brahma enfin auquel tous les maux jointes ils adressent les paroles suivantes O Brahma un rakshasi nommé Ravana tourne au mal les grâces qu'il a reçues de toi Dans son orgueil il nous opprime tous il opprime avec nous les grands anachorètes qui se font un bonheur des macérations car jadis ayant su te plaire O Bhîmagavata il a reçu de toi ce don incomparable Oû as-tu dit exaucant le vœu du mauvais Génie Dieu Yaksha ou Démon ne pourra jamais causer ta mort ! Et nous par qui ta parole est respectée nous avons tout supporté de ce roi des rakshasas qui écrase de sa tyrannie les trois mondes ou il promène l'injure impunément Euorgueille de ce don victorieux il opprime indignement les Dieux les rishis les Yakschas les Gandharvas les Asouras et les enfants de Manou Là où se tient Ravana la peur empêche le soleil d'échauffer le vent errant de souffler et le feu n'ose flamboyer A son aspect la guirlande même des grands flots tremble au sein de la mer Accablé par sa vigueur indomptable l'houvéra défait lui a cédé Lanka Sauve nous donc o toi qui reposes dans le bonheur absolu sauve nous de Ravana le fléau des mondes Digne o toi qui souris

aux vœux du suppliant, daigne imaginer un expédient pour ôter la vie à ce cruel Démon” Les Dieux ayant ainsi dénoncé leurs maux à Brahma, il réfléchit un instant et leur tint ce langage : “Bien, voici que j’ai découvert un moyen pour tuer ce Géme scélérat. Que ni les Dieux, a-t-il dit, ni les *rishis*, ni les *Gandharvas*, ni les *Yakshas*, ni les *rakshasas*, ni les *Nagas* même ne puissent me donner la mort ! Soit ! lui ai-je répondu. Mais, par dédain pour la force humaine, les hommes n’ont pas été compris dans sa demande. C’est donc par la main d’un homme, qu’il faut immoler ce méchant ! Ainsi tombée de la bouche du créateur, cette parole salutaire satisfait pleinement le roi des habitants du ciel et tous les Dieux avec lui. Là, dans ce même instant, survint le fortuné Vishnou, revêtu d’une splendeur infinie, car c’était à lui, que Brahma avait pensé dans son âme pour la mort du tyran. Celui-ci donc avec l’essaim des Immortels adresse à Vishnou ces paroles : “Meutrier de Madhou, comme tu aimes à tuer de l’affliction les êtres malheureux, nous te supplions, nous qui sommes plongés dans la tristesse, Divinité auguste, sois notre asyle !” “Dites !” reprit Vishnou ; que dois-je faire ?” Ayant ouï les paroles de l’ineffable, tous les Dieux répondirent : “Il est un roi nommé *Daçaratha*, il a embrassé une très-dure pénitence, il a célébré même le sacrifice d’un *açwa-medha*, parce qu’il n’a point de fils et qu’il veut en obtenir du ciel. Il est inébranlable dans sa piété, il est vanté pour ses vertus, la justice est son caractère, la vérité est sa parole. Acquiesce donc à notre demande, ô toi, Vishnou, et consens à naître comme son fils. Divisé en quatre portions de toi-même, daigne, ô toi, qui foules aux pieds tes ennemis, daigne t’incarner dans le sein de ses trois épouses, belles comme la déesse de la beauté”

Nārāyaṇa le maître *non perceptible aux sens* mais qui alors s'étant rendu visible Nārāyaṇa répondit cette parole salutaire aux Dieux qui l'invitaient à cet *héroïque aratāra* Quelle chose une fois revêtu de cette incarnation faudra-t-il encore que je fasse pour vous et de quelle part vient la terreur qui vous trouble ainsi ? A ces mots du grand Viṣṇou C'est le démon Rāvaṇa repritrent les Dieux c'est lui Viṣṇou cette désolation des mondes qui nous inspire un tel effroi Enveloppe-toi d'un corps humain et qu'il te plaise racheter du monde cette blessante épine en nul autre que toi parmi les habitants du ciel n'est capable d'immoler ce pécheur Sache que longtemps il s'est imposé la plus austère pénitence et qu'par elle il s'est rendu agréable au suprême aycaul de toutes les créatures Aussi le di-tributeur ineffable des grâces lui a-t-il accordé ce don usigne d'être invulnérable à tous les êtres l'homme seul excepté Puisque doué ainsi de cette faveur la mort terribile et sûre ne peut venir à lui de nulle autre part que de l'homme va dompteur puissant de ses ennemis va dans la condition humaine et tue le Car ce don auquel on ne peut résister élevant au plus haut point l'ivresse de sa force le vil rakṣasa tourmente les Dieux les rishis les Gandharvas les hommes sanctifiés par la pénitence et quoique destructeur des sacrifices l'écarter des Saints Ecritures ennemi des brahmes dévorateur des hommes cette faveur impuissable sauve de la mort Rāvaṇa le triste fléau des mondes Il ose attaquer les rois que défendent les chars de guerre que remparent les éléphants d'autres blessés et mis en fuite sont dissipés çà et là devant lui Il a dévoré des saints il a dévoré même une foule d'apsaras Sans cesse dans son délire il s'amuse à tourmenter les sept mondes Comme on vient de nous ap



*prendre qu' il n' a point daigné parler d'eux, ce jour, que lui fut donnée cette faveur, dont il abuse, entre dans un corps humain, ô toi, qui peux briser tes ennemis, et jette sans vie à tes pieds, toi puissant des treize Dieux, ce Râvana superbe, d'une force épouvantable, d'un orgueil immense, l' ennemi de tous les ascètes, ce ver, qui les ronge, cette cause de leurs gémissements"*

*Ici, dans le premier tome du saint Râmâyana, Finit le quatorzième chapitre, nommé UN EXPÉDIENT POUR TUER RÂVANA.*

*Hippolyte Fauche*

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

### QUEEN FORTUNE

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A curious festival is celebrated in honour of this divinity (Lakshmi) on the fifth lunar day of the light half of the month Magha (February) when she is identified with Saraswati the consort of Brahma and the goddess of learning. In his treatise on festivals a great modern authority Raghunandana mentions on the faith of a work called *Samvatsara sandipa* that Lakshmi is to be worshipped in the forenoon of that day with flowers perfumes rice and water that due honour is to be paid to inkstand and writing reed and no writing to be done. Wilson in his essay on the *Religious Festivals of the Hindus* (works vol ii p 189 ff) adds that on the morning of the 2nd February the whole of the pens and inkstands and the books if not too numerous and bulky are collected the pens or reeds cleaned the inkstands scoured and the books wrapped up in new cloth are arranged upon a platform or a sheet and strewn over with flowers and blades of young barley and that no flowers except white are to be offered. After performing the necessary rites all the members of the family assemble and make their prostrations, the books the pens and ink having an entire holiday and should any emergency require a written communication on the day dedicated to the divinity of scholarship it is done with chalk or charcoal upon a black or white board.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA *Lakshmi*

### INDRA

'The Hindu Jove or Jupiter. Tonans chief of the secondary deities. He presides over swarga or paradise and is more

particularly the god of the atmosphere and winds. He is also regent of the east quarter of the sky. As chief of the deities he is called Devapati, Devadeva, Surapati, etc., as lord of the atmosphere, Divaspati, as lord of the eight Vasus or demigods, Fine, etc., Vāsava, as breaking cities into fragments, Purandara, Puranda, as lord of a hundred sacrifices (the performance of a hundred *Aśvamedhas* elevating the sacrificer to the rank of India) Śatakratu, Śatamakha, as having a thousand eyes, Sahasrāksha, as husband of Śachí, Śachípati. His wife is called Śachí, Indrání, Śakrání, Maghoní, Indrasakti, Pulomajā and Paulomí. His son is Jayanta. His pleasure garden or elysium is Nandana, his city, Amarāvati, his palace, Vajayanta, his horse, Uchchaiśravas, his elephant, Anāvata, his charioteer, Mátaḥ.

PROFESSOR M. WILLIAMS'S English-Sanskrit Dictionary  
*Indra.*

### VISHNU

'The second person of the Hindu triad and the most celebrated and popular of all the Indian deities. He is the personification of the preserving power, and became incarnate in nine different forms, for the preservation of mankind in various emergencies. Before the creation of the universe, and after its temporary annihilation, he is supposed to sleep on the waters, floating on the serpent Śesha, and is then identified with Naráyana. Brahmá, the creator, is fabled to spring at that time from a lotus which grows from his navel, whilst thus asleep. His ten avatáris or incarnations are

1. The Matsya, or fish. In this avatári Vishnu descended in the form of a fish to save the pious king Satyavata, who with the seven Rishis and their wives had taken refuge in the ark to escape the deluge which then destroyed the earth.
2. The Kúrma, or Tortoise. In this he descended in the form

of a tortoise, for the purpose of restoring to man some of the comforts lost during the flood. To this end he stationed himself at the bottom of the ocean and allowed the point of the great mountain Mandara to be placed upon his back which served as a hard axis whereon the gods and demons with the serpent Vasuki twisted round the mountain for a rope churned the waters for the recovery of the amrita or nectar and fourteen other sacred things. 3 The Varaha or Boar. In this he descended in the form of a boar to rescue the earth from the power of a demon called 'golden eyed' Huanyaksha. This demon had seized on the earth and carried it with him into the depths of the ocean. Vishnu dived into the abyss and after a contest of a thousand years slew the monster. 4 The Narasimha or Man lion. In this monstrous shape of a creature half man half lion Vishnu delivered the earth from the tyranny of an insolent demon called Hiranyakasipu. 5 Vamana or Dwarf. This avatar happened in the second ago of the Hindus or Tretayug the four preceding are said to have occurred in the first or Satyayug the object of this avatar was to trick Bali out of the dominion of the three worlds. Assuming the form of a wretched dwarf he appeared before the king and asked as a boon as much land as he could pace in three steps. This was granted and Vishnu immediately expanding himself till he filled the world deprived Bali at two steps of heaven and earth but in consideration of some merit left Patala still in his dominion. 6 Parasurama. 7 Ramchandra. 8 Krishna or according to some Balarama. 9 Buddha. In this avatar Vishnu descended in the form of a sage for the purpose of making some reform in the religion of the Brahmins and especially to reclaim them from their proneness to animal sacrifice. Many of the Hindus will not allow this to have been an incarnation of their favourite god. 10 Kalki or White Horse. This is yet to come. Vishnu mounted on a white horse with a drawn scimitar blazing like a comet.

will, according to prophecy, end this present age, viz the fourth or Kaliyug, by destroying the world, and then renovating creation by an age of purity'

WILLIAMS'S Dictionary, *Vishnu*

## ŚIVA

'A celebrated Hindú God, the Destroyer of creation, and therefore the most formidable of the Hindú Triad. He also personifies reproduction, since the Hindú philosophy excludes the idea of total annihilation without subsequent regeneration. Hence he is sometimes confounded with Brahmá, the creator or first person of the Triad. He is the particular God of the Táantikas, or followers of the books called Tantias. His worshippers are termed Śaivas, and although not so numerous as the Vaishnavas, exalt their god to the highest place in the heavens, and combine in him many of the attributes which properly belong to the other deities. According to them Śiva is Time, Justice, Fire, Water, the Sun, the Destroyer and Creator. As presiding over generation, his type is the Linga, or Phallus, the origin probably of the Phallic emblem of Egypt and Greece. As the God of generation and justice, which latter character he shares with the god Yama, he is represented riding a white bull. His own colour, as well as that of the bull, is generally white, referring probably to the unsullied purity of Justice. His throat is dark-blue, his hair of a light reddish colour, and thickly matted together, and gathered above his head like the hair of an ascetic. He is sometimes seen with two hands, sometimes with four, eight, or ten, and with five faces. He has three eyes, one being in the centre of his forehead, pointing up and down. These are said to denote his view of the three divisions of time, past, present, and future. He holds a trident in his hand to denote, as some say, his relationship to water, or according to others, to show that the three great attributes of Creator, Destroyer,

and the generator are combined in him. His lions are carved in a tiger's skin. In his character of Time he not only presides over its extinction but also its astronomical regulation. A crescent or half moon on his forehead indicates the measure of time by the phases of the moon. A serpent forms one of his necklaces to denote the measure of time by years and a second necklace of human skulls marks the lapse and revolution of ages and the extinction and succession of the generations of mankind. He is often represented as entirely covered with serpents which are the emblems of immortality. They are bound in his hair round his neck, wrists, waist arms and legs. They serve as rings for his fingers, and earrings for his ears and are his constant companions. SIVA has more than a thousand names which are detailed at length in the sixty-ninth chapter of the SIVA PURANA.—WILLIAMS'S DICTIONARY SIVA

### APSARASIS

Originally these deities seem to have been personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun and form into mist or clouds. Their character may be thus interpreted in the few hymns of the Rigveda where mention is made of them. At a subsequent period when the Gandharva of the Rigveda who personifies these especially the Fire of the Sun expanded into the Fire of Lightning the rays of the moon and other attributes of the elementary life of heaven as well as into pious acts referring to it the Apsaras become divinities which represent phenomena or objects both of a physical and ethereal kind closely associated with that life. Thus in the *Jagurêda* Sunbeams are called the Apsaras associated with the Gandharva who is the Sun. Plants are termed the Apsaras connected with the Gandharva Fire. Constellations are the Apsaras of the Gandharva Moon. Waters the Apsaras of the Gandharva Wind etc. etc. In the first Mythological epoch

when the Gandharvas have saved from their elementary nature merely so much as to be musicians in the paradise of India, the Apsarasas appear among other subordinate deities which share in the merry life of India's heaven, as the wives of the Gandharvas, but more especially as wives of a licentious sort, and they are promised therefore, too, as a reward to heroes fallen in battle when they are received in the paradise of India, and while, in the Rigveda, they assist Soma to pour down his floods, they descend in the epic literature on earth merely to shake the virtue of penitent Sages and to deprive them of the power they would otherwise have acquired through unbroken austerities'

GOLDSTÜCKER'S *Sanskrit Dictionary*.

### VISHNU'S INCARNATION AS RÁMA

'Here is described one of the *avatárs*, descents or manifestations of Vishnu in a visible form. The word *avatár* signifies literally *descent*. The *avatár* which is here spoken of, that in which, according to Indian traditions, Vishnu descended and appeared upon earth in the corporeal form of Ráma, the hero of the Rámáyana, is the seventh in the series of Indian *avatárs*. Much has been said before now of these *avatárs*, and through deficient knowledge of the ideas and doctrines of India, they have been compared to the sublime dogma of the Christian Incarnation. This is one of the grossest errors that ignorance of the ideas and beliefs of a people has produced. Between the *avatárs* of India and the Christian Incarnation there is such an immensity of difference that it is impossible to find any reasonable analogy that can approximate them. The idea of the *avatárs* is intimately united with that of the *Trimúrti*, the bond of connection between these two ideas is an essential notion common to both, the notion of Vishnu. What is the *Trimúrti*? I have already said that it is composed of three Gods, Brahmá (masculine), Vishnu the God of *avatárs*, and Śiva. These

three Gods who when reduced to their primitive and most simple expression are but three cosmogonical personifications three powers or forces of nature these Gods I say are here found, according to Indian doctrines entirely external to the true God of India, or Brahma in the neuter gender Brahma is alone unchangeable in the midst of creation all emanates from him he comprehends all but he remains extraneous to all he is Being and the negation of beings Brahma is never worshipped the indeterminate Being is never invoked he is inaccessible to the prayers as the actions of man humanity as well as nature is extraneous to him External to Brahma rises the Trimurti that is to say Brahma (masculine) the power which creates Vishnu the power which preserves and Śiva the power which destroys theogony here commences at the same time with cosmogony The three divinities of the Trimurti govern the phenomena of the universe and influence all nature The real God of India is by himself without power real efficacious power is attributed only to the three divinities who exist externally to him Brahma Vishnu and Śiva possessed of qualities in part contradictory and attributes that are mutually exclusive have no other accord or harmony than that which results from the power of things itself and which is found external to their own thoughts Such is the Indian Trimurti What an immense difference between this Triad and the wonderful Trinity of Christianity! Here there is only one God who created all provides for all governs all He exists in three Persons equal to one another and intimately united in one only infinite and eternal substance The Father represents the eternal thought and the power which created the Son infinite love the Holy Spirit universal sanctification This one and triune God completes by omnipotent power the great work of creation which when it has come forth from His hands proceeds in obedience to the laws which He has given it governed with certain order by His infinite providence



The immense difference between the Trimúrti of India and the Christian Trinity is found again between the *avatárs* of Vishnu and the Incarnation of Christ. The *avatár* was effected altogether externally to the Being who is in India regarded as the true God. The manifestation of one essentially cosmogonical divinity wrought for the most part only material and cosmogonical prodigies. At one time it takes the form of the gigantic tortoise which sustains Mount Mandar from sinking in the ocean, at another of the fish which raises the lost Veda from the bottom of the sea, and saves mankind from the waters. When these *avatárs* are not cosmogonical they consist in some protection accorded to men or Gods, a protection which is neither universal nor permanent. The very manner in which the *avatár* is effected corresponds to its material nature, for instance the mysterious vase and the magic liquor by means of which the *avatár* here spoken of takes place. What are the forms which Vishnu takes in his descents? They are the simple forms of life, he becomes a tortoise, a boar, a fish, but he is not obliged to take the form of intelligence and liberty, that is to say, the form of man. In the *avatár* of Vishnu is discovered the impress of pantheistic ideas which have always more or less prevailed in India. Does the *avatár* produce a permanent and definitive result in the world? By no means. It is renewed at every catastrophe either of nature or man, and its effects are only transitory. To sum up then, the Indian *avatár* is effected externally to the true God of India, to Brahma, it has only a cosmogonical or historical mission which is neither lasting nor decisive, it is accomplished by means of strange prodigies and magic transformations, it may assume promiscuously all the forms of life, it may be repeated indefinitely. Now let the whole of this Indian idea taken from primitive tradition be compared with the Incarnation of Christ and it will be seen that there is between the two an irreconcilable difference. According to the doctrines of Christianity, the Everlasting Word, Infinite Love, the Son of

God and equal to Him assumed a human body and being born as a man accomplished by his divine act the great miracle of the spiritual redemption of man. His coming had for its sole object to bring erring, and lost humanity back to Him. this work being accomplished and the divine union of men with God being re-established, redemption is complete and remains eternal.

The superficial study of India produced in the last century many erroneous ideas many imaginary and false parallels between Christianity and the Brahmanical religion. A profounder knowledge of Indian civilization and religion and philological studies enlarged and guided by more certain principles have dissipated one by one all these errors. The attributes of the Christian God which by one of those intellectual errors which Vico attributes to the vanity of the learned had been transferred to Vishnu have by a better inspired philosophy been reclaimed for Christianity and the result of the two religions one immovable and powerless the other diffusing itself with all its inherent force and energy has shown further that there is a difference a real opposition between the two principles.

CORRESIO

### KUSA AND LAVA Page 30

As the story of the banishment of Sita and the subsequent birth in Valmiki's hermitage of Kusa and Lava the rhapsodists of the Ramayan is intimately connected with the account in the introductory cantos of Valmiki's composition of the poem, I shall I trust be pardoned for extracting it from my rough translation of Kālidasa's *Raghuvans*, parts only of which have been offered to the public.

Then day by day the husband's hope grew high,  
Gazing with love on Sita's melting eye  
With anxious care he saw her pallid cheek  
And fondly bade her all her wishes speak

' Once more I fain would see,' the lady cried,  
 ' The sacred groves that rise on Gangá's side,  
 Where holy grass is ever fresh and green,  
 And cattle feeding on the rice are seen  
 There would I rest awhile, where once I strayed  
 Linked in sweet friendship to each hermit maid '  
 And Ráma smiled upon his wife, and swore,  
 With many a tender oath, to grant her prayer  
 It chanced, one evening, from a lofty seat  
 He viewed Ayodhyá stretched before his feet  
 He looked with pride upon the royal road  
 Lined with gay shops then glittering stores that showed,  
 He looked on Sarjú's silver waves, that bore  
 The light barks flying with the sail and oar ,  
 He saw the gardens near the town that lay,  
 Filled with glad citizens and boys at play  
 Then swelled the monarch's bosom with delight,  
 And his heart triumphed at the happy sight  
 He turned to Bhadria, standing by his side,—  
 Upon whose secret news the king relied,  
 And bade him say what people said and thought  
 Of all the exploits that his arm had wrought  
 The spy was silent, but, when questioned still,  
 Thus spake, obedient to his master's will  
 ' For all thy deeds in peace and battle done  
 The people praise thee, King, except for one  
 This only act of all thy life they blame,  
 Thy welcome home of her, thy ravished dame '  
 Like non yielding to the non's blow,  
 Sank Ráma, smitten by those words of woe  
 His breast, where love and fear for empire vied,  
 Swayed, like a rapid swing, from side to side  
 Shall he this rumour scorn, which blots his life,  
 Or banish her, his dear and spotless wife ?  
 But rigid Duty left no choice between  
 His perilled honour and his darling queen

Called to his side his brothers wept to trace  
 The marks of anguish in his altered face  
 No longer bright and glorious as of old  
 He thus addressed them when the tale was told

Alas ! my brothers that my life should blot  
 The fame of those the Sun huns if he got  
 As from the labouring cloud the driven rain  
 Leaves on the mirror's polished face a stain  
 Even as an elephant who loathes the stake  
 And the strong chain he has no power to break  
 I cannot brook this cry on every side  
 That spreads like oil upon the moving tide  
 I leave the daughter of Videha a king  
 And the fair blo'som soon from her to spring  
 As erst obedient to my sire's command  
 I left the empire of the sea-girt land  
 Good is my queen and spotless but the blame  
 Is hard to bear the mockery and the shame  
 Men blame the pure Moon for the darkened ray  
 When the black shadow takes the light away  
 And O my brothers if ye wish to see  
 Prana live long from this reproach set free  
 Let not your pity labour to control  
 The firm sad purpose of his chingless soul

Thus I am a spake The sorrowing brothers heard  
 His stern resolve without an answering word  
 For none among them dared his voice to raise  
 That will to question — and they could not praise

Beloved brother thus the monarch cried  
 To his dear Lakshman, whom he called aside —  
 Lakshman who knew no will save his alone  
 Whose hero deeds through all the world were known —

My queen has told me that she longs to rove  
 Beneath the shade of Sant Vâhuk's grove  
 Now mount thy car, away my lady bear  
 Tell all and leave her in the forest there

The car was brought, the gentle lady smiled,  
As the glad news her trusting heart beguiled  
She mounted up Sumantia held the reins,  
And forth the couriers bounded o'er the plains  
She saw green fields in all their beauty dressed,  
And thanked her husband in her loving breast  
Alas 'deluded queen' she little knew  
How changed was he whom she believed so true;  
How one she worshipped like the Heavenly Tree  
Could, in a moment's time, so deadly be  
Her right eye throbbed,—ill-omened sign, to tell  
The endless loss of him she loved so well,  
And to the lady's saddening heart revealed  
The woe that Lakshman, in his love, concealed.  
Pale grew the bloom of her sweet face,—as fade  
The lotus blossoms,—by that sign dismayed  
'Oh, may this omen,'—was her silent prayer,  
'No grief to Rāma or his brothers bear!'

When Lakshman, faithful to his brother, stood  
Prepared to leave her in the distant wood,  
The holy Gangā, flowing by the way,  
Raised all her hands of waves to bid him stay  
At length with sobs and burning tears that rolled  
Down his sad face, the king's command he told,  
As when a monstrous cloud, in evil hour,  
Rains from its labouring womb a stony shower  
She heard, she swooned, she fell upon the earth,  
Fell on that bosom whence she sprang to birth.  
As, when the tempest in its fury flies,  
Low in the dust the prostrate creeper lies,  
So, struck with terror sank she on the ground,  
And all her gems, like flowers, lay scattered round.  
But Earth, her mother, closed her stony breast,  
And, filled with doubt, denied her daughter rest  
She would not think the Chief of Raghu's race  
Would thus his own dear guiltless wife disgrace.

Stunned and unconscious long the lady lay  
 And felt no grief her senses all astray  
 But gentle Lakshman with a brother's care  
 Brought back her sense and with her sense despair  
 But not her wrongs her shame her grief could wing  
 One angry word against her lord the King  
 Upon herself alone the blame she laid  
 For tears and sighs that would not yet be stayed  
 To soothe her anguish Lakshman gently strove  
 He showed the path to Saint Valmiki's grove  
 And craved her pardon for the share of ill  
 He wrought obedient to his brother's will  
 'O long and happy dearest brother live !  
 I have to praise she cried and not forgive  
 To do his will should his thy noblest praise ,  
 As Vishnu ever Indra's will obeys  
 Return dear brother on each royal dame  
 Bestow a blessing in poor Sita's name  
 And bid them in their love kind pity take  
 Upon her offspring for the father's sake  
 And speak my messages in the monarch's ear  
 The last last words of mine that he shall hear  
 Say, was it worthy of thy noble race  
 Thy guiltless queen thus lightly to disgrace ?  
 For idle tales to spurn thy faithful bride  
 Whose constant truth the searching fire had tried ?  
 Or may I hope thy soul refused consent  
 And but thy voice decreed my punishment ?  
 Hope that no care could turn no love could stay  
 The lightning stroke that falls on me to day ?  
 That sins committed in the life that's fled  
 Have brought this evil on my guilty head ?  
 Think not I value now my widowed life  
 Worthless to her who once was Rama's wife  
 I only live because I hope to see  
 The dear dear bride that will resemble thee

And then my task of penance shall be done,  
 With eyes uplifted to the scorching sun,  
 So shall the life that is to come restore  
 Mine own dear husband, to be lost no more '  
 And Lakshman swore hei every word to tell,  
 Then turned to go, and bade the queen farewell  
 Alone with all hei woes, her piteous cries  
 Rose like a butchered lamb's that struggling dies  
 The reverend sage who from his dwelling came  
 For sacred grass and wood to feed the flame,  
 Heard hei loud shrieks that rent the echoing wood,  
 And, quickly following, by the mourner stood  
 Before the sage the lady bent hei low,  
 Dried hei poor eyes, and strove to calm hei woe  
 With blessings on hei hopes the blameless man  
 In silver tones his soothing speech began .  
 'First of all faithful wives, O Queen, art thou,  
 And can I fail to mourn thy sorrows now ?  
 Rest in this holy grove, nor harbour fear  
 Where dwell in safety e'en the timid deer  
 Here shall thine offspring safely see the light,  
 And be partaker of each holy rite  
 Here, near the hermits' dwellings, shalt thou lave  
 Thy limbs in Tonse's sin-destroying wave,  
 And on hei 'isles, by prayer and worship, gain  
 Sweet peace of mind, and rest from care and pain  
 Each hermit-maiden, with hei sweet soft voice,  
 Shall soothe thy woe, and bid thy heart rejoice  
 With fruit and early flowers thy lap shall fill,  
 And offer grain that springs for us at will  
 And here, with labour light, thy task shall be  
 To water carefully each tender tree,  
 And learn how sweet a nursing mother's joy,  
 Ere on thy bosom rest thy dailing boy '

That very night the banished Sítá bore

Two royal children, most divinely fair

The saint Valmiki with a friend's delight  
 Graced Sita's offspring with each holy rite  
 Kusa and Lava—such the names they bore—  
 Learnt even in childhood all the Vedas lore  
 And then the bard their minstrel souls to train  
 Taught them to sing his own immortal strain  
 And Rama's deeds her boys so sweetly sang  
 That Sita's breast forgot her bitterest pang

Then Sita's children by the saint's command  
 Sing the Ramayan wandering through the land  
 How could the glorious poem fail to gain  
 Each heart each ear that listened to the strain ?  
 So sweet each minstrel's voice who sang the praise  
 Of Rama deathless in Valmiki's lays  
 Rama himself amid the wondering throng  
 Marked their fair forms and loved the noble song  
 While, still and weeping round the nobles stood  
 As on a windless morn a dewy wood  
 On the two minstrels all the people gazed  
 Praised their fair looks and marvelled as they praised  
 For every eye amid the throng could trace  
 Rama's own image in each youthful face  
 Then spoke the king, himself and bade them say  
 Who was their teacher, whose the wondrous lay  
 Soon as Valmiki mighty saint he saw  
 He bowed his head in reverential awe  
 These are thy children cried the saint recall  
 Thine own dear Sita pure and true through all  
 O holy father thus the king replied  
 The faithful lady by the fire was true I  
 But the foul demon's too successful arts  
 Raised light suspicious in my people's hearts



Giant that then breasts may doubt her faith no more,  
And thus my Sitá and her sons restore'

Raghuvansa Cantos XIV, XV

PARAŚURĀMA, Page 316.

'He cleared the earth three seven times of the Kshatriya caste, and filled with their blood the five large lakes of Samanta, from which he offered libations to the race of Bhri-gu. Offering a solemn sacrifice to the King of the Gods Paraśurāma presented the earth to the ministering priests. Having given the earth to Kaśyapa, the hero of immeasurable prowess retired to the Mahendra mountain, where he still resides, and in this manner was there enmity between him and the race of the Kshatriyas, and thus was the whole earth conquered by Paraśurāma.' The destruction of the Kshatriyas by Paraśurāma had been provoked by the cruelty of the Kshatriyas. *Clips from a German Workshop, Vol II P 334*

The scene in which he appears is probably interpolated for the sake of making him declare Rāma to be Vishnu. 'Herr von Schlegel has often remarked to me, 'says Lassen, 'that without injuring the connexion of the story all the chapters [of the Rāmāyan] might be omitted in which Rama is regarded as an incarnation of Vishnu. In fact, where the incarnation of Vishnu as the four sons of Daśaratha is described, the great sacrifice is already ended, and all the priests remunerated at the termination, when the new sacrifice begins at which the Gods appear, then withdraw, and then first propose the incarnation to Vishnu. If it had been an original circumstance of the story, the Gods would certainly have deliberated on the matter earlier, and the celebration of the sacrifice would have continued without interruption.' LASSÉN, *Indische Alterthumskunde, Vol I. P. 489.*

*YAMA Page 241*

Son of Vivasvat=Jama son of Vivasvat the Jamshed of the later Persians



*FATE Page 241*

The idea of fate was different in India from that which prevailed in Greece. In Greece fate was a mysterious inexorable power which governed men and human events and from which it was impossible to escape. In India Fate was rather an inevitable consequence of actions done in births antecedent to one's present state of existence and was therefore connected with the doctrine of metempsychosis. A misfortune was for the most part a punishment or expiation of ancient faults not yet entirely cancelled.

GORRESIO



*VISVAMITRA Page 245*

Though of royal extraction Visvamitra conquered for himself and his family the privileges of a Brahman. He became a Brahman and thus broke through all the rules of caste. The Brahmins cannot deny the fact because it forms one of the principal subjects of their legendary poems. But they have spared no pains to represent the exertions of Visvamitra in his struggle for Brahmanhood as so superhuman that no one would easily be tempted to follow his example. No mention is made of these monstrous penances in the Veda where the struggle between Visvamitra the leader of the Kshatriyas or Bharatas and the Brahman Vasishtha the leader of the white-robed Tritsus is represented as the struggle of two rivals for the place of Priests or chief priest and minister at the court of King Sudas the son of Dyauh.

*Chaps from a German Workshop Vol II I 336*

## HOUSEHOLD GODS, Page 374

‘No house is supposed to be without its tutelary divinity, but the notion attached to this character is now very far from precise. The deity who is the object of hereditary and family worship, the *Kuladevatá*, is always one of the leading personages of the Hindu mythology, as Śiva, Vishnu or Durgá, but the *Grihadevatá* rarely bears any distinct appellation. In Bengal, the domestic god is sometimes the *Sálagrám* stone, sometimes the *tulasí* plant, sometimes a basket with a little rice in it, and sometimes a water-jar—to either of which a brief adoration is daily addressed most usually by the females of the family. Occasionally small images of Lakshmí or Chandí fulfil the office, or should a snake appear, he is venerated as the guardian of the dwelling. In general, however, in former times, the household deities were regarded as the unseen spirits of ill, the ghosts and goblins who hovered about every spot, and claimed some particular sites as their own. Offerings were made to them in the open air, by scattering a little rice with a short formula at the close of all ceremonies to keep them in good humour.

‘The household gods correspond better with the genii locorum than with the lares or penates of antiquity.’

H H WILSON

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